SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LII NOVEMBER, 1912 NO. 5

GERMANY AND THE GERMANS
FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

THE INDISCREET

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THE casual observer of life in England would find himself forced to write of sport, even as in India he would write of caste, as in America he would note the undue emphasis laid upon politics. In Germany, wherever he turns, whether it be to look at the army, to inquire about the navy, to study the constitution, or to disentangle the web of present-day political strife; to read the figures of commercial and industrial progress, or the results of social legislation; to look on at the Germans at play during their yachting week at Kiel, or their rowing contests at Frankfort, he finds himself face to face with the Emperor.

The student visits Berlin, or Potsdam, or Wilhelmshöhe; or with a long stride finds himself on the docks at Hamburg or Bremen, or beside the Kiel Canal, or in Kiel harbor facing a fleet of war-ships; or he lifts his eyes into the air to see a dirigible balloon returning from a voyage of two hundred and fifty miles toward London over the North Sea, and the Emperor is there. Is it the tiny palace hidden in its shrubbery in the country; is it the clean, broad streets and decorations of the capital; is it a discussion of domestic politics, or a question of foreign politics, the Emperor's hand is there. His opinion, his influence, what he has said or has not said, are inextricably interwoven with the woof and web of German life.

We may like him or dislike him, approve or disapprove, rejoice in autocracy or abominate it, admire the far-reaching discipline or regret the iron mould in which much of German life is encased, but for the moment all this is beside the mark. Here is a man who in a quarter of a century has so grown into the life of a nation, the most powerful on the continent, and one of the three most powerful in the world, that when you touch it anywhere you touch him, and when you think of it from any angle of thought, or describe it from any point of view, you find yourself including him.

Personally, I should have been glad to leave this chapter unwritten. I have no taste for the discussion and analysis of living persons, even when they are of such historic and social importance and of such magnitude that I am thus given the proverbial license of the cat. But to write about Germany without writing about the Emperor is as impossible as to jump away from one's own shadow. When the sun is behind any phase or department of German life, the shadow cast is that of Germany's Emperor.

This is not said because it is pleasing to whomsoever it may be, for in Germany, and in much of the world outside Germany, this situation is looked upon as unfavorable, and even deplorable; and certainly no American can look upon it with equanimity, for it is of the essence

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of his Americanism to distrust it. It is, however, so much a fact that to neglect a discussion of this personality would be to leave even so slight a sketch of Germany as this hopelessly lop-sided. He so pervades German life that to write of the Germany of the last twenty-five years without attempting to describe William the Second, German Emperor, would be to leave every question, institution, and problem of the country without its master-key.

In other chapters dealing more particularly with the political development of Germany, and with the salient characteristics, mental and moral, of the people, we shall see how it has come about that one man can thus impregnate a whole nation of sixty-five millions with his own aims and ambitions to such an extent that they may be said, so to speak, to live their political, social, martial, religious, and even their industrial, life in him. It is a phenomenon of personality that exists nowhere else in the world to-day, and on so large a scale and among so enlightened a people perhaps never before in history.

Nothing has made scientific accuracy in dealing with the most interesting and most important factors in the world so utterly inaccurate and misleading as those infallibly accurate and impersonal agents, electricity and the sun. If one were to judge a man by his photographs, and the gossip of the press, one would be sure to know nothing more valuable about him than that his mustache is brushed up and that his brows are permanently lowering. Personality is so evasive that one may count upon it that when a machine says "There it is!" that there it is not. You will have everything that is patent and nothing that is pertinent.

We are forever talking and writing about the smallness of the world, of how much better we know one another, and of how much more we should love one another, now that we flash photographs and messages to and fro at a speed of leagues a second. Nothing could be more futile and foolish. These things have emphasized our differences, they have done nothing to realize our likeness to one another. We are as far from one another as in the days, late in the tenth century, when they complained in England that men learned fierceness from the Saxon of Germany, effeminacy from the Fleming, and drunkenness from the Dane.

As probably the outstanding figure and best-known, superficially known, man in the world, the German Emperor has escaped the notice of very few people who notice anything. His likeness is everywhere, and gossip about him is on every tongue. He is as familiar to the American as Roosevelt, to the Englishman as Lloyd-George, to the Frenchman as Dreyfus, to the Russian as his Czar, and to the Chinese and Japanese as their most prominent political figure. And yet I should say that he is comparatively little known, either externally or internally, as he is.

It is perhaps the fate of those of most influence to be misunderstood. Of this, I fancy, the Emperor does not complain. Indeed, those feeble folk who complain of being misunderstood ought to console themselves with the thought that practically all our imperishable monuments are erected to the glory of those whom we condemned and criticised, starved and stoned, burned and crucified, when we had them with us.

William II, German Emperor and King of Prussia, was born January 27, 1859, and became German Emperor June 15, 1888. He is, therefore, in the prime of life, and looks it. His complexion and eyes are as clear as those of an athlete, and his eyes, and his movements, and his talk are vibrating with energy. He stands, I should guess, about five feet eight or nine, has the figure and activity of an athletic youth of thirty, and in his hours of friendliness is as careless in speech, as unaffected in manner, as lacking in any suspicion of self-consciousness, or of any desire to impress you with his importance, as the simplest gentleman in the land.

Alas, how often this courageous and gentlemanly attitude has been taken advantage of! I have headed this chapter *The Indiscreet*, and I propose to examine these so-called indiscretions in some detail, but for the moment I must ask: Is there any excuse for, or any social punishment too severe for, the man who, introduced into a gentleman's house in the guise of a gentleman, often by his own ambassador, leaves it to blab every detail of the conversation of his host, with the gesticulations and exclamation points added by himself? To add a little to his own im-

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portance, he will steal out with the conversational forks and spoons in his pockets, and rush to a newspaper office to tell the world that he has kept his soiled napkin as a souvenir. The only indiscretion in such a case is when the host, or his advisers, or gentlemen anywhere, heed the lunatic laughter of such a social jackal.

To count one's words, to tie up one's phrases in caution, to dip each sentence in a diplomatic antiseptic, in the company of those to whom one has conceded hospitality, what a feeble policy! Better be brayed to the world every day as indiscreet than that!

It is a fine quality in a man to be in love with his job. Even though you have little sympathy with Savonarola's fierceness or Wesley's hardness, they were burning up all the time with their allegiance to their ideals of salvation. They served their Lord as lovers. Many men, even kings and princes and other potentates, give the impression that they would enjoy a holiday from their task. They seem to be harnessed to their duties rather than possessed by them; they appear like disillusioned husbands rather than as radiant lovers.

The German Emperor is not of that class. He loves his job. In his first proclamation to his people he declared that he had taken over the government "in the presence of the King of kings, promising God to be a just and merciful prince, cultivating piety and the fear of God." He has proclaimed himself to be, as did Frederick the Great and his grandfather before him, the servant of his people. Certainly no one in the German Empire works harder, and what is far more difficult and far more self-denying, no one keeps himself fitter for his duties than he. He eats no red meat, drinks almost no alcohol, smokes very little, takes a very light meal at night, goes to bed early and gets up early. He rides, walks, shoots, plays tennis, and is as much in the open air as his duties permit.

It is not easy for the American to put side by side the attitudes of a man who is the autocratic master and at the same time declares himself to be the first servant of his people. Perhaps if it is phrased differently it will not seem so contradictory. What this Emperor means, and what all princes who have believed in their right to rule meant, was not that they were the servants of their people, but the servants of their own obligations to their people, and of the duties that followed therefrom. If in addition to this the claim is made by the sovereign that his right to rule is of divine origin, then his service to his obligations becomes of the highest and most sacred importance.

We should not allow our democratic prejudices to stifle our understanding in such matters. We are trying to get clearly in perspective a ruler who claims to rule in obedience to no mandates from the people, but in obedience to God. We could not be ruled by such a one in America; and in England such a ruler would be deemed unconstitutional. It is elementary but necessary to repeat that we are writing of Germany and the Germans, and of their history, traditions, and political methods. We are making no defence of either the German Emperor or the German people; neither are we occupying an American pulpit to preach to them the superiority of other methods than their own. My sole task is to make clear the German situation, and not by any means to set up my own or my countrymen's standards for their adoption. I am not searching for that paltry and ephemeral profit that comes from finding opportunities to laugh or to sneer. I am seeking for the German successes, and they are many, and for the reasons for them, and for the lessons that we may learn from them. Any other aim in writing of another people is ignoble.

This attitude of the ruler will be as incomprehensible to the democratic citizen as alchemy, but, in order to draw anything like true inferences or useful deductions, in order to understand the situation and to get a true likeness of the ruler, one must take this utterly unfamiliar and to us incomprehensible claim into consideration, and acknowledge its existence whether we admit the claim as justifiable or not. The relation of such a ruler to his people is like that of a Catholic bishop to his flock. The contract is not one made with hands, but is an inalienable right on the one hand, and an undisseverable tie upon the other.

On several occasions the German Emperor has made it unmistakably clear that this is his view of the origin and sanc-

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tity of his responsibilities. "If we have been able to accomplish what has been accomplished, it is due above all things to the fact that our house possesses a tradition by virtue of which we consider that we have been appointed by God to preserve and direct, for their own welfare, the people over whom he has given us power." These words are from a speech made in 1897 at Bremen. In 1910, at Königsberg, he declares: "It was in this spot that my grandfather in his own right placed the royal crown of Prussia upon his head, insisting once again that it was bestowed upon him by the grace of God alone, and not by parliaments and meetings and decisions of the people. He thus regarded himself as the chosen instrument of heaven, and as such carried out his duties as a ruler and lord. I consider myself such an instrument of heaven, and shall go my way without regard to the views and opinions of the day."

Prince Henry of Prussia, the popular, and deservedly popular, sailor brother of the Emperor, has signified his entire allegiance to this doctrine by saying that he was actuated by one single motive: "a desire to proclaim to the nations the gospel of your Majesty's sacred person, and to preach that gospel alike to those who will listen and to those who will not."

This language has a strange and far-away sound to us. It is as though one should come into the market-place with the bannered pomp of Milton's prose upon his lips. The vicious would think it a trick, the idle would look upon it as a heavy form of joking, the intelligent would see in it a superstition, or a dream of knighthood that has faded into unrecognizable dimness. Some men, on the other hand, might wish that all rulers and governors whatsoever were equally touched with the sanctity of their obligations.

It is somewhat strange in this connection to remember that we all wish to have our wives and daughters believers; that we all wish to bind to us those whom we love with more sacred bonds than those which we ourselves can supply. We are none of us loath to have those who keep our treasures believe in some code higher than that of "honesty is the best policy."

Far be it from me to appear as an advocate of the divine right of kings; but I am no fit person for this particular task if I have only a sniff, or a guffaw, as an explanation of another's beliefs. History sparkles with the lives of men and women who proclaimed themselves messengers and servants of God, obedient to him first, and utterly and courageously negligent of that feline commodity, public opinion. Every man, even to-day,

> "Who each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star,
> Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are,"

has a grain of this salt of divine independence in him. To-day, even as in the days of Pericles: "It is ever from the greatest hazards that the greatest honors are gained," and the greatest hazard of all is to shut your visor and couch your lance and have at your task with a whispered: God and my Right! It is well to remember that under no government, whether democratic or aristocratic, has the individual ever been given any rights. He has always everywhere been pointed to his duties; but his rights he must conquer for himself.

The liberal in theology, as the liberal in politics, has perhaps leaned too far toward softness. The democratization of religion has gone on with the rest, and in our rebound from Calvin, and John Knox, and Jonathan Edwards, we have left all discipline and authority out of account. We have preached so persistently of the fatherhood of God, of his nearness to us, of his profound pity for us, that we have lost sight of his justice and his power. This nearness has become a sort of innocuous neighborliness, and God is looked upon not as a ruler, but as a vaporish good fellow whose chief business it is to forgive. We have substituted a feverish-handed charity for a sinewy faith, and are excusing our divorce from divinely imposed duties by a cheerful but illicit intercourse with chance acquaintances, all of whom are dubbed social service.

This Cashmere-shawl theology is as idle an interpretation of man's relation to the universe, and far more debilitating, than any that has gone before. When we come to measure rulers who make divine claims for their duties, from any such coign of flabbiness as this, no wonder we

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WILLIAM II

German Emperor and King of Prussia.

From the portrait by P. A. László.

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stand dumb. I am willing to concede that perhaps even an emperor has been baptized with the blood of the martyrs, and feels himself to be in all sincerity the instrument of God; if we are to understand this one we must admit so much.

In certain departments of life we not only grant, but we demand, that our wives and mothers should look upon their special duties and peculiar functions as divinely imparted, and as beyond argument, and as above coercion. This assumption, therefore, of inalienable rights is not so strange to us; on the contrary, it is an every-day affair in most of our lives. This particular manifestation of it is all that is new or surprising. We Americans and English look upon it as dangerous, but the Germans, more mystical and far more lethargic about liberty than are we, are not greatly disturbed by it. The secular press, largely in Jewish hands, and the new socialist members of the Reichstag, jealous of their prerogatives but unable to assert them, criticise and even scream their abhorrence and unbelief, but I am much mistaken if the mass of the Germans are at heart much disturbed by their Emperor's assertions of his divine right to rule. A conservative member of the Reichstag speaks of "a parliament which will maintain the monarch in his strong position as the wearer of the German imperial crown, not the semblance of a monarch but one that is dependent upon something higher than party and parliament—one dependent upon the King of all kings."

To a thoroughbred American, with two and more centuries of the traditions of independence behind him, this question of the divine right of kings is a commonplace. He is a king himself, he holds his own rights to be divine, and his influence and his power to be limited only by his character and his abilities, like that of any other sovereign. He may rule over few or many, he may control the destiny of only one or of many subjects, he may be well known or little known, but that he is a sovereign individual by the grace of God it never occurs to him to doubt. It is perhaps for this reason that the real American is placid and unself-conscious before this claim. It is those who admit and suffer from such a claim that he pities, not the man who makes it, whom he distrusts. I carry my sovereignty under my hat, says the American; if any man or men can knock off the hat and take away the sovereignty, there is a fair field and no favor; for those who whimper and complain of tyranny he has long since ceased to have a high regard.

That William the Second is the chief figure of interest in the world to-day is due, not alone to this assumption of a divine relation to the state, or to his own vigorous and electric personality, but to the freedom to develop and to express that personality. Men in politics have dwindled in importance and in power as the voters have increased in numbers and in influence. Genius must be true to itself to bloom luxuriantly. It is impossible to be seeking the suffrage of a constituency and at the same time to be wholly oneself. The German Emperor is unhampered, as is no other ruler, by considerations of popular favor, and at the same time he directs and influences not Russian peasants, nor Turkish slaves, but an instructed, enlightened, and ambitious people. This environment is unique in the world to-day, and the Germans as a whole seem to consider their ruler a valuable asset despite occasional vagaries that bring down their own and foreign criticism upon him.

Here we have a versatile and vigorous personality with no shadow of a stain upon his character, and with no question upon the part of his bitterest enemy of the honesty of his intentions, or of his devotion to his country's interests. So far as he has been assailed abroad, it is on the score that he has made his country so powerful in the last twenty-five years that Germany is a menace to other powers; so far as he has been criticised at home it is on the score of his indiscretions.

It is of prime importance, therefore, both to glance at the progress of Germany and to examine these so-called indiscretions. Throughout these papers will be found facts and figures dealing with the fairy-like change which has taken place in Germany since my own student days. I can remember when a chimney was a rare sight. Now there are almost as many manufacturing towns as then there were chimneys. Leipzig was a big country town, Pforzeim, Chemnitz, Oschatz, Elberfeld, Riessa, Kiel, Essen, Rheinhausen,

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and their armies of laborers, and their millions of output, were mere shadows of what they are now.

In 1873, when Bismarck began his attempts at railway legislation, Germany was divided into sixty-three "railway provinces," and there were fifteen hundred different tariffs, and it is to be remembered that it was only as late as 1882 that the state system of railways at last triumphed in Prussia. In only ten years the railway trackage has increased from 49,041 to 52,216 miles; the number of locomotives from 18,291 to 26,612; freight-cars from 398,000 to 558,000; the passengers carried from 804,000,000 to 1,457,000,000; and the tons of freight carried from 341,000,000 tons to 519,000,000 tons. In Prussia alone there are 1,000,000 more horses, 1,000,000 more beef cattle, and 10,000,000 more pigs. The total production of beet sugar in the world approximates 7,000,000 tons; of this amount Germany produces 2,500,000 tons. Great Britain consumes more sugar per head of the population than any other country, and of her consumption of 1,460,000 tons of beet sugar all of it is produced from beets grown on the continent. Between 1885 and 1912 the population increased from 46,000,000 to 66,000,000. The expenditure on the navy has increased in the last ten years from $47,500,000 to $110,000,000, and the number of men from 31,157 to 60,805, with another increase in both money and men, voted at the moment of this writing in the summer of 1912.

The debt of Germany, exclusive of paper money, in 1887 was 486,201,000 marks; in 1903 it stood at 2,733,500,000. In 1911 the funded debt of the empire was 4,524,000,000 marks, and the funded debt of the states 14,880,000,000; and the floating debt amounts to 991,000,000, of which Prussia alone bears 610,000,000 and the empire 300,000,000. Between the years 1871 and 1897 a debt of $500,000,000 was incurred, bearing an average interest charge of 3¾ per cent. In the year 1908 the combined expenditures of the states and of the empire reached the enormous total of $1,775,000,000. The debt of the city of Berlin alone in 1910 had reached $110,750,000 and has increased in the last two years.

For purposes of comparison one may note that our own later national budgets run roughly to $1,000,000,000. The British budget for 1911 was $906,420,000. After the French war, speculation on a large scale ensued. The payment of the $1,000,000,000 indemnity had a bad effect. As has often happened in America, money, or the mere means of exchange, was taken for wealth. The earth will be as cold as the moon before men learn that the only real wealth is health. Many schemes and companies were floated and after 1873 there was a prolonged financial crisis in Germany. It is said that bankruptcy and the liquidation of bubble companies entailed a loss of a round $90,000,000. It was in 1876–77, when Germany was thus suffering, that the policy of protection was mooted and finally put into operation by Bismarck in 1879. Ten years later the laws for accident, old age, and sickness insurance were passed, at the instigation and under the direct influence of the present Emperor.

The tonnage of steam vessels under 4,000 tons in Great Britain (net tons) was, some five years ago, 8,165,527; in Germany (gross tons), 977,410; but the tonnage of steam vessels of 4,000 tons and over was in Great Britain 1,446,486, in Germany 1,119,537! It should be added that no small part of Great Britain's big ships belong to the American Shipping Trust, sailing under the British flag. Albert Ballin became a director of the Hamburg-American line in 1886, and was made general director in 1900. During his directorship the capital of the line has been increased from 15,000,000 to 125,000,000 of marks, and the number of steamers from 26 to 170.

Germany's combined export and import trade in 1880 was $1,429,025,000; in 1890, $1,875,050,000; and in 1905 it was $3,324,018,000; in 1910, $4,019,072,250. The German production of coal and coal products in 1910 was the highest in its history, amounting to 265,148,232 metric tons. It would be easy enough to chronicle the commercial and industrial strides of Germany during the last quarter of a century by the compilation of a catalogue of figures. It is not my intention to persuade the reader to believe in any such fantastic theory as that the present Kaiser is en-

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tirely responsible for this progress. I am no Pygmalion that I can make an Emperor by breathing prayers before pages of statistics.

It is only fair, however, in any sketch of the Emperor to give this skeleton outline of what has taken place in the empire over which he rules, and which, in certain quarters, it is said, he menaces by his predilection for war. These few figures spell peace, they do not spell war, and the ruler who has some 630,000 armed men at his back, and a navy the second in strength in the world guarding his shores, and a mercantile marine carrying his trade which is hard on the heels of Great Britain as a rival, but who has none the less kept his country at peace with the world for twenty-five years, may be credited at least with good intentions.

It may be said in answer to this same argument that this building and training and enriching of a nation are a threat in themselves. True, a strong man is more dangerous than a weak one; but it is equally true that a strong man is a greater safeguard than a weak one where the question of peace is at stake. It is also true that a rich and powerful man must needs take more precautions against attack and robbery than a tramp.

William the Second knows his history as well as any of his people, and incomparably better than his English, French, or American critics. He knows that only twenty years after the death of Frederick the Great the Prussian power went down before Napoleon like a house of cards, and that the country's humiliation was stamped in bold outlines when Napoleon was received in Berlin with the ringing of bells, the firing of cannons, and he himself greeted as a savior and a benefactor. That was only a hundred years ago. Is it an indiscretion, then, when the present ruler, speaking at Brandenburg the 5th of March, 1890, says: "I look upon the people and nation handed on to me as a responsibility conferred upon me by God, and that it is, as is written in the Bible, my duty to increase this heritage, for which one day I shall be called upon to give an account; those who try to interfere with my task, I shall crush"?

On his accession to the throne his first two proclamations were to the army and the navy, his third to the people. On the 14th of July, 1888, he reviewed the fleet at Kiel, and for the first time an Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia appeared there in the uniform of an admiral. In April, 1897, Queen Victoria celebrated the sixtieth year of her reign, and Prince Henry represented Germany, appearing as admiral of the fleet in an old battleship, the *King William*. On the 24th of April the Emperor telegraphed to his brother: "I regret exceedingly that I cannot put at your disposition for this celebration a better ship, especially when all other countries are appearing with their finest ships of war. It is a sad consequence of the manœuvring of those unpatriotic persons who have obstructed the construction of even the most necessary war-ships. But I shall know no rest till I have placed our navy on a par for strength with our army." From that day to this he has gone steadily forward demanding of his people a strong army and a powerful fleet. He now has both. He has pulled Germany out of danger and beyond the reach, for the moment at least, of any repetition of the catastrophe and humiliation of a hundred years ago. This is a solid fact, and for this situation the Emperor is largely, one might almost say wholly, responsible.

One hears and one reads criticisms of the Emperor's habit of speaking and writing of "my navy." It is said that the other states of Germany have borne taxation to build the fleet, and that it is no more the Emperor's than that of the King of Bavaria, or of Würtemberg, or of Saxony. This is the petty, pin-pricking babble of boarding-school girls, or of those official supernumeraries who have turned sour in their retirement. Even the honest democrat is made indignant. If the German navy is not the work of William the Second, then its parentage is far to seek; and if the German navy is not proud to be called "my navy," it is wofully lacking in gratitude to its creator.

No man who looks back over his own career, say of twenty-five years, but is both chastened and amused. He is chastened by the unforeseen dangers that he has escaped; he is amused by the certificates of failure, and the prophecies of disaster, that always everywhere accom-

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pany the man who takes part in the game in preference to sitting in the reserved seats, or peeking through a hole in the fence. I have not been honored with any such intimate association with the German Emperor as would enable me to say whether he has a highly developed sense of humor or not. I can only say for myself, that if I had lived through his Majesty's last twenty-five years, I should need no other fillip to digestion than my chuckles over the prophecies of my enemies.

It has been said of him that he is volatile; that he flies from one task to another, finishing nothing; that his artistic tastes are the extravagant dreams of a Nero; that he loves publicity as a worn and obese soprano loves the centre of the stage; that his indiscretions would bring about the discharge of the most inconspicuous petty official. Others speak and write of him as a hero of mythology, as a mystic and a dreamer, looking for guidance to the traditions of mediæval knighthood; while others, again, dub him a modernist, insist that he is a commercial traveller, hawking the wares of his country wherever he goes, and with an eye ever to the interests of Bremen and Hamburg and Essen and Pforzheim. Again, you hear that he is a Prussian junker, or that he is a cavalry officer, with all the prejudices and limitations of such a one; while, on the other hand, he is chided for enlisting the financial help of rich Jews and industrials.

There stands before you a man apparently as sound in mind and in body as any man who treads German soil; a man of great vivacity of mind and manner, and of wholesome delight in living; who bears huge responsibilities with good humor, and that most unwholesome of all things, undisputed power, with humility. At a banquet in Brandenburg the 5th of March, 1890, speaking of his many voyages, he said: "He who, alone at sea, standing on the bridge, with nothing over him but God's heaven, has communed with himself will not mistake the value of such voyages. I could wish for many of my countrymen that they might live through similar hours of self-contemplation, where a man takes stock of what he has tried to do, and of what he has accomplished. Then it is that a man is cured of vanity, and we have all of us need of that."

It is obvious that a man cannot be modest, as the above quotation would indicate, and at the same time preening with vanity; a Sir Philip Sidney and a Jew peddler; a careless, dashing cavalry officer or proud Prussian squire, and at the same time a wary and astute insurance agent for the empire; a preacher of duty, and honor, and belief in God, and at the same time a political comedian deceiving his rivals abroad and hoodwinking his subjects at home.

Not a few men, even of slight powers of observation and of meagre experience, have noted the strange fact that a blank and direct statement of the truth is very apt to be put down as a lie; and that a man who frankly expresses his beliefs and ambitions, and openly goes about his business and his pleasures with no thought of concealment, is often regarded as Machiavellian and deceitful, because a timid and cautious world finds it hard to believe that he is really as audacious as he appears.

Even those with the most limited list of the great names of history at their disposal cannot fail to remember that simplicity and directness have in the persons of their highest exemplars been misunderstood; hunted down like wild beasts, burned, crucified, and then, when they were well out of the way, crowned and held up to humanity as the saviors of the race. We will have none of them when authority, faith, truth, courage, show us our distorted images in the mirror of their lives. Crucify him, crucify him! has always been the cry when such a one asserts his moral kingship, or his sonship to God, or his audacious intention to live his own life; and in less tragic fashion, but none the less along the same lines, the world tends to pick at, and to fray the moral garments of, its leaders still to-day. When such a one succeeds through sheer simplicity, then that last feeble epitaph of mediocrity is applied to him: "He is lucky," because so few people realize that "luck" is merely not to be dependent upon luck.

It is apparent from the quotations I have given, and many more of the same tenor are at our disposal, that the personality we are studying has a very definite image of his place in the world, of the duties he is called upon to perform, of his rights according to his own conception of

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his authority and responsibilities, and of his intentions.

It is equally apparent that he looks upon history in quite another way than that usually accepted by the modern scientific historian. Taine and Green may explain everything, even kings and emperors, by the forces of climate, environment, and the slow, heaving influence of the people. This school of historians will tell you how Charlemagne, and Luther, and Cromwell, and Napoleon are to be accounted for by purely material explanations.

The German Emperor apparently believes that the history of the world and the development of mankind are due to a series of mighty factors, mysteriously endowed from on high and bearing the names of men, and not infrequently the names of emperors and kings. He is continually recalling his ancestors, the Great Elector, Frederick the Great, and William I, his grandfather. These men made Prussia and Prussia made the German Empire, he declares. To the Brandenburg Parliament he says: "It is the great merit of my ancestors that they have always stood aloof from and above all parties, and that they have always succeeded in making political parties combine for the welfare of the whole people."

Due to some quality in the German character that need not be discussed here, it is true that they have been led, and driven, and welded by powerful individuals. No Magna Charta, no Cromwell, no Declaration of Independence is to be found in German history. No vigorous demand from the people themselves marks their progress. You can read all there is of German history in the biographies of the Great Elector, of Frederick William the First, of Frederick the Great, of York, of vom Stein, Hardenberg, Sharnhorst, and Blücher, of Bismarck, William I, and the present Emperor.

What the Kaiser believes of history is true of German history. If he asserts himself as he does in Germany, it is because two hundred and fifty years of German history put him wholly and entirely in the right. It is to be presumed that what every student of German history may see for himself has not escaped the flexible intelligence of the present Emperor, and that is, that only the autocratic kings of Prussia succeeded, and that only an autocratic statesman succeeded, in bringing the whole country into line by the acknowledgment of the King of Prussia, and his heirs forever, as German emperors.

The first so-called indiscretion of the present Emperor was magnificent. He dismissed Bismarck two years after he came to the throne. If you have ever been the owner of a yacht and your sailing-master has grown to be a tyrant, and you have taken your courage in your hand and bundled him over the side, you have had in a microcosmic way the sensations of such an experience. It is said that Bismarck, then seventy-five years old, and since 1862 accustomed to undisputed power, demurred to the wish of the Emperor that the other ministers should have access to him directly, and not as heretofore only through the chancellor. It is said too that the matter-of-fact and somewhat cynical Bismarck had but scanty respect for the mystical view of his grandfather as a saint that the Emperor everywhere proclaimed. In 1896, the 20th of February, in speaking of his grandfather, he refers to him as: "The Emperor William, that personality which has become for us in some sort that of a saint."

Bismarck, too, objected to the Emperor's policy as regards the treatment of, and the legislation for, the workingmen. On February the 5th, 1890, he writes to Bismarck: "It is the duty of the state to regulate the duration and conditions of work in such manner that the health and the morality of the workingman may be preserved, and that his needs may be satisfied and his desire for equality before the law assured."

"Now this is the tale of the Council the German Kaiser decreed,

. . . . . .

"And the young king said:—'I have found it, the road to the rest ye seek:
The strong shall wait for the weary, and the hale shall halt for the weak;
With the even tramp of an army where no man breaks from the line,
Ye shall march to peace and plenty, in the bond of brotherhood——sign!'"

Whatever the reasons, the criticisms, or the causes, the man whom we have been

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describing was as certain to dismiss Bismarck from office as a bird is certain to fly and not to swim. The ruler who at a banquet May the 4th, 1891, proclaimed: "There is only one master of the nation: and that is I, and I will not abide any other;" and later, on the 16th of November, in an address to recruits said: "I need Christian soldiers, soldiers who say their *Pater Noster*. The soldier should not have a will of his own, but you should all have but one will and that is my will; there is but one law for you and that is mine." Again, in addressing the recruits for the navy on the 5th of March, 1895, he said to them: "Just as I, as Emperor and ruler, consecrate my life and my strength to the service of the nation, so you are pledged to give your lives to me." Such a man could not share his rule with Bismarck.

Bismarck left Berlin amid groans and tears. A prop had been rudely pushed from beneath the empire. The young Emperor would stumble, and sway, and fall without this strong guide beside him. Men said this was the first sign of an imperious will and temper.

There is an Arab proverb which runs: "When God wishes to destroy an ant he gives it wings." The Kaiser was to be given power for his own destruction. But what has happened? Absolutely nothing of these evil prophecies. In 1884 Bismarck was saying to Gerhard Rohlfs, the African explorer: "The main thing is we neither can nor really want to colonize. We shall never have a fleet like France. Our artisans and lawyers and time-expired soldiers are no good as colonists." If the ideas of William the Second were to prevail, it was time that Bismarck went over the side as pilot of the ship of state. The Kaiser in appropriate terms regretted the loss of this tried public servant and said: "However, the course remains the same—full steam ahead!"

Three days after the Jameson raid, on the 3d of January, 1896, the Kaiser telegraphed to President Kruger: "I beg to express to you my sincere congratulations that, without help from foreign powers, you have succeeded with your own people and by your own strength in driving out the armed bands which attempted to disturb the peace of your country, and in re-establishing order and in defending the independence of your people from attacks from outside."

On the 28th of October, 1908, *The Daily Telegraph* of London published a long interview with the Emperor, the gist of which was that the British press and people continued to distrust him, while all the time he was and had been the friend of Great Britain. The Emperor cited instances of his friendship, declared the English were as mad as March hares not to believe in him; insisted that by reason of Germany's increasing foreign commerce, and on account of the growing menace to peace in the Pacific Ocean, Germany was determined to have an adequate fleet, which perhaps one day even England might be glad to have alongside of her own.

In addition to these two incidents, the Emperor had written a letter to Lord Tweedmouth, who was already then a sick man, and probably not wholly responsible, in which it was said he had offered advice as to the increase of the British navy.

I have described these furious indiscretions, as they were called at the time, together, though they were years apart; for these utterances, and the constant repetition of his sense of responsibility to God and not to the people he governs, are the heart of this whole contention that the German Emperor is indiscreet, is indiscreet even to the point of damaging his own prestige and injuring his country's interests abroad.

Of all of these so-called indiscretions there is the question to ask: Should these things have been said? Should these things have been written? There are several things to be said in answer to these questions. I shall treat each one in turn, but all these statements told the truth and cleared the air. The Kruger telegram was not written by the Emperor, and when the worst construction is put upon it, it expressed what? It was merely the condemnation of freebooting methods, a condemnation, be it said, that it received from many right-minded and sincerely patriotic Englishmen, a condemnation too that was re-echoed from America. Only the honorable and winning personality of one of the most patriotic and charming men in

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England, Doctor Jameson, saved the raid from looking like piracy. A brave man spoke his mind about it, and he happened to be in a position so conspicuous that the rumble of his words was heard afar.

So far as *The Daily Telegraph* interview is concerned, the secret history of the incident has never been fully divulged. One may say, however, without fear of contradiction that the importance of the matter was unduly magnified, by those, both at home and abroad, who had something to gain by exaggeration. It is admitted on all sides by those best informed that at any rate the Emperor was neither responsible for the publication, a point to be kept in mind, nor for the choice of expressions used in the interview.

The letter to Lord Tweedmouth was a friendly communication dealing with the conditions of the British and German fleets in the past and present, and without a word in it that might not have been published in *The Times*. It was quite innocent of the sinister significance placed upon it by those who had not seen it, and the British Ministry declined to publish it for entirely different reasons, reasons in no way connected with the German Emperor.

As we read *The Daily Telegraph* interview to-day, it is a plain document. Every word of it is true. The moment one looks at it from the point of view, that the Emperor of Germany is sincerely desirous of an amiable understanding with England, and that he is, for the peace and quiet of the world, working toward that end, there is no adverse criticism to be passed upon it. The English are thoroughly and completely mistaken about the attitude of the German Emperor toward them. He is far and away the best and most powerful friend they have in Europe, and I, for one, would be willing to forgive him were he irritated at their misunderstanding of him. Personally, I have not the shadow of a doubt that had France or Russia treated the German Emperor with the cool distrust shown him by the British, the German army and fleet would have moved ere this.

To those who know the Britisher he is forgiven for those luxuries of insular stupidity which punctuate his history. I know what a fine fellow he is, and I pass them by. When Mr. Churchill speaks of the German fleet as a "luxury," and Lord Haldane in a clumsy attempt to praise the German Emperor speaks of him as "half English," I laugh, as one laughs at the story of fat Gibbon kneeling to propose to a lady and requiring a servant to get him on his legs again. British courting often needs a lackey to keep it on its legs.

Could anything be more burningly irritable to the Germans than those two unnecessary statements? For the moment I am dealing with the attitude of the Emperor alone. Of the tirades of Chamberlain and Woltmann, Schmoller, Treitschke, Delbrück, Zorn, and other under-exercised professors, one may speak elsewhere. They are as unpardonable as the yokel rhetoric of our British friends. Of the Emperor's insistence upon his friendliness, of his outspoken betrayal of his real feelings, of his audacious policy of telling the blunt truth, I am, alas, no fair judge, for I am too entirely the advocate of keeping as few cats in the bag as possible. If these things had not been said and written, it is true that there would have been no tumult; having been said and written, I fail to see the slightest indication in the political life of either Germany or England to-day that they did harm. Certainly, from his own point of view of what his position entails, they can hardly, as the radicals in Germany claim, be considered as unconstitutional or beyond his prerogative.

When the German Emperor says: "I," he refers to the authority and responsibility and dignity of the German imperial crown. He is not magnifying his personal importance; he is emphasizing the dignity and importance of every German citizen. Let us try to understand the situation before we pass judgment! Both German radicalism and German socialism are peculiar to Germany, and everywhere misunderstood abroad. They both demand things of the government for the easement of their position, they both demand certain privileges, but they do not seek or want either authority or responsibility. Look at the figures of their proportionate increase and compare this with their actual influence in the Reichstag to-

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day. From 1881 to 1911, here is the percentage of votes cast by the five representative political parties:

	1881	1893	1911
The National Liberals	14.6	12.9	14.0
The *Freisinnige* and South German *Volkspartei*	23.2	14.2	13.1
The Conservatives, including the *Deutsche* and *Freikonservative*	23.7	20.4	12.4
The Centrum (Catholic party)	23.2	19.0	16.3
The Social Democrats	6.1	23.2	34.8

If it were thought for a moment in Germany that the Socialists could come into real power, their vote and the number of their representatives in the Reichstag would dwindle away in one single election.

The average German is no leader of men, no lover of an emergency, no social or political colonist, and he would shrink from the initiative and daring and endurance demanded by a real political revolution and a real change of authority, as a hen from water. The very quality in his ruler that we take for granted he must dislike is the quality that at the bottom of his heart he adores, and he reposes upon it as the very foundation of his sense of security, and as the very bulwark behind which he makes grimaces and shakes his fist at his enemies. Such men as the present chancellor, von Bethmann-Hollweg, a very calm spectator of his country's doings, and the Emperor himself, both know this.

As he looks at history and at life, it follows that he must be interested in everything that concerns his people, and not infrequently take a hand in settling questions, or in pushing enterprises, that seem too widely apart to be dealt with by one man, and too far afield for his constitutional obligations to profit by his interference.

In the discussion of this question, I may remind my American readers, although the German constitution is dealt with elsewhere, that there is one difference between Germany and America politically that must never be left out of our calculations. Such constitution and such rights as the German citizens have were granted them by their rulers. The people of Prussia, or of Bavaria, or of Würtemberg, have not given certain powers to, and placed certain limitations upon, their rulers; on the contrary, their rulers have given the people certain of their own prerogatives and political privileges, and granted to the people as a favor a certain share in government and certain powers that only so long as seventy years ago belonged to the sovereign alone. It is not what the people have won and then shared with the ruler, but it is what the ruler has inherited or won and shared with the people that makes the groundwork of the constitutions of the various states and of the empire of Germany. Nothing has been taken away from the people of Prussia or from any other state in Germany that they once had; but certain rights and privileges have been granted by the rulers that were once wholly theirs. Bear this in mind, that it is William II and his ancestors who made Prussia Prussia, and voluntarily gave Prussians certain political rights, and not the citizens of Prussia who stormed the battlements of equal rights and made a treaty with their sovereign.

The King of Prussia is the largest landholder and the richest citizen of Prussia. We have seen what he expects of his navy and of his army. Speaking on the 6th of September, 1894, he says: "Gentlemen, opposition on the part of the Prussian nobility to their King is a monstrosity."

But arid details are not history, and in this connection let us have done with them. I have documented this chapter with dates and quotations because the situation politically is so far away from the experience or knowledge of the American that he must be given certain facts to assist his imagination in making a true picture. I have done this too that the Kaiser may have his real background when we undertake to place him understandingly in the modern world. Here we have patriarchal rule still strong and still undoubting,

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coupled with the most successful social legislation, the most successful state control of railways, mines, and other enterprises, and a progress commercial and industrial during the last quarter of a century second to none.

This ruler believes it to be essentially a part of his business to be a Lorenzo de Medici to his people in art, their high priest in religion, their envoy extraordinary to foreign peoples, their watchful father and friend in legislation dealing with their daily lives, their war-lord, and their best example in all that concerns domestic happiness and patriotic citizenship. He fulfils the words of the old German chronicle which reads: "Merito a nobis nostrisque posteris pater patriæ appelatur quia erat egregius defensor et fortissimus propugnator nihili pendens vitam suam contra omnia adversa propter justitiam opponere."

If history is not altogether valueless in its description of symptoms, the Germans are of a softer mould than some of us, more malleable, rather tempted to imitate than led by self-confidence to trust to their own ideals, and less hard in confronting the demands of other peoples that they should accept absorption by them.

Spurned and disdained by Louis XIV, they fawned upon him, built palaces like his, dressed like his courtiers, wrote and spoke his language, copied his literary models, and even bored themselves with mistresses because this was the fashion at Versailles. He stole from them, only to be thrown the kisses of flattery in return. He sneered at them, only to be begged for his favors in return. He took their cities in time of peace, and they acknowledged the theft by a smirking adulation that he allowed one of their number to be crowned a king.

As for Napoleon, he performed a prolonged autopsy upon the Germans. They were dismembered or joined together. At his beck they fought against one another, or against Russia, or against England. He tossed them crowns that they still wear proudly, as a master tosses biscuits to obedient spaniels. He put his poor relatives to rule over them, here and there, and they were grateful. He marched into their present capital, took away their monuments and the sword of Frederick the Great, and they hailed him with tears and rejoicing as their benefactor, while their wittiest poet and sweetest singer lauded him to the skies.

It is unpleasant to recall, but quite unfair to forget, these happenings of the last two hundred years in the history of the German people. What would any man say, after this, was their greatest need, if not self-confidence; if not twenty-five years of peace to enable them to recover from their beatings and humiliation; if not a powerful army and navy to give them the sense of security, by which alone prosperity and pride in their accomplishments and in themselves can be fostered; if not a ruler who holds ever before their eyes their ideals and the unfaltering energy required of them to attain them!

What nation would not be self-conscious after such dire experiences? What nation would not be tenderly sensitive as to its treatment by neighboring powers? What nation would not be even unduly keen to resent any appearance of an attempt to jostle it from its hard-won place in the sun? Their self-consciousness and sensitiveness and vanity are patent, but they are pardonable. As the leader of the conservative party in the Reichstag, Doctor von Heydebrandt, speaking at Breslau in October, 1911, anent the Morocco controversy, said, after alluding to the "bellicose impudence" of Lloyd-George: "The [British] ministry thrusts its fist under our nose, and declares, I alone command the world. It is bitterly hard for us who have 1870 behind us." They feel that they should no longer be treated to such bumptiousness.

I trust that I am no swashbuckler, but I have the greatest sympathy with the present Emperor in his capacity as war-lord, and in his insistent stiffening of Germany's martial backbone.

When shall we all recover from a certain international sickliness that keeps us all feverish? The continual talk and writing about international friendships, being of the same family, or the same race, the cousin propagandism, in short, is irritating, not helpful. I do not go to Germany to discover how American is Germany, nor to England to discover how American is England; but to Germany

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to discover how German is Germany, to England to see how English is England. I much prefer Americans to either Germans or Englishmen, and they prefer Germans or Englishmen, as the case may be, to Americans. What spurious and milksoppy puppets we should be if it were not so. So long as there are praters going about insisting that Germany, with a flaxen pig-tail down her back, and England, in pumps instead of boots, and a poodle instead of a bulldog, shall sit forever in the moonlight hand in hand; or that America shall become a dandy, shave the chin-whisker, wear a Latin Quarter butterfly tie of red, white, and blue, and thrum a banjo to a little brown lady with oblique eyes and a fan, all day long; just so long will the bulldog snarl, the flaxen-haired maiden look sulky, the chin-whisker become stiffer and more provocative, and the fluttering fan seem to threaten blows.

We have been surfeited with peace talk till we are all irritable. One hundredth part of an ounce of the same quality of peace powders that we are using internationally would, if prescribed to a happy family in this or any other land, lead to dissensions, disobedience, domestic disaster, and divorce. Mr. Carnegie will live long enough to have seen more wars and international disturbances, and more discontent born of superficial reading, than any man in history who was at the same time so closely connected with their origin. Perhaps it were better after all if our millionaires were educated!

The peace party need war just as the atheists need God, otherwise they have nothing to deny, nothing to attack. Peace is a negative thing that no one really wants, certainly not the kind of peace of which there is so much talking to-day, which is a kind of castrated patriotism. Peace is not that. Peace can never be born of such impotency. When German statesmen declare roundly that they will not discuss the question of disarmament, they are merely saying that they will not be traitors to their country. If the Emperor rattles the sabre occasionally, it is because the time has not come yet when this German people can be allowed to forget what they have suffered from foreign conquerors, and what they must do to protect themselves from such a repetition of history.

When the final judgment is passed upon the Emperor, we must recall his deep religious feeling that he is inevitably an instrument of God; his ingrained and ineradicable method of reading history as though it were a series of the *ipse dixits* of kings; his complacent neglect of how the work of the world is done by patient labor; of how works of art are only born of travail and tears: his obsession by that curious psychology of kings that leads them to believe that they are somehow different, and under other laws, as though they lived in another dimension of space. In addition, he is a man of unusually rapid mental machinery, of overpowering self-confidence, of great versatility, of many advantages of training and experience, and, above all, he is unhampered. He is answerable directly to no one, to no parliament, to no minister, to no people. He is father, guardian, guide, schoolmaster, and priest, but in no sense a servant responsible to any master save one of his own choosing.

The only wonder is that he is not insupportable. Those who have come under the spell of his personality declare him to be the most delightful of companions; what Germany has grown to be under his reign of twenty-five years all the world knows, much of the world envies, some of the world fears; what his own people think of him can best be expressed by the statement that his supremacy was never more assured than to-day.

I agree that no one man can be credited with the astonishing expansion of Germany in all directions in the last thirty years; but so interwoven are the advice and influence, the ambitions and plans, of the German Emperor with the progress of the German people, that this one personality shares his country's successes as no single individual in any other country can be said to do.

Whether he likes Americans or not one can hardly know. No doubt he has made many of them think so; and, alas, we suffer from a national hallucination that we are liked abroad, when as a matter of fact we are no more liked than others, and in cultured centres we are in addition laughed at by the careless and sneered at by the sour.

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That the Kaiser is liked by Americans, both by those who have met him and by those who have not, is, I think, indisputable. He is of the stuff that would have made a first-rate American. He would have been a sovereign there as he is a sovereign here. He would have enjoyed the risks, and turmoil, and competition; he would have enjoyed the fine, free field of endeavor, and he would have jousted with the best of us in our tournament of life, which has trained as many knights *sans peur et sans reproche* as any country in the world.

I believe in a man who takes what he thinks belongs to him, and holds it against the world; in the man who so loves life that he keeps a hearty appetite for it and takes long draughts of it; who is ever ready to come back smiling for another round with the world, no matter how hard he has been punished. I believe that God believes in the man who believes in Him, and therefore in himself. Why should I debar a man from my sympathy because he is a king or an emperor? I admire your courage, sir; I love your indiscretions; I applaud your faith in your God, and your confidence in yourself, and your splendid service to your country. Without you Germany would have remained a second-rate power. Had you been what your critics pretend that they would like you to be, Germany would have been still ruling the clouds.

Here's long life to your power, sir, and to your possessions, and to you! And as an Anglo-Saxon, I thank God, sir, that all your countrymen are not like you!

THE LAST LABOR

By Arthur Davison Ficke

Hercules speaks.

Upon the edge of mountains and of sand
He toils, great Atlas, bearing up the load
Of sky and stars and all the influences
That rain therefrom upon the life of man:—
Such burden as no mortal frame could hold
Without being broken.

And I came to him—
To ask the secret I in vain had sought
Throughout the world,—the unknown path that leads
Where the Hesperides sleep in the sun.
And him I asked, peering up to the heights
Where he sustained the spirit-crushing load
Of mortal destiny.

"Thou canst not find
Thy Wondrous Isles," he said, in heaving voice,
"Unless I point them to thee: take this weight
Of sky from off my shoulders for a while
That I may show thee."

And I rose, and took it.

And taking it, my shoulders bent and writhed;
My limbs seemed breaking and my heart grew faint.

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And through the dizzied chambers of my brain
Poured all the sorrows of the teeming earth.
Each tilting of the heavens rained down flood
And fire upon men; and the pain was mine.
I saw the agonies of birth and death
And toiling hands upon the bitter earth
Beneath the pitiless heavens. Then all hope
Of the Wondrous Isles turned ashes in my soul,
And darkness came upon me. . . .

And he laughed,
Old Atlas, on whose furrowed brow the marks
Seemed smitten by the thunder.

"There they lie—
Yonder on the horizon. Go to them
And dream in peace. Thou art not such a one
As could uphold my load a little while.
Go: for thy need is of the Dreamful Isles."

And he took up the load: and I went forth.

And now I speed over the lighted seas,
And far ahead, circled by summery haze,
Catch glimpses of the dim groves of my Isles.
There peace awaits me, and long lovely days
Beneath cool greenery, by quiet brooks
And meadows where the gods delight to dwell.
Yet somehow still the feeling comes upon me
That, having won the Golden Apples growing
There in the Garden, I shall turn again
To Atlas's lonely spot of sand and hills.
That terrible moment, when I bore the sky
Upon my shoulders, something stirred my soul
That will not hence. And once before I die
I would feel again the agony of the world
Sweep through the dizzy chambers of my brain:
I would know the bitterness of birth and death
And toiling hands beneath the pitiless sky,
And the world's burden, and a mortal doom.

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PARISIAN CAFÉS

By Frances Wilson Huard

ILLUSTRATED WITH FOUR DRAWINGS IN COLORS AND REPRODUCTIONS FROM THE PAGES OF A SKETCH BOOK OF MAUD SQUIRES

"GARÇON, un bock!"

"Garçon, deux vermouths-citrons!"

"Garçon, une absinthe et de quoi écrire."

The waiter addressed had every appearance of being deaf to the above impetuous commands, but before they were reiterated he had turned on his heel and fairly scuttled away.

It was half-past five o'clock in the afternoon, and back of the Madeleine the setting sun sent forth the golden beams of its dying glory. The "terraces des cafés," or, to be more explicit, the triple and sometimes quadruple rows of wicker chairs and marble-topped tables ranged out-of-doors beneath an awning, were literally invaded. Not a place seemed to be vacant, yet as each new-comer appeared with an anxious or searching look on his face, close behind us I could hear the rustle of a skirt or the scraping of a chair. The act of making room for one more seemed to continue indefinitely, and we found ourselves in the midst of one of the most picturesque and interesting crowds imaginable.

Though back of me I recognized the familiar accent of some compatriots demanding lemonades and ice-cream, and to my left some Germans clamored loudly for "Münchenbier," the main portion of the assembly was French, essentially French.

It was "l'heure de la verte" (time for the absinthe), which translation, by the way, makes the phrase lose all its savor.

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The harmonious strains of a slow waltz played by a string orchestra somewhere in the interior of the café trickled through the tumult of laughter and conversation. From in front of us rose the dull roar of the Grand Boulevards. Carriages, motors, omnibuses, vehicles of all descriptions, each claimed its right of way in its own deafening manner. Numerous "camelots," or side-walk vendors, mingled their hoarse voices with those of the "coureurs" who shrieked the latest edition of the evening papers. Add to this the ever-moving tide of humanity, coming and going in all directions on the wide pavements that separate the "terraces" from the street, and the scene is typical of the Parisian Grand Boulevards on a warm Sunday afternoon.

While a certain number of the inhabitants of the "Ville Lumière" hasten to the country every Sabbath and every holiday, there is a very large proportion of Parisians, and most of them Bourgeois, who consider a promenade on the Boulevards or the Champs-Elysées the proper finish to the week. Nor is this dominical outing a mere matter of amusement. In some cases it becomes a serious undertaking. Monsieur in his top hat and frock coat, Madame arrayed in her Sunday garments, and the children scrubbed and dressed for the occasion wend their way from all quarters of the city toward the Opéra and the Madeleine.

There is not much choice as to direction; up one side of the thoroughfare and down the other, and then finally each group finds its way to a favorite café, where they sip refreshing draughts, seated in comfortable chairs, watching the sights. These sights, by the way, consist of nothing more extraordinary than thousands of other families following the same beaten track as those who have preceded them.

When I had become a bit accustomed to this continuous commotion, I glanced about me and found I had for neighbor a sad-faced elderly woman wearing a long, black crêpe veil. She was accompanied by an equally sombre man who might have been her brother, if one were to judge his age by the cut and soberness of his apparel and the length of his bushy beard. My astonishment was great when presently I heard him address her as "Mother," but the word was the key to their whole attitude, for I felt that the widow and her son were accomplishing a pious weekly duty in memory of times gone by.

But my attention was soon distracted from them by the arrival of a whole family party. Father, mother, grandparents, children, and nurse, all installed themselves and clamored for their chief to give the order. The latter, wiping his beaded brow, took on an important air and proceeded to make his demand, designating with his finger the persons for whom each drink was intended.

"One Madeira for grandmother. I know father will have a Pernot, two grenadines for the twins, three Quinquinas for the boys, and a glass of milk for nurse. Mother will take an Amer Picon and I want an absinthe with a Havana cigar. George wants the time-table, Henri the *Rire*, and you might bring me the *Journal Officiel*."

I looked at the waiter in amazement, but he seemed unperturbed. He even stopped on his way into the café to take a fresh order, and in less time than it takes to write it a tray was slipped onto the table, and my astonishment was turned into admiration for one whose memory

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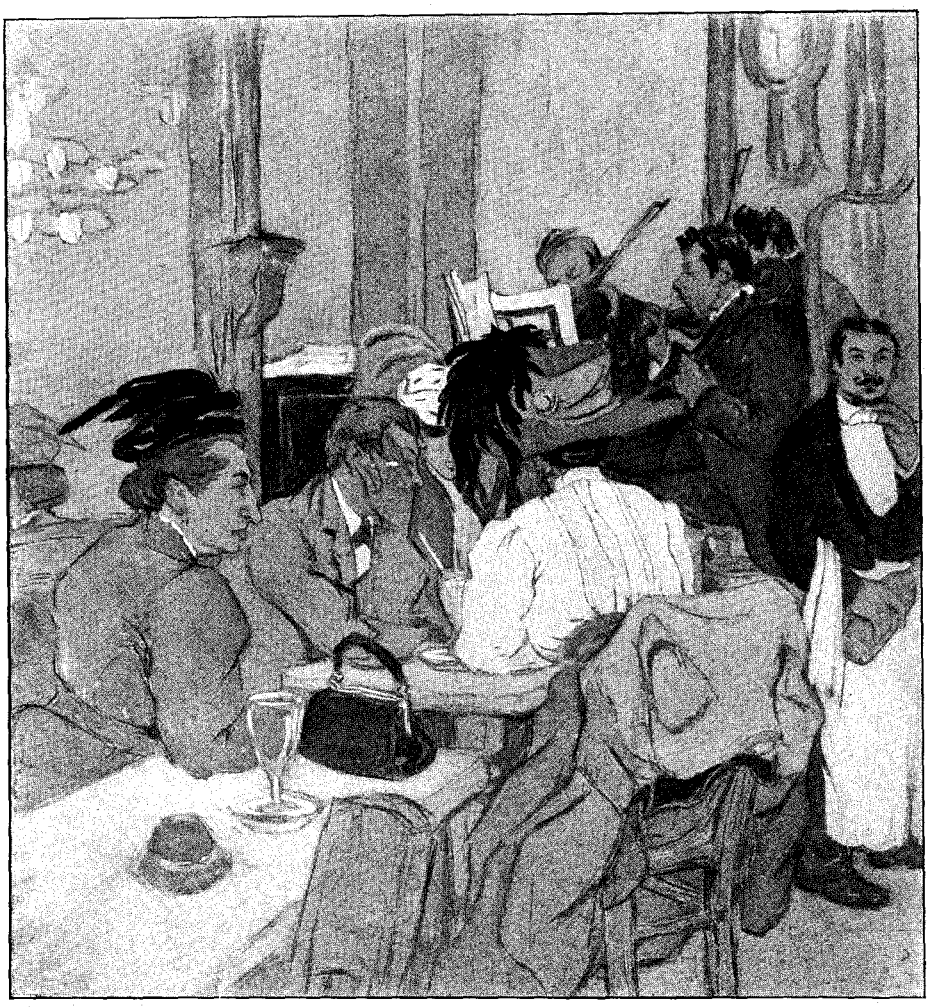

Lavenue's.

permitted him to take an order with such a distracted air and return with it so promptly and so complete.

Strange creatures these "garçons de café," their legs encircled by a long white apron which somewhat resembles a petticoat, topped by the traditional short alpaca jacket, low-cut vest, and starched shirt front. Hurried and red-faced they dash about among the tables. They have every appearance of juggling with the cups and decanters, seem fairly to cut capers with their large tin trays, and they certainly have the blandest way imaginable of ignoring your request for something the café does not possess.

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A Boulevard café.

Though the influx of foreigners has forced certain establishments to take on polyglot waiters of doubtful nationalities, the "métier" of "garçon de café" is truly French. All along the Boulevards from the Madeleine to the Porte St. Denis, and in certain quarters of the Faubourg St. Germain, you will find the real Parisian garçon, who is elegant, amiable, and attentive. His apron and shirt front are spotless, and from his hair, which is cut in the very latest fashion, arises the most discreet of perfumes. He employs none but the choicest expressions, reads the latest novels, and when you complain to him about the coffee he has just served you he raises his eyes toward heaven, sighs, gives you another cup, and then returns with the same coffee-pot, saying:

"This time Madame is sure to be satisfied."

When gifted with a certain amount of imagination and flexible wits, he adopts the locution, the manners, and the humors of those he is in the habit of serving. He is well

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At the Bal Bullier.

informed as to the exact number of times any popular theatrical success has been played. He is even familiarly addressed by certain dramatists. He can tell you Tristan Bernard's very latest "bon mot," and will give you a "sure tip" on the evening's pugilistic performances.

I have often thought that it must require a very strong constitution to be a "garçon de café," for the hours are generally long and very busy; often from seven in the morning until two the next. Not that his services are continually required, for it is rare that there be numerous consumers before eight or half-past.

The hour that precedes their arrival is spent in the perusal of the daily papers, a careful investigation of the stock exchange, and the racing prognostics.

From eight until eleven the "cafés au lait" require the whole of the waiters' time. Employees, bachelors, and provin-

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American bar, Café du Panthéon,

cials stopping at small hotels, are three classes of individuals who have numerous reasons for proving the utility of economy, and it is of such people that is composed the early morning clientele. The waiter rather regards them in the light of "sure perquisites," but is always coldly polite with them. He brings the papers without a word of comment, and when each customer takes his place behind the table he holds but a very slight "coup de serviette," at his disposal. He brushes the table twice for a "café avec beurre" and three times for a "café complet." Such is the tariff.

From half after ten until noon the patrons of the cafés are those who, fatigued with their morning's exertion, be it business or pleasure, drop in to quench their thirst with a draught of white wine. Many have adopted the habit, and to some it is as necessary a part of the day's duties as combing one's hair or washing one's hands.

To the average American, accustomed to his glass of ice-water on all occasions, this

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custom at first seems absurd; but in this country of the vine water is disdained, and I am sure that all those who have ever tried a glass of "Graves" or "Chablis," just at the proper temperature, have found it bracing and refreshing.

From eleven o'clock on, "apéritifs," or appetizers, are much in demand, and from noon until two o'clock black coffee, brandy, rum and kirsch absorb the waiter's entire attention and all his politeness.

The majority of the consumers of this second period of the day have usually copiously lunched and the cockles of their hearts have been gently warmed by a bottle of favorite wine. They are citizens who believe in mixing gayety with their toil, and they pay without counting simply because they are happy. They call the waiter "mon cher" and ask his opinion on all current topics.

What mysterious law, what peculiar atavism, draws the Parisian toward his seat in a café almost every day of his existence and that at the hour of the "apéritif," viz., between five and seven? I believe that Theophile Gautier, in one of his celebrated *boutades*, said something to the effect that the café responds to a necessity for public life which naturally substitutes itself for the humdrum family existence of which one has become tired. "And, after all, it is the only place where one can really smoke."

I once heard a man who was a bit of a wag state that the café is an excellent place for family quarrels, because if they happen in the privacy of one's home nobody but the parties involved can enjoy them.

Both might have added that certain beverages have a peculiar way of losing their flavor when consumed elsewhere than in a café. Among such might be classed "bocks" and "apéritifs." Now, it is a recognized fact that these last mentioned are, nine times out of ten, extremely harmful to the stomach, and certainly do little or nothing toward stimulating the appetite or aiding digestion. On the contrary, they often prevent both. Nevertheless, few Parisians can resist the temptation of interrupting their afternoon stroll, and they are soon installed with their favorite mixture in front of them.

As to the café's being the only place where one can really smoke, I am sure

that the bland and benign smiles of numerous solitary men, who can be found at all hours of the day and night, sitting wreathed in the fumes of their long cigars and pipes, are sufficient to corroborate the statement.

There was a time when "café" meant a place where one could obtain that with which to quench one's thirst, but one after another the different establishments have added a restaurant, until now in the more cosmopolitan quarters there is hardly a real café left. Maxime's, Larue's, Weber's, and the Café Américain, not to mention the Café Viennois and Dukas's, can all be classed under this head. In fact, the word café seems doomed to become obsolete in Paris, for "bars" on the American plan, "brasseries" where German delicatessen are served, and "tavernes" with their specialties have worked their way in little by little and have now become fixtures.

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The case is almost the same with the clientele. It is not so very long ago that Julien's was a world-renowned rendezvous for artists. True it is that the Napolitain had, and still continues in a way, its vogue among certain dramatists, but Julien's was by far the place preferred by those who cared to drop in at any hour of the evening, and were sure of finding a confrère with whom to discuss a pet theory. Alas! it is no more. A huge drapery establishment now occupies the site and Julien's has gone to join the legion of celebrated cafés, such as Tortoni's and the "Maison Dorée," which now exist but in memory. Even more recently Durand's, Place de la Madeleine, Durand's, so famous for its suppers, and, above all, as the place where General Boulanger came so near being proclaimed emperor, has been torn down to make room for a modern five-story apartment building.

But to return to Julien's. With its disappearance that magic circle of good-fellowship seems to have been dissolved. The members betook themselves in little groups to the most convenient place, "en attendant." It was thus that of late years one could see Catulle Mendès and Courteline seated at the Grand Café, and the other morning at the Café du Panthéon, I spied among the Polish students and types of the Latin quarter, Monsieur Cottet engaged in conversation with his friend Monsieur Rodin, the latter all the while sopping his bread in a copious helping of brandy.

For my part I have always found cafés of the left bank rather disappointing, with their noisy service, gaudy walls, and crude white lights. A decade or so ago Lavenue's was a small place made interesting by the presence of Whistler and his admirers.

Most of the students' cafés are a bit sordid and the exaggerated Bohemian ways of their habitués have always seemed to me more feigned than necessary. Such places are the rendezvous of groups who meet *en famille*, and the stranger is looked upon as an intruder. The woman anarchist, famous in her way for having thrown the bomb which annihilated Stolypin and his family, is here in her element. And various unknown and misunderstood authorities hold their court in various wine shops.

High up on the Boulevard St. Michel, the "Closerie des Lilas," much the same as ever, continues to serve the grisette and her chance companions, though opposite the dingy, darkened façade of Bullier's offers no attractions.

Bullier's a thing of the past! Can it be possible that those hideous bas-reliefs and luminous three-leafed clovers will no longer beckon the student and the stranger?

Ask any Parisian of the last three generations and he will give you a minute description of the large hall decorated with Moorish pillars, bounded on three sides by grand-stands, the fourth opening onto a greensward. Was there ever a youth, be he French or foreign, who has not spent an evening whirling some damsel around the polished floor, or flirting

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over a little table in an obscure corner of the garden?

Our grandfathers recall the place when it bore the name of Chartreuse, our fathers remember having seen Murger or Banville in their favorite spot, and our husbands

call to mind a thousand other little details which are now things of the past.

Why?

Nobody seems to know. Some advance the theory that Montmartre offers more attractions, others that the modern love of out-of-door sports has quenched the enthusiasm for dancing. Be all that as it may, Bullier's has been leased to a cinematograph company and presently a "barker" will be seen pacing up and down the sidewalk bidding people enter and enjoy the latest catastrophes.

But we are wandering, and Bullier's has led us as far away from the cafés as the place itself is from the heart of Paris.

There are certain quarters where the real Parisian café still holds its own and where the clientele of lesser bourgeois and tradesmen hardly varies from generation to generation. Some go to the cafés to transact business, others as soon as they have a moment to spare hasten to a favorite game of cards, while still others frequent such places much as the American goes to his club. There they find their friends and acquaintances, or, better still, a little group of timid and resigned listeners to whom they can confide their ideas on political and moral economy, which, by the way, are subjects dear to the hearts of most Frenchmen.

Let us step into any one of the numerous cafés that surround the Place de la Bastille, seat ourselves in a corner, and observe without being noticed.

First of all one sees that the interior decoration is most simple. The walls are lined with red velvet benches above which are suspended huge mirrors, while marble-topped tables and cane-seated chairs occupy most of the floor space. At the back the cashier, a stout, comely woman with a wonderful coiffure, reigns supreme above her counter, on which stand the brandy flasks, the spoons, and numerous little china bowls wherein are methodically arranged lumps of granulated sugar. Behind her usually hangs a glass where her head-dress is reflected to its best advantage, and this mirror is surrounded by wooden bottle-holders

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in which repose the liqueurs of the establishment.

As each habitué enters he goes toward the desk and pays his respects to the cashier, who seems to be deeply interested in the affairs of each. She chats with her customers for a couple of minutes, discussing the latest atmospheric perturbations in a tone of the utmost importance, and I am convinced that she assumes the same provoked air when railing against the autumn floods as when censuring the dog-days. She is ever out of humor with the elements, scolding about them as though each changing season brought irremediable revolution into the landscape of round tables, black chairs, and yellow sawdust, not to mention the sugar-bowls that she is accustomed to seeing.

Another person of consequence is the man who in larger establishments is known as the "gérant" and in such places as the "patron." His rôle is that of an overseer and he is usually as mute as the cashier is loquacious. He expresses himself with his serviette, and by vertical or horizontal movements he indicates either to waiter or consumer an empty table, a free passage-way, etc. His physiognomy is as mobile as his serviette, and he has a special smile for every customer and every occasion.

As I have said before, the men that come here are the real Parisian bourgeois; the kind that Zola wrote about, the types that Maupassant depicted so well. But listen to their conversation and you will find that far from being *risqué* and indecorous, their interest, on the contrary, is centred in home life. Hopes and prospects for the son or daughter at school, theatre parties and holiday excursions are planned out, and then almost invariably their theme becomes political, ending in a lively discussion. For the Frenchman has ever been a fault-finder, and is always at odds with the powers that be. Each man has his personal idea as to how things ought to be run, his projects for reform, and so forth, yet they all accept the present form of government chiefly because they are at a loss to suggest a better. United they stand in loading incorporated associations with epigrams and anathema, while down in his secret heart each individual nourishes

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the fond hope that some day he or his may be able to penetrate into their mighty midst and have a try at managing.

From his place at a neighboring table I heard a man exclaim that the "Administration des Téléphones" was positively the worst one could possibly imagine. He had waited forty-five minutes to get a connection.

Lifting his nose from an exciting game of manille, another gentleman retorted:

"Admit, sir, that you waited five or six at the most and that you have an impatient disposition. Then I will believe you."

"Monsieur, I said forty-five minutes, and still hold that the company is abominable."

"Monsieur, my daughter is a functionary of that company and I shall not permit you to insult her."

"Sorry, but in America——"

"But we are not in America."

"In England, in Germany——"

"But we are neither in England nor in Germany. We are in France, monsieur."

"I don't care if we are, monsieur!"

"Monsieur!"

"Monsieur!"

And before I knew it they were on their feet, red with anger, overflowing with indignation, defying each other like two game cocks. Fortunately some friends interfered, arranged matters in an amicable fashion, and five minutes later the two apparently irreconcilable adversaries were seated at the same table, joking and laughing together, both of the same mind as to this "diable de gouvernement."

Certainly Joseph Prud'homme, the bourgeois as created by Henri Monnier, is typically French, and sometimes, though not often, one encounters men of his stamp. But, generally speaking, I was greatly surprised and deeply interested by the broad views, the social insight, the comprehension of diplomatic difficulties, the sagacious judgment, and extreme commonsense of some of these merchants, who, grouped around the café table, sipped their favorite "apéritifs."

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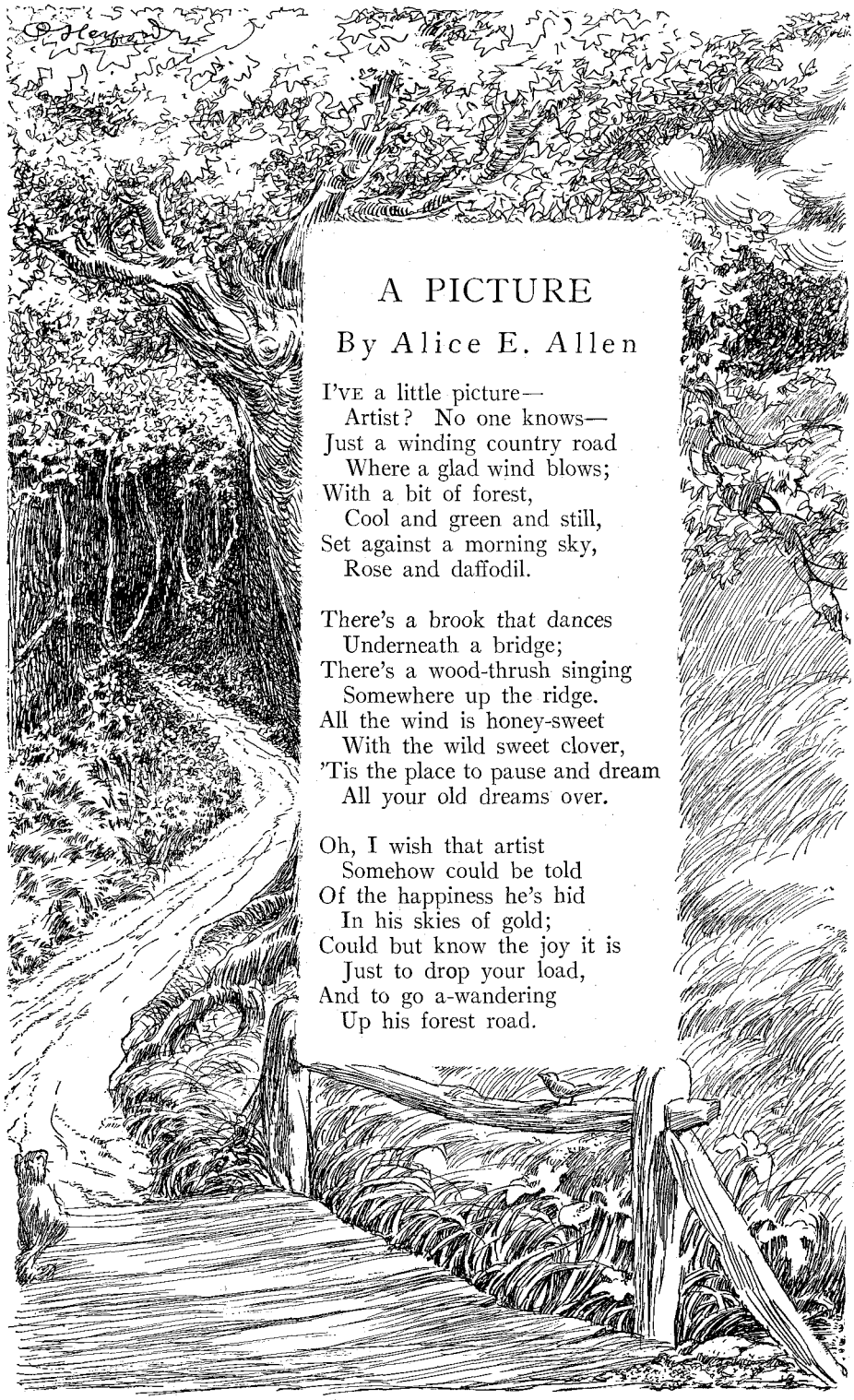

A PICTURE

By Alice E. Allen

I've a little picture—
  Artist? No one knows—
Just a winding country road
  Where a glad wind blows;
With a bit of forest,
  Cool and green and still,
Set against a morning sky,
  Rose and daffodil.

There's a brook that dances
  Underneath a bridge;
There's a wood-thrush singing
  Somewhere up the ridge.
All the wind is honey-sweet
  With the wild sweet clover,
'Tis the place to pause and dream
  All your old dreams over.

Oh, I wish that artist
  Somehow could be told
Of the happiness he's hid
  In his skies of gold;
Could but know the joy it is
  Just to drop your load,
And to go a-wandering
  Up his forest road.

Drawn by Oliver Herford.

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SOME EARLY MEMORIES

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

Senator from Massachusetts

III

THE WAR—1860-1866

I COULD not in the last article say anything of the great ordeal through which the country was passing during my first four years at Mr. Dixwell's school. It was too great and too solemn to be mixed up with random memories of boyish sports and school experiences. It was overshadowing then, even to a boy. I do not mean to say that people did not go about their business and that boys did not learn their lessons and play their games through all those weary years just as the people of Paris went about their own little round of labor and filled the theatres nightly during the Reign of Terror. The daily life of men, the common cares and toils of existence, are the hardest things to stop. Nothing but absolute destruction by nature or by man can arrest them for more than a few hours. But while the Civil War was raging it was certain that no one forgot it and that its shadow hung dark over the land. I was only ten years old when the war began, only fourteen when it ended, and yet in the history of that great period of conflict it has seemed to me that the impressions of a boy, living safe-sheltered in a city and a State where no enemy ever set his foot, are not without value, because everything which may serve to explain or characterize or illustrate a struggle so momentous ought to have some value to those of the future who would seek the truth about the past.

My people had been from the foundation of the government Federalists and Whigs. My grandfather, Mr. Cabot, and my father were both Whigs, but had left their party after Mr. Webster's 7th of March speech, although in my grandfather's case it was the rupture of a life-long friendship. They became "Free-Soilers," for they were both strongly opposed to slavery, my father extremely so because he had lived many years in New Orleans, engaged in business there, and had imbibed an intense hatred of slavery from close observation of the system. The old negro servant whom he had bought and set free was a living witness to this experience in his life and was also one of the cheerful recollections of my childhood. When the Republican party was formed my grandfather and father both joined it and supported Fremont and Dayton in 1856. My father had never taken part in politics, but he was so profoundly stirred by the slavery question that he went down on the wharves where his ships were lying and made a speech to the sailors, longshoremen, and stevedores in behalf of Fremont. My first political recollection is that I "hollered for Fremont," which is all I recall of that campaign. Four years later, in 1860, I remember a great deal more. I had heard Mr. Sumner talk much at our dinner-table, I had been with my father to see him at his house in Hancock Street, I think soon after the John Brown raid, about which I had been told a great deal and which excited my imagination, and I knew well how deeply my father was interested in the success of Lincoln. So I wore a Lincoln badge and was told by some of my playfellows, in accents of deep scorn, that my father was a "black Republican" and a friend of Charles Sumner, and I suppose that I retorted in kind. The struggle in Massachusetts was between Lincoln and Hamlin on the one side and Bell and Everett, who were the candidates of what remained of the Whig party, once all powerful in the State, on the other. There were also Douglas Democrats and pro-slavery Democrats, but of these I knew nothing beyond believing that all pro-slavery Democrats were criminals of the darkest dye. The fact is that the Democrats then had no strength in our State, but the conservative Whigs, who hated the slavery agitation, were still strong, and Mr. Everett, a great orator and one of the most distinguished and respected of our

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public men, brought support to the ticket which bore his name. I think a majority of the boys whom I knew were for Bell and Everett, but Lincoln carried the State overwhelmingly. Respectable Boston, for the most part, was out of step at the moment of the crisis and before the final division was declared, but Massachusetts, as usual, was right at the crucial moment.

The event which I remember most vividly in that campaign was the great Republican torch-light procession of the "Wide-awake Clubs" just before the election. The Common where they assembled was a sea of tossing lights, very striking to look upon, and made an even sharper mark in my memory than the long march past with the banners and transparencies, the fireworks and the cheers, all of which I thoroughly enjoyed and from which I sagely concluded that we should win, because we had a longer procession and made more noise than the Whigs. I have since come very clearly to the conclusion that no more idiotic way of carrying on a political campaign was ever devised than that of torch-light processions, marching clubs, red fire, and rockets, with all their noise and waste of money. I am happy to say that this silly habit is apparently disappearing and will, I trust, soon be entirely extinct. But in 1860 the idea was comparatively new, and the whole thing was done with real enthusiasm and gave a vent for the excitement of the time which was anything but perfunctory. The torches of the "Wide-awakes" flashed against a darkened sky, their cheers rang out across a troubled air. Men knew that the country was driving forth upon a stormy sea, and the wisest could not shape the course or guess the future. Every one felt the pressure of coming events and most of those who carried torches soon exchanged them for muskets and rifles, which proved more illuminating in certain dark places of the earth than the torches they replaced.

I am not going to trace the war as I know its history now. I am merely going to tell what I remember, and my recollections are of scattered events with long blanks between. My object is not to give my history of the Civil War and my views upon it, but simply, so far as I can, to show how it struck a contemporary of ten to fourteen years of age.

Of the terrible winter which followed the "Wide-awake" procession, when the country was in imminent danger of being wrecked through the treason and weakness of Buchanan and his cabinet before Lincoln could even have a chance to save it, I recall nothing except my father's anxiety and the fact that political talk was going on constantly about me. The first actual event which I really remember in 1861 was the firing upon Fort Sumter. I had heard of Major Anderson and had begun to look upon him as the hero of the time, so that the news that the fort had been fired upon and had surrendered filled me with sorrow and anger. That it was capable of affecting so strongly a boy not yet eleven years old shows, I think, how deeply that attack, by which the South deliberately plunged the country into war, went home to the North. My simple hope and my one desire was that we should now go on fighting until we got that fort back, which, as a matter of fact, was exactly what we did.

Then came the departure of the first troops from Boston, and I think that I heard Governor Andrew address them, but of this I am not sure, for I heard him speak to other regiments, and one memory is blurred by another. Governor Andrew I remember well at that time, although I cannot recall a word which I heard him utter. But the short, strong, sturdy figure with the square, massive head covered with tight curling light hair is very plain to me as well as the feeling of awe and solemnity which came over me when I saw him speaking to the soldiers. All that he strove for and suffered and did, I know now, and now, too, I can understand the force and nobility of the man, but then it was only a deep impression of a leader, of a great and important man, which touched my young imagination. He had a powerful and emotional temperament, and as he was moved himself so he moved others, even a boy without the boy's knowing why. Years afterward Mr. Justice Gray told me a story of Andrew which always seemed to me to define what manner of man he was better than anything else I ever heard. It was just after the war and Andrew was about to leave the governorship. He had lost his once large practice at the bar and had no resources, owing to his having sacrificed everything to his public service. This fact was generally known

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and there had been some talk of giving him the collectorship of the port of Boston, which was a lucrative office. In summer when the town was deserted Governor Andrew was in the habit of lunching with Judge Gray, who lived near the State House, and there he came one day as usual. No one else was present. When they were seated at the table Judge Gray referred to the current rumor about the collectorship. Without a word of warning (I use Judge Gray's own expression) Andrew laid down his knife and fork, looked at his host earnestly, and said: "I have stood as high-priest between the horns of the altar. I have poured out upon it the best blood of Massachusetts. I cannot take money for that." They were entirely alone, there was no audience, it was simply the expression of the man's nature in words and imagery at once instinctive and natural. Judge Gray added that no eloquence he had ever heard had moved him so much. Andrew indeed was one of the great figures of the war-time, one of the great war governors who, like Morton in Indiana, did so much to sustain Lincoln and save the Union. I am glad to have seen him and to realize that he impressed me deeply, heedless boy as I was.

I knew nothing as to the first regiments when I saw them go from Boston. But there was one with which I soon became familiar, the famous Sixth Regiment which was mobbed in Baltimore. The first blood shed in battle in the American Revolution was that of Massachusetts men at Lexington and Concord. It was the fortune of the State to shed the first blood in the Rebellion and on the same day of the month, the 19th of April. One of the companies of the Sixth Regiment, I may also say, was from Concord and was known as the "Minute Men," the title of their Revolutionary predecessors. When the regiment reached Baltimore it was obliged to march through the city in order to take the Washington train on the other side. On the way they were hooted and pelted, and when they reached the lower quarters of the city, which were intensely and bitterly Democratic, as well as secessionist, they were savagely assailed by a mob of roughs commonly known as "The Baltimore Plug Uglies," who used paving stones and pistols. Three or four of the soldiers were killed and several wounded. The troops finally opened fire on the mob and forced their way through to the station with their bayonets, taking their dead and wounded with them. All this I remember, for I eagerly read the accounts and studied the wholly imaginary pictures of the fight in the street as portrayed in the rough wood-cuts of the illustrated papers. Most clearly of all do I remember seeing photographs, very poor things in those days, of two of the soldiers killed by the mob. The photographs were of the small size common at that time and had been taken probably for some mother or sister or sweetheart before the poor fellows started out to save Washington. They came from Lowell, as I remember, and were mere lads, but to the eyes of ten years old they looked like mature men, and I was not then aware that wars were usually fought by what I should now call boys. The pathos and tragedy of it all passed by me, but wrath did not. There had been real fighting, some Massachusetts men had been killed by a mob of pro-slavery Democrats, and rage filled my heart. I at once determined that I would enlist as a drummer, for I had gathered from my reading that such was the proper and conventional thing for a boy to do, and I pictured to myself the feats of gallantry I would perform as we made a victorious charge, for all the charges which I intended making with my regiment were to be victorious. I suppose nearly all boys of my age were filled with the same ambition at that time, for the war fever was burning fiercely and reached even the youngest. My plans for a military life, however, were not taken in either a favorable or even a serious spirit by my family, and I had to content myself with imagining desperate assaults and gallant exploits, from which I always escaped alive and glorious, a soothing exercise in which I frequently indulged, generally just before I dropped to sleep for the night. None the less, I am glad that I had those emotions and was moved and stirred by the pictures of the lads who fell at Baltimore. It is not much, but it is something to have had that feeling at such a time when dangers thickened about the country and there was a great and noble passion moving among the people.

Thirty-seven years later, in the spring, too, for the war with Spain was virtually declared by the resolution which passed Congress early on the morning of the fateful

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19th of April, I went with my friend, Mr. Justice Moody, of the Supreme Court, then a member of the House of Representatives, to Baltimore in order to meet the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment and see them pass through the city. Under the present arrangements they might have gone on without leaving the cars, but they abandoned the train outside the city and then marched to the southern station, taking the exact line which their predecessors had taken in 1861. We followed them along the whole route. They were cheered from beginning to end, in the poorer quarters as in the best, and flowers were thrown to them as they passed. It was "roses, roses all the way," and the scene was one I shall never forget. We managed to reach the station ahead of the troops and saw them come in, cheered to the last, and just at the very spot where their predecessors had fought their way to safety, carrying their wounded and dead, and with a fierce and baffled mob raging at their heels. It was a sight worth seeing, very moving, very impressive, but it seemed to me to show that the poor boys, whose pictures I had gazed upon so many years before, had not died in vain and that the war with Spain, if it did nothing else, demonstrated once for all this great fact and was in its turn not without value and meaning to the American people.

The next event of 1861 which stands out sharply in my memory was the shooting of Colonel Ellsworth at Alexandria. He had entered a hotel to pull down a rebel flag, and the tavern-keeper, a man named Jackson, as I remember, shot him without warning. It was murder, not war, and I recollect well the profound impression which was produced by this incident. Ellsworth was colonel of the New York Zouaves, a crack regiment; he was young, popular, handsome. I remember his picture perfectly. Unimportant as one death was in the great war then breaking upon us, that particular murder and the manner of it, coming as it did at the very start, roused bitter feelings and stimulated greatly the fighting spirit of the North. I longed then to take immediate and bloody revenge upon the innkeeper, so wholly obscure now that I cannot even be sure of his name, which then went far and wide throughout the country.

I think this vividness of the first incidents of the war, and the blanks and the confusion which I find in my recollections of the following years, are owing simply to the fact that they were the first. The killing of two or three men in Baltimore in 1861 shook the country. Three or four years later engagements in which two or three hundred men were killed and wounded on each side were dismissed in a paragraph and described as skirmishes, as indeed they seemed to a people who had beheld the awful losses at Gettysburg and Chancellorsville, at Shiloh, Fredericksburg, or Cold Harbor.

The first Bull Run I well remember, and I shall never forget the intense surprise and the real misery which it brought to me, but my only desire was to fight on and wipe out the disgrace. My boyish heart hardened under that blow and, as I now see, the heart of the country hardened too, and men set themselves in dead earnest to carry on the grim work. After this the memories begin to blur and run together. I recall Island Number 10 and Donelson and Port Royal, victories which cheered the entire North. I remember the dreadful Sunday when the news came of Pope's defeat, and the way the churches were kept open and people assembled in them to collect and prepare lint and bandages and supplies to be sent at once to the army. Antietam I well recall, for many Massachusetts regiments suffered there severely, but I did not realize until I went over the battle-field years afterward in company with President McKinley what a bad position Lee had deliberately walked into and how completely McClellan had thrown away his opportunity.

Of the Western battles I remember less, but I rejoiced in following the fighting which cleared the great rivers, and the names of Farragut and Porter, of Foote and Davis, and of their river victories were all familiar to me. Even more familiar and exciting was the fight between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*. The victory of the *Monitor*, for such it was in effect, was not only momentous, but, owing to the comparative size of the two vessels, had the attraction which dwells in the stories of the boys who fare forth into the world in search of adventure and slay huge giants and monstrous dragons. The performance of the *Merrimac* had most properly frightened the country thoroughly, and her repulse by the *Monitor* brought a corresponding sense of joy and relief. Some time afterward, in

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connection with one of the fairs for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, an arrangement was made for a presentation of the fight by miniature vessels. A portion of the Frog Pond was shut in and covered by a tent with a platform running round it for the spectators. Upon the sheet of water thus enclosed there came out a little *Merrimac*, propelled by steam, which, as I remember, rammed and sank two representatives of the *Cumberland* and the *Congress*. Then out darted the *Monitor*, and there was much firing of little guns until the *Merrimac* was withdrawn, sinking and crippled. I went to the first performance, and in addition to the sham fight, which I keenly enjoyed, the evening is memorable to me because it was the only occasion upon which I ever heard Edward Everett speak. He was then an old man, and it was not long before his death, but he made a little address explaining what we were about to see, and of course spoke of the war and the country. He was a fine-looking man with white hair, extremely dignified and yet entirely simple in his manner, and his account that evening of the famous fight made it all very clear and very exciting to at least one of his listeners. What I remember most clearly about him, however, was his beautiful voice and that, although he did not seem strong and spoke low and gently, every word fell distinctly upon our ears. The tent was rather dimly lighted, the water looked very black and cold, and the whole scene, with Mr. Everett standing bare-headed by the rail, comes back to me now with a certain dramatic intensity born of the time, which brought emotions possible only in days like those.

I remember well the terrible news of Fredericksburg and the rejoicings over Vicksburg and Gettysburg. The draft riots in Boston seemed to bring the war very near home, and I felt great pride in the fact that the officer at the Cooper Street Armory who fired the "whiff of grape shot" just at the right moment and blew the Boston riot out of existence was a kinsman of mine, Stephen Cabot. The naval battles at Mobile and New Orleans appealed strongly to a boy brought up among ships, but the movement which I followed most closely and with the deepest interest was Sherman's march to the sea. I well recall the blind rage with which I assailed our Democratic Irish groom, otherwise an intimate friend of mine, when he told me that Sherman would never get through. Then came the fall of Richmond, news announced by Mr. Dixwell to the school when school was dismissed. The boys raced out up Boylston Street and on to the Common shouting at the top of their lungs and found themselves quite in harmony with the rest of the population, which was by no means always the case.

I have merely enumerated the great events as they stand recorded in my memory, with wide gaps between them, with no connection, and even in uncertain order. Were I to attempt to arrange them or describe them I should at once begin to mingle knowledge with remembrance, for my actual recollection of those days, although vivid, is neither clear nor coherent. But such events as I have briefly catalogued sank deep into the mind even of a boy. To have been alive and in a sense a witness to such a mighty conflict as our Civil War left an ineffaceable impression, none the less lasting because it was unconscious.

Yet the effect of the war on my mind and its influence upon me as a great educational force was not, I think, chiefly due to the accounts I read and the pictures I pored over of distant battles by sea and land. That which had most effect, as it seems to me now, was the atmosphere in which I lived. The war pervaded everything. You saw it in the streets, in the disappearance of silver and gold, in the early makeshifts for money, in the paper currency, in the passing soldiers, in the neighboring camps. You heard it in Andrew's voice addressing the regiments as they started for the South. No boy could forget Robert Shaw going out at the head of his black troops or General Bartlett riding by on his way to the front, one leg gone, and strapped to his saddle. Military companies were organized in all the schools and every boy was compelled to drill. Ours was the first, and we were organized and thoroughly drilled, as if it had now become a part of every American's regular education, so that when the time came he might be able to do his duty in a perpetual war. The war appeared in the theatres, where every sentence which could be twisted into a patriotic allusion was loudly cheered. The fairs to raise money for the Sanitary Commission became an institution, and even the caps we wore were

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those made fashionable by the emperor of the French and used by our own officers until superseded by the much more sensible and practical Kossuth hats. But that which pressed most hardly was the anxiety for the living and the grief for those dead in battle. My father, as I have already said, was eager to go to the war and thought that he could serve efficiently in a cavalry regiment which he wanted to raise himself. He was not only well past the military age, but a big thoroughbred mare had recently fallen with him and injured his knee so that he could not be long in the saddle or walk much without great pain. The doctors said his scheme was utterly impossible, and he gave it up. After his death, in 1862, there remained in the family only my grandfather, my mother, my sister, and myself, so that no one was able to go to the war from my own household, but every regiment took with it cousins, kinsmen, friends, young men, many of whom I had seen at my sister's parties. After every battle I used to hear in mournful tones: "So and So is killed" or "So and So is wounded." This reading the death-roll and scanning bulletins to see how many men, whom you have known and cared for, whose people are your people, and whose fate is dear to you, have been killed is not an experience that one ever forgets. At last it came very near to me, very near indeed by age and association and habit of life. One of the older boys at our school was Huntington Wolcott, older brother of Roger Wolcott, a life-long friend of mine and later a distinguished governor of Massachusetts. In the last year of the war Huntington Wolcott could no longer be restrained; he was only seventeen, but he got a commission, went to the front, contracted a deadly camp fever, was brought home, and died. The school went to the funeral and I saw him in his coffin, worn, haggard, aged, and yet still a boy, dressed in the uniform of the United States. This brought the war home to me as never before. I remember thinking as I went down the steps of the house that if the war lasted that was what would happen to me, a prospect which did not cheer me, for it never occurred to me, and I think I was like all other boys in this respect, that I should do anything but join the army as soon as I was old enough, because four years is a long time at that age, and it seemed as if the country had always been and always would be at war.

It was said in those days, and said truly, that boys fresh from college went into the army and came out grave and serious men. The mere passage of time was nothing. They had lived more and longer in those four years than most men in a whole lifetime. In a lesser degree much younger boys, more or less unconsciously no doubt, received an impression from those years of civil war and were then subjected to influences from which they never recovered and which affected unalterably their feeling about their country. I am sure that the men born since the Civil War are just as patriotic, just as ready to sacrifice themselves for their country as those born before it. I should despair of the future if I did not think so. But the feeling about the country of those to whom the Civil War is not mere history, but a living memory, is, I am certain, a little different from that of any others. They actually saw the country, however dimly, at death grips with a destroying antagonist, reeling on the edge of an abyss. They knew that the country's life was at stake and they saw it emerge victorious. The sacrifice of life and treasure by which the victory was won was all about them and the news of battle was always ringing in their ears. In after years they might forget much, but these things they could not forget, for a man fortunately does not often see his country's very existence at stake in war. And so, never forgetting the past, those who lived through the war-times have a more tender sentiment about their country, they are more easily moved by all that appeals to their sense of patriotism, and they are less dispassionate no doubt in judging America and the American people than others, just as they are more intolerant of those Americans who live abroad, ape foreign ways, and sneer at their own land and its people, for they know, they who remember, what it all cost and what a price the people once paid to save the country from those who sought to tear it asunder.

The war left me, as I think it left those of my time generally, with certain profound convictions which nothing can ever shake. It made me an optimist so far as the United States is concerned. I am well aware how much conditions have changed since 1861;

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the vast increase of wealth, the problems raised by the modern economic developments, the alteration in the character of the population owing to the flood of immigration, all these things are present to my mind, and I do not underestimate their gravity or the sinister possibilities which they suggest. But I have seen, without fully comprehending, I admit, but still I have seen, the nation come through the most terrible ordeal which any nation can undergo, I know what sacrifices were then made in obedience to a great sentiment, and I have firm faith that the people who were capable of the Civil War will be able to meet any problems the future may have in store whenever they realize that the life of the nation and that every tradition, every belief which has made it what it is, are at stake.

HARVARD—1867–1871

If my career at Harvard was singularly devoid of either distinction or interest, it at least came at a very memorable period in the life of the college. I went in under the old system and came out under the new. I entered the college, which had remained in essence unchanged from the days of its Puritan founders, the college of the eighteenth century with its "Gratulatios" and odes and elegies in proper Latin verse when a sovereign died or came to the throne, the college with the narrow classical curriculum of its English exemplars, and I came out a graduate of the modern university. Dr. Thomas Hill was president when I entered, then came a year of interregnum, and then President Eliot. I think that I cannot add anything to that bare statement by way of describing the revolution which then took place in Harvard, and my class happened to come just at the parting of the ways. We realized that a great change had occurred, but naturally did not grasp its meaning or even dream how fast and far the change thus begun would go. No one, I think, could have imagined the vast growth of the university in every direction under the administration of President Eliot. My class, to take a single illustration, numbered one hundred and fifty-six at graduation. It was much the largest class which had ever entered or graduated up to that time, and was not surpassed for some years afterward. Now a class at Harvard is three or four times as large as mine, and a single class has not infrequently more members than all the undergraduates together in 1867–1871.

The enormous increase in the number of students, however, is, after all, only a manifestation of the changes wrought at Cambridge in the last forty years. As I am not writing a history of modern Harvard I shall not attempt to describe, still less to analyze or criticise, this great revolution in the oldest university in America, which in its course has had a profound effect upon all education in the United States. I shall allude to only two things: one the passing of an old custom in which I was concerned and which marked by its departure the rapid obliteration of the eighteenth-century college then in progress, and the other the effect which one of the most important of the modern reforms had upon me personally.

In the old days there was a solemn and public performance which took place in the autumn, consisting of exercises like those of commencement, with orations, dissertations, and addresses, and preceded by a procession, as on the great occasion of graduation. This ceremony was called the "Junior Exhibition," and had given rise to a burlesque version which was known as "mock parts," and which took place at the same time. The real "Exhibition" had been abandoned long before I entered college, but the parody survived. A committee of the Junior class was appointed and wrote an account of an imaginary procession in which members of the class figured in various ridiculous capacities. Then followed the announcement of the parts, much more numerous than in the real performance, and covering practically all members of the Junior class. These parts were sent in to or devised by the committee, and consisted chiefly of quotations which were supposed to jeer at or hit off the foibles and peculiarities of the unfortunate boy to whom the part was assigned. To give an example drawn from another class than my own:

"A Dissertation,
The Great Erymanthian Boar,
John Harvard Stoughton."

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A few, a very few, of the parts were complimentary. The mock part of our first scholar was, for instance: "And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

Most of the gibes, however, were chaff and jokes, doing no harm and, perhaps, some good; but there was always a certain proportion directed against unpopular men which were often harsh and sometimes cruel.

The ceremony took place on a Saturday morning after recitations. The classes were drawn up in a hollow square in front of "Hollis," the Juniors facing the building, the Seniors on the right, the Sophomores on the left, and the Freshmen, with no assigned place, hovering on the outside. Then the chairman of the committee, a post which I filled in 1869, seated himself on the sill of a first-floor window in Hollis with his legs swinging in vacancy and proceeded to read the account of the procession and the parts amid the plaudits and laughter of the crowd, which, like most crowds, not only had a love of fun, but enjoyed the infliction of a little suffering. I read the parts effectively and successfully, so that everybody heard them, and took considerable pride in my fleeting notoriety. But I soon had reason to regret my brief hour of triumph. Some of the men who were wounded never forgave me, and I found to my surprise that I was held responsible for all the parts which were the work of many hands and which had been approved and selected by the entire committee. I felt much hurt as well as astonished by this popular injustice, but I subsequently discovered that it was common in larger matters and to more numerous, older, and larger populations than college boys can furnish. No successor, however, was destined to suffer in the same way. The custom of mock parts was considered to be as permanent as the college itself, but the old habits were changing and reform was in the air. The next class, which was more virtuous than ours, not only voted to give up hazing, in which we had indulged and from which we had suffered, but they also determined to abolish "mock parts." That was the end of it, it was never revived, and the college in few a years had forgotten and outgrown the parody of an extinct ceremony. Thus it came to pass that I had the distinction of being the last student to read "mock parts" at Harvard. Now, all these years afterward, when the little stings which I inflicted and which were inflicted on me have long since ceased to smart, I am glad to think that I was connected with the old college times of which "mock parts" were emblematical and which I saw depart. If I could not save them, and they probably were not worth saving, these old customs, I did my duty by them at least once and stood on the shore and waved one of them a cheerful farewell as it drifted off down the stream of time. I felt a good deal of excitement and elation at the moment, because, except for my involuntary presence in the witness-box at Lawrence, it was my first appearance in public, and I succeeded before my first audience. It left, moreover, an indelible impression on my mind. I do not know how it may be with others, but with me it often happens that a familiar scene remains inextricably associated with a particular day and a particular event. There are few places in the world more familiar to me than the college yard at Cambridge, but when it rises before me in the mirror of memory the image which I see is what I saw as I sat in the window of "Hollis" on that day of "mock parts." Perhaps it was the position, probably even more the event, but I always think of the yard as it looked that morning. It was early autumn, and the elms, not yet shorn of leaves, still drew their arches across the sky. The warm red of the old buildings, with "University" gray and cold in the distance, gave color to the scene. And over all was that pleasant atmosphere of the past so rare in America, that sense of quiet and repose which tradition and habit give, and the feeling that behind the laughing crowd before me could be heard the footfall of the successive generations who had trodden that pleasant spot and thence passed out into the world beyond.

The other incident connected with the revolution in the college system which began in the middle of my course was widely different from the last observance of an old college custom. There was nothing about it with a tinge of sentiment. It was merely a result of the reform which found one of its chief expressions in the

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extension of the elective system. Timidly and tentatively there had come a movement in this direction before the arrival of President Eliot, as light and separated gusts of wind precede the rush of the thunder-storm. We, therefore, found ourselves at the end of our Sophomore year with a considerable latitude of choice. I had no doubt of the virtues of the system then, because, dexterously managed, it opened a generous opportunity for lightening the burden of studies. I have had a good many doubts about its perfections since. Under the old compulsory system a certain amount of knowledge, no more useless than any other, and a still larger amount of discipline in learning were forced upon all alike. Under the new system it was possible to escape without learning anything at all by a judicious selection of unrelated studies in subjects taken up only because they were easy or the burden imposed by those who taught them was light. I am not going to argue the merits of the question, but merely explain the effect upon myself. I wished to take my degree with as little effort as possible, and so arranged my recitations as to give myself the largest possible spaces of uninterrupted time for my own amusements. This was not the ambition of serious and right-minded students, but the majority of undergraduates are not serious, and my practical view of the elective system is still, I think, popular. In any event the results to me were unfortunate. I had been thoroughly drilled under the old system in Latin and Greek, and having some aptitude in languages I had learned to read both with facility. I could read any Latin at sight, and easy Greek; that is, in my Sophomore year, when we were reading the Crito and the Gorgias I never had to prepare for a recitation, as I could construe at sight whenever called upon. If I had gone on with my Greek and Latin, I should have become so thoroughly grounded in both that they would have remained with me through life. But the enlarged elective system was a fatal temptation. I threw over mathematics, of course, and that was no loss, for I never should have retained any learning of that kind. But I also discarded my classics, because the hours were not convenient or for some equally trivial reason. The result was that, although I have managed to keep my Latin and have read it all my life sufficiently well for pleasure, my Greek, which I kept up for a few years after leaving college, was lost in the pressure of other employments, and now I can only read it with difficulty and have not leisure to recover it. So it comes to pass that I think with sorrow of my own folly, and entertain serious doubts as to the perfection of that unrestricted freedom of election which gave my folly scope and opportunity. Of the so-called studies with which I replaced the classics, I have for the most part forgotten even the names. Two courses, German and Italian, which I took were not wholly useless, and gave me a smattering of two modern languages which was not without value, and in the case of Italian developed into a source of knowledge and pleasure. I also had sufficient sense to take a course in English literature with Lowell, although I missed the opportunity to study Dante with him. But the English literature was something. It encouraged a strong natural taste and gave it direction. It also brought me into contact with one of the most brilliant men of his day and one of the best worth knowing. I came to know him better in the after years, but I like to think that I was one of his students, and listened every week to that beautiful voice and delightful English and heard his witty and pregnant criticisms which were the best part of his teaching.

But in all my four years I never really studied anything, never had my mind roused to any exertion or to anything resembling active thought until in my Senior year I stumbled into the course in mediæval history given by Henry Adams, who had then just come to Harvard. How I came to take that course I do not exactly know. I was fond of history, liked to read it, and had a vague curiosity as to the Middle Ages, of which I knew nothing. I think there was no more intelligent reason than this for my choice. But I builded better than I knew. I found myself caught by strong interest, I began to think about the subject, Mr. Adams roused the spirit of inquiry and controversy in me, and I was fascinated by the stormy careers of the great German emperors, by the virtues,

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the abilities, the dark crimes of the popes, and by the tremendous conflicts between church and empire in which emperors and popes were antagonists. In just what way Mr. Adams aroused my slumbering faculties I am at a loss to say, but there can be no doubt of the fact. Mr. Adams has told me many times that he began his course in total ignorance of his own subject, and I have no doubt that the fact that he too was learning helped his students. But there was more than this. He had the power not only of exciting interest, but he awakened opposition to his own views, and that is one great secret of interest. In any event I worked hard in that course because it gave me pleasure; I took the highest marks, for which I cared, as I found, singularly little, because marks were not my object, and for the first time I got a glimpse of what education might be and really learned something. I have never lost my interest in the Othos and the Henrys and the towering figure of Hildebrand. They have always remained vital and full of meaning to me, and a few years ago I made a pilgrimage to Salerno with Adams himself to see the burial place of the greatest of the popes, who had brought an emperor to his feet and had died a beaten exile. Yet it was not what I learned, but the fact that I learned something, that I discovered that I had a mind, and that it was the keenest of pleasures to use it which made that course in the history of the Middle Ages memorable to me. I have often wondered since, in view of this experience, why there is so little real education to be had, and why, as a rule, what passes under that name is so dry and meaningless and sometimes so repulsive.

From this outline of my intellectual experiences at Harvard, a dispassionate and serious-minded observer would say that my four years at Harvard were wasted, and so in a sense I suppose they were. In other senses they were anything but wasted, and I look back upon them without remorse and with great pleasure, which is, perhaps, a humiliating confession, as college is supposed to be a place for education and the improvement of one's mind, and I got very little of either. I detested school, and I think the "happy school days" theory is a popular fallacy of an entirely conventional kind. On the other hand, I enjoyed college thoroughly and had four very happy years at Harvard. I was very idle and devoted my energies to amusing myself, with great success and in the manner and with the intelligence common to that stage of life. I meant to get through college, and I did so without ever being conditioned, graduating near the end of the first half of my class. But I intended also to effect this purpose with the least possible trouble and effort to myself and with the minimum of mental labor, and in this, too, I succeeded. I desired also to enjoy myself as much as possible, and I did this, too. I took a sufficiency of exercise, both at the gymnasium and on the river, because I was fond of it, but without any ambition for distinction in those directions, and yet from the boat and from sparring and single stick I derived not only wholesome habits of exercise, but an amount of real good which it would be hard to estimate. They were certainly far more profitable than billiards and cards, to which I also gave a great deal of attention, so much, indeed, that I have never cared for them since. But my greatest enjoyments were derived from the many friendships I then made or continued. Most of them have lasted through life, a few have been among my best possessions, and all, I find, no matter how far time and circumstances may have brought separations in place or occupations or interests, have kept the flavor of those early days, something which no other days can give. I was fortunate enough to be elected a member of all the societies I desired to join. Two of them were theatrical, and this opened a field which had always held for me a strong fascination. In our Sophomore society I made a hit as a Yorkshireman in one of Kenny's comedies at the first performance given by our class. I imagine that the dialect which I saw fit to adopt was as remote from the speech of Yorkshire as it was from any other spoken by men. But my audience was as ignorant as I, and since it succeeded with them there was nothing more to be desired. At all events, it fixed my fate. I was thought to have histrionic capacity, and from that time forward I had a leading part at every performance and was usually either the

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acting or the stage manager. This continued in the Hasty Pudding during my Junior and Senior years, and I finally extended my theatrical activities to authorship, writing, in collaboration with our class poet, Henry Swift, a rhymed burlesque of "Don Giovanni," adapting our songs to those of the opera and to popular airs by other composers less eminent than Mozart. Not being a singer I had no part in the burlesque, but only in the farce of "Two in the Tower," which preceded it. The burlesque, however, had an enormous success, and I regret the loss of its precious text more than that of the missing books of Livy, for I should like now to read over those jingles and see just how bad they were and try to determine whether there was anything but youth which caused them to give so much hilarious pleasure, both to the listeners and to their proud authors.

My taste for the theatre, however, led me in those college years to many performances by persons more experienced than myself and my friends, and among these performances were some worth remembering. It was the college fashion in my day for Freshmen to go on as "supes" when soldiers, peasants, courtiers, etc., were required in the Italian operas which we chiefly affected. There was much competition for the limited number of places, and I suppose that the man charged with securing supernumeraries took us because we not only served for nothing, but were ready to pay for the privilege, which meant money in his pocket instead of the usual outlay. Indeed, there could have been no other reason for our employment, as we must have been most undesirable assistants. We went for our own amusement, not to promote the success of the opera or the play. We were undisciplined and recalcitrant; if there was anything to be done in the way of marching or moving about or shouting or dancing we did it with great violence, and we were especially disturbing with the supernumerary ladies who were not volunteers and with whom we were more popular than we were with the singers, actors, and managers. I remember well one occasion where in the first act of "Don Giovanni" we were deputed in our capacity as soldiers to bear from the stage the body of the murdered Commendador. Four stalwart youths, members of the crew, were told off for this duty. They grasped the arms and legs of the unfortunate father of Donna Anna and whipped him up so vigorously and easily that they wrenched his arms and tore his clothes, bearing him lightly from the stage amid a cloud of Italian curses. But it was all very good fun for Freshmen and gave one a knowledge of stage management and stage effects and theatrical people which, if not profitable, was certainly entertaining.

I shall say nothing of the endless plays of all kinds which I attended at that time, for it was in those days the fashion with students to haunt the theatres, but there were a few actors whom I then saw who are worthy of recollection. It was then that I saw Edwin Forrest, of whom I have already spoken, and whom I saw in "Metamora," which was violent, absurd, and popular, and also in "Richelieu" and "Hamlet," in which he was very fine. He was an elderly man when I saw him, and perhaps for that reason subdued, but his Hamlet was singularly strong and impressive, the performance of a really great actor in accordance with the traditions of the English stage. He did not equal Edwin Booth, whom I saw constantly then and afterward, for Booth was not only unsurpassed as Hamlet, but unrivalled in the great Shakespearian rôles by any one I have ever seen in America, in England, or in Europe. At about that same time I saw Charles Kean and his wife (Ellen Tree). He was the very reverse of Forrest. He was an excellent actor, educated, cultivated, trained, but without a spark of genius so far as I could perceive. He was admirable as Louis XI, although not so perfect as Irving, who seemed to have been born for that part. Mrs. Kean was very fine as Queen Katherine, and I have not seen any one who approached her beautiful performance of the fool in "Lear."

At that period also, when I had just entered college, I saw Mrs. Kemble and Dickens. Mrs. Kemble was then a stout, elderly woman, and her beauty, so famous in her youth, had faded. She came upon the stage of the Music Hall in Boston plainly dressed in black. There were no theatrical adjuncts, no artificial aids of

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any kind. She read the "Merchant of Venice," and in five minutes one felt only her dignity, the beauty of her voice, the marvel of her dramatic presentation. I sat entranced as the play gradually unrolled itself before my mental vision, as the characters carefully differentiated by the voice alone passed over the stage, and as the exquisite poetry chimed and murmured in my ears.

Dickens was a sharp contrast. I had a boyish adoration of his books, and I looked forward to seeing and hearing him with intense excitement. I heard him several times, and I shall never forget the joy of listening to the trial scene from "Pickwick." Yet after it was all over the general effect left on my mind was a feeling of vague disappointment. I could not have explained that feeling then, but think that I can now. Dickens as an actor, and he acted in his readings, was vivid, effective, full of force and energy and dramatic power, but he lacked exactly what Mrs. Kemble possessed—dignity, reserve, refinement, scholarship, and high training. You never forgot for a moment that Mrs. Kemble was a lady. You were haunted by a suspicion that Dickens was not quite a gentleman; that somewhere there lurked the traces of the London cockney. I say this as a devoted lover and admirer of Dickens. His books and his characters have been my lifelong friends and companions. He had a great and noble genius, an imagination which was as vivid as it was fertile and original. I admire him more now, I place him higher than I ever did before, but I see the deductions which a sane criticism must make and I realize the defects which escaped the indiscriminate admiration of boyhood. The creative imagination, the unending humor, the hatred of wrong, the fierce satire which has never been enough appreciated, the eternal quality so admirably pointed out by Mr. Chesterton, are all there from beginning to end. Moreover, Dickens never ceased to improve as an artist. He was always advancing in construction, in style, and in force even when his marvellous creative force seemed to slacken. But his tendency toward melodrama, although it diminished, never wholly left him. I have always loved "Nicholas Nickleby" so much that I do not resent Ralph Nickleby saying, "My curse, my bitter, deadly curse, upon you, boy!" after the manner of the Surrey theatres. But the atrocious vulgarity of his associate and titled villains, and the unbearable goodness and clamorous benevolence of the Cheeryble brothers in that same great story were too much for me even in my youthful days. Yet while one can forgive the cheap melodrama, one cannot forgive the cheap pathos, the "wallowing naked in the pathetic," the resort to the death and suffering of children to get a tragic effect, the false sentiment of "Little Nell," and the rest which are as unreal and hollow and as bad art as the metred prose in which that heroine's death is told. It was an undefined sense of these very things which came to me when I saw Dickens. The humor, the effectiveness, the way in which he embodied his characters were very great, but his somewhat overdressed appearance and conscious air, and, above all, the fact that he was stagey when he should have been dramatic, left a light but unmistakable flavor of rather second-rate pathos and melodrama from which there was no escape. Much as I admired the performance, and eager as I was to hear him, when it was all over there lingered at the back of my mind a slight sense of disappointment, a feeling that the great imaginative writer who had been so much to me lacked something which he ought to have had.

All these things, all these little amusements, these long-faded successes, and mishaps, as well as the thought of the friends and the friendships of those days which memory brings in her train, do not make up a very inspiring record of time which should have been devoted to the advancement of learning. It sounds, now that it is written down here, like the story of a very idle and unprofitable boy. Yet there is no phase of it to which I do not look back with pleasure, there is none of it from which I would part withal. I am not sure that it did not have a real value of its own. I think that it fitted me much better for the world than if I had never gone to Harvard. It undoubtedly gave me affections and friendships which could have been acquired in no other way. It is certain, above all, that I achieved one main purpose of a liberal education—a

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respect for the work of other men in other fields of which I knew nothing. With this came a tolerance for the pursuits and passions of other men, and, thanks to Henry Adams, I was imbued with a realizing sense of my own abounding ignorance, which is the first rung on the ladder of learning and the best education that any college or university can give.

HIS OWN COUNTRY

By H. H. Bashford

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

I

IT was the last lap of their long journey round the world; and Holder, the secretary, smoking a perplexed cigar in the observation-car at the tail of the train, knew it to have been not only a mistake from the beginning, but the forerunner of an impending tragedy, and a tacit disaster to his own reputation for diplomacy. And yet, tracing back each element to its origin, it was difficult for him to see when, if ever, he could have intervened. Events had merely been too strong for him, as at times they must always prove too strong even for the deftest of tacticians.

He stared out of the window and gathered but small comfort from what he saw there. For like some sinuous reptile, exhaling smoke, the long train of cars was still pursuing its apparently endless journey over these vast plains of the North-west. From a late September of glowing moons and steel-clear lakes, from a country that had been at least cavernous and romantic, they had dropped suddenly into an immeasurable desolation, gray, frost-bound, silent as death; and already, in a falling twilight, beginning to merge with the snow-filled sky. He shivered a little, finding it only too palpably congruous, not only with the trend of his thoughts, but with the facts that lay behind them; and, turning away from the window, sauntered back again toward the two men at the other end of the car.

Clad in his well-cut tweeds, with his carefully groomed head and lazy, high-bred voice, there was only one country, and only one class in that country, from which he could posssibly have sprung. Cousin and secretary to Lord Cottenham, the invalid, but still eminent politician, a certain imperturbable discretion was not only his chief characteristic but the main source of his income.

Of the other two men in the car it would have been a little more difficult to be so certain, though one could have guessed that the older of the two was probably some chance acquaintance of the journey. Very bronzed of face, clad in a ready-made serge suit, but with clean linen and a thick gold ring on his finger, one would have guessed his wealth, if he were wealthy (and this particular car seemed to postulate at any rate a temporary prosperity), to have been both recent and hard won. Scarcely glancing at the surrounding landscape, he was talking easily in the crisp, expressive dialect of the travelled Westerner. Originally a man of the plains, he had made his pile, it seemed, in B. C. lumber, and was now returning East to consolidate and extend his interests. The third man, sitting a little apart and watching the speaker with peculiarly steadfast, smiling eyes, was perhaps rather harder to place. Even there, lounging easily on the cushioned seat, he was obviously the giant of the party, so broad of shoulder that one might have set him down as a bushman also, had not a certain lissome athleticism and the clear, clipped English of his speech seemed to render this unlikely. His face, too, bronzed though it was, was not so weather-beaten as the lumberman's, and his hands, strong but slender, suggested the artist rather than the axeman. Midway between the other two, it would have been hard to

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claim his affinity for either. Contrasted to the lumberman, there was a kind of leisurely reticence about him that suggested, at the same time, an almost indefinite reserve of strength. Contrasted to Holder, on the other hand, he appeared oddly simple.

With a smooth brow the secretary laid a friendly hand on his shoulder.

"Well," he said, "are you feeling happy, Hugh?"

Catching his meaning, and smiling back at his humorously rueful face, Hugh Maynard looked out upon the plains.

"Mine own country," he said.

The lumberman, snapping off the thread of his narrative, glanced over his shoulder where a boiling snow was hurrying the prairie into darkness. Holder had dropped down into one of the revolving arm-chairs.

"I can't say it fascinates me," he said, talking to Hugh, but scrutinizing, through his cigar smoke, the honest countenance of the lumberman.

"That's because you were born in Cadogan Square," smiled Hugh, "and never had to do any chores."

Turning back from the window, the lumberman laughed.

"That's right, my son," he said. "Rub it into him."

Holder made him a mock bow.

"Well, I must admit," he said, "that it has never been my privilege to labor on a Manitoban farm."

The lumberman began to fill his pipe again, a short briar with a broad gold mount, wedging the tobacco down with his thumb and smiling at Hugh.

"Well, they weren't such bad times, I reckon," he said, "in spite of your F.R.C.S. and your rooms in Harley Street and your five-hundred-dollar fees."

"None better," said Hugh.

"You know," proceeded the lumberman, crossing his legs and setting a match to his pipe, "he's altered some, has your friend here, in the last twelve years; altered considerable, eh?"

"Ah, but then one does, you know," said Holder, "between eighteen and thirty."

"Made good too, what?" pursued the lumberman, with a touch of pride, almost of reverence in his voice, that did not escape Holder, and from which he deduced a certain worship of Hugh to have been traditional in this man's life, dating from days unknown to him. He perceived, too, that it had apparently survived the corroding influence of his own success.

"Well," he said, smiling at Hugh, "they tell me he's a rising man."

The conductor—Harrow, Trinity, and the melting-pot—looked in for a moment from the corridor and switched up the lights, and Holder, blowing a dainty smoke ring, was amused to see the admiring gleam that shone in the lumberman's eyes.

"Ah," he said, leaning forward and bringing down his gnarled hand on the young surgeon's knee, "we always reckoned you would, old son, didn't we? We all of us backed you to come through, eh? First surgeon in the empire"—he turned round to the secretary, pointing a triumphant finger at Hugh's reddening face—"that's what he said he was goin' to be, and, by gum, sir, that's how I reckon he'll end up."

Holder leaned back in his chair and chuckled.

"Well, at any rate," he said, "I can see that he must have left some good friends behind him."

In the panel against which the lumberman was leaning was set a map of the railway system, and now, running a finger along it, he indicated a small station about a hundred and twenty miles in front of them, almost upon the boundary-line between Manitoba and what used to be known as Assiniboia.

"That's the place," he said, "Clancy. That's where we saw him off twelve years ago, very near to a day—Big John, little Marjorie, and myself. I was just the hired man in those days, eh, Hugh?"

Holder lifted a casual eyebrow, glancing at Hugh.

"Big John and little Marjorie?" he asked. "I don't think I've heard of them before."

Hugh turned to him gravely.

"No?" he said. "Well, Big John brought me up, you know, and—and Marjorie was his daughter."

The lumberman was squinting thoughtfully down his pipe.

"Ay," he said, "an' it was Marjorie made him a surgeon. Runnin' barefoot she was, same as usual, an' cut her big toe across a chopper. Ordinary sorter cut, that's what Big John an' me reckoned. All for tyin' it up we were, an' lettin' it go at

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that. But Master Hugh there, he says 'No. Let's see if she can waggle it,' he says; an', by gum, sir, she could not. 'That shows as there's a leader cut,' says Hugh; an' sure enough, when the doctor comes, he says the same, an' has to stitch the two ends of it together, else she'd have gone lame for the rest of her natural. That's what fired young Hugh, there; made him fix up right away as how he'd go off to England an' learn himself to be a surgeon, eh, Hughie?"

Holder was smiling over his cigar.

"And Big John," he said gently, "any relation?"

Hugh shook his head.

"When my father died," he said, "he took me on—that's all. Kept an eye on my money for me, and sent us off to England together with his blessing."

"Ah," said Holder, "and what's happened to the little girl?"

The lumberman examined the grain of his pipe bowl.

"Well, of course," he said slowly, "she's learned to wear stockin's."

Holder stretched himself and yawned a little.

"Mother of a family, I suppose?" he said.

"N–o," said the lumberman; "she still sticks to Big John."

"Dear me," said Holder, "and in a country of bachelors too!"

"Ah," said the lumberman, "I reckon she's a cut above most of us—went to Winnipeg, she did, to learn herself the pianner."

And it was here that the carriage door opened again, and a woman, clad in a long travelling ulster, but with her dark hair hatless, and swaying a little to the motion of the train, looked into the lighted car.

"Is Hugh there?" she asked, and then, seeing him, said quickly, "I think he wants you."

Swinging round a little at her entrance, the shadow that Holder had banished from his forehead seemed to settle there again, but only for so brief a moment that it would have been difficult, one would have thought, for the other men to notice it. For Hugh had risen instantly to his feet, and the lumberman, pipe in hand, was gazing open-mouthed at the lady's face.

"By—George," he said at last, when the door closed behind them, "that's a beautiful woman. Who is she?"

Very carefully Holder removed the ash of his cigar with the polished nail of his little finger.

"Oh, that," he said absently; "that's Lady Cottenham."

II

THE lumberman got up slowly and took a turn round the car, and at the same moment there entered suddenly a new note into the underlying rhythm of the train's progress, the echo first of some soft but very subtle resistance, followed a moment later by that of a half petulant but successful recovery, and then finally by the re-establishment of the usual monotone of the standard speed. Rippling down the long series of cars, it communicated itself to them first by a check, too gentle to be called a jerk, and then by a rather awkward rocking motion that gradually died down again. Framing his eyes with his hands, the lumberman looked out into the darkness.

"Thickest fall I can remember," he said, "so early in the season; an' driftin' already."

He turned round again and came back to his seat before the secretary. Knocking the ashes out of his pipe, he began to peel shreds for a fresh fill from a dark plug in his left hand.

"I reckon," he said presently, looking up at Holder, "that Hugh there told you as how I'd made my pile, such as it is, out West?"

Holder looked at him politely.

"Well," he said, "he gave me to understand as much."

"An' makin' a pile," proceeded the lumberman deliberately, "ain't quite such a easy job as some folks reckon, you know—even out West."

"Ah," said Holder, "so I imagine."

The lumberman began solemnly to rub the thin shreds of tobacco into a suitable texture.

"Gettin' up early," he went on, "an' keepin' one's eyes skinned is half of it; but it's only one half."

"Ah," said Holder, "and what's the other half?"

"Why, gettin' up earlier than other people, an' keepin' one's eyes *more* skinned. Now"—he leaned forward and laid a hand on the secretary's knee—"now, why have you been pumpin' me, Mr. Holder?"

Now, it is difficult, even for the most practised diplomat, to be forced in somewhat less than half a second to reconstruct his

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entire estimate of a fellow-being's capacities without giving himself away. And if Holder winced, ever so imperceptibly, at this rather unexpected inquiry, he could scarcely perhaps be blamed for it.

"Why, really, Mr.—," he said.

"Cobb," said the lumberman. "Joe Cobb."

"Really, Mr. Cobb, if I *have* been pumping you, as you put it, it is merely because one is naturally interested in one's friends' histories."

"Ah," said the lumberman, "he *is* a friend then?"

"Why, certainly," said Holder.

The lumberman was staring at him very hard, but with no trace of offence.

"Straight?" he said.

"Straight," smiled Holder.

The lumberman held out a capacious hand.

"Then shake on it," he said. "Now tell me, how long have *you* known the boy?"

"About six years. He stopped Lady Cottenham's horse one day in the Row. He probably saved her life."

"He never told me that," said the lumberman.

"No," said Holder, "he wouldn't, you know."

The lumberman smiled appreciatively, all over his face.

"Well, I reckon you're right there," he agreed, beginning to fill up his pipe again. "Now, this job of his, takin' Lord Cottenham round the push-ball, I reckon he won't suffer by it when he gets back, eh?"

"Well, of course," admitted Holder, "Lord Cottenham's influence is considerable."

"It's a pity he's an invalid?"

"Yes," said Holder.

"Bit—awkward too, ain't he?"

Holder looked at him carefully.

"How d'you mean?" he inquired.

"Oh, nothin'—only I happened to pass his door just now."

Holder sucked at his cigar and the lumberman leaned forward again, holding his pipe in his hand.

"Now, I reckon," he said quietly, "that it's about up to me to apologize to you, Mr. Holder. But I've known young Hugh there since he was four years old. They were Big John's horses, but it was me that taught him to plough. An' it was me that taught him to chop wood, an' put up his stocks good, an' shoulder a bag o' wheat. I was only the hired man, o' course. But that was no matter. Out here those things don't count—an' a good man does. Ain't got so many of 'em perhaps—an' we get sorter fond of 'em." He lit his pipe again. "An' I believed in that boy more than I believed in most things. An,' what's more, Mr. Holder, I know him. Through an' through I know him. An' I knew as soon as I set eyes on him on this here train that he hadn't altered, not by a pin's breadth—not here." He tapped his own broad chest. "Eddication an' degrees they don't get as deep as that; an' in here," he tapped it again, "he's the same Hugh as he ever was." He bent forward again and laid an impressive finger on Holder's knee. "An', though I'm not a politician," he went on, "I've seen a good many different sorts o' men in my time. An', I tell you this, Mr. Holder, there's still half o' young Hugh there that's *never woke up*."

Holder smiled at him, liking his earnestness.

"I can see," he said, "that you've been a good friend to him."

"Yes," said the lumberman slowly. "I've only played him one mean trick—an' that didn't come off."

"I don't think I believe that story," said Holder.

The lumberman looked at him with serious eyes.

"I asked the woman he loves to marry me," he said slowly.

Holder sat up.

"The woman he loves?" he asked.

"Yes," said the lumberman, "an' that ain't necessarily the woman that wakes him up."

He rose to his feet and looked down at his watch. It was nearly dinner-time.

"What do you mean?" asked Holder.

The lumberman paused for a moment with his hand upon the door.

"I reckon you know, Mr. Holder," he said gravely. "I reckon you know."

III

LEANING back in his chair, Holder wrinkled his forehead a little.

"Jove!" he said, "I think that feller rather got me. But he's a good sort. And I think he's got the Hugh end of the problem about right"—he laid the butt of his cigar in the ash tray—"but what about poor Beatie?"

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He went to the door of the car and opened it. Lord Cottenham's party dined in their own saloon, and their dinner, following the train table-d'hôte, was not yet laid. In the next compartment he could hear the high-pitched, querulous tones of the invalid, and an occasional deeper monosyllable from Hugh. Odd that a man with so really powerful an intellect, so confident a public presence, and such undoubted influence, should become, behind the scenes, this *malade imaginaire*, despondent, suspicious, and almost intolerably exacting—and yet withal not such a bad fellow really, if one could only have the patience to dig down into his real self. But poor Beatie—he went thoughtfully to his own compartment and began to wash his hands for dinner. For though it was all very well to point out that it had been her own fault; that she knew at the time what she was doing when she became his second wife, nearly eight years ago—this was a poor solace for the present. Moreover, how many girls, the fifth daughter of a poor Irish baronet, would have refused him, he wondered, especially if the home that they were to leave had been by no means a happy one? He brushed his hair carefully, staring critically at the prosperous but rather disillusioned face that looked back at him from the mirror. He had never been able to afford marriage for himself; or, at least, had been too afraid of poverty. But if circumstances had been otherwise—and poor Beatie, she had been a charming girl, ambitious no doubt, and reckless too, but charming, very charming. And yet she had played her part well. As the dispassionate friend of them both, he could at least say that. Year after year, disappointed, childless, harassed sometimes beyond endurance, she had played her part very nearly to perfection, and to the real if disguised admiration of her husband. But poor Beatie, what a part it had been! And then, into her life, there had sauntered, six years ago, this young giant of a Canadian, so quaintly different from all the other men of her circle, with his curious mixture of simplicity and reserve, his conviction of success, and his almost sacred reverence for the very dust upon her shoes.

By a sort of ironical mischance, too, Lord Cottenham himself had taken the boy up, made himself responsible for his future, helped him to his position on the hospital staff, and even hinted at the possibility of some higher appointment still. And not only this, but he had persuaded himself at last that young Hugh was almost necessary to his own health; and had pledged himself to ensure that his year's absence from London should in no way prejudice his career.

That year was nearly over now with its languorous ease of travel, the long days in the Mediterranean, the Sydney swimming parties, and the flowers and sunshine of Japan. And here at the end of it, within a fortnight of London, they were rocking over Hugh's native plains, with the boy himself, for all his thirty years, still blind to the fact that one of the most beautiful women in England was his own for the asking.

IV

Shouting to the fireman, the driver of the Eastern express may well have believed himself to have been pushing his freight of human lives into the very heart of the storm. But its wings, at any rate, had spread far enough away to north and south, fringing Saskatchewan on the one hand and driving across half Dakota on the other. A week before, over the great Northwest, the freeze-up had come with an almost startling suddenness. Next day there had fallen a fine powder of snow, and during the following night a heavy fall that had heralded, contrary to custom, a yet deeper degree of frost. Then, for four or five days, there had spread itself above the plains a kind of strange atmospheric stillness under a monotone of gray; so that the weatherwise in these scattered prairie farms had shaken their heads and made their stables fast. Even into the frayed edge of the thousand-acre bush where Big John had built his homestead this sense of brooding uneasiness had seemed to penetrate, sending Big John about his work with a more than customary silence, for all the knowledge that his beloved boy was once more in the West, and had promised to run down from Winnipeg for a two days' visit.

Coming in to his mid-day dinner, he kicked the snow from his rubbers, staring, with thoughtful eyes, across the bone-white circle of prairie that stretched out beyond the little palisade of tree trunks surrounding the house. Quiet as the grave, it

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lay there in the half light of this early winter day, but with now and then, at regular and slowly shortening intervals, little ghost-like risings of snow that stood up for a moment as though at the command of some unseen hand, and fell back again silently into the waiting ranks. Stepping into the kitchen, he shut the door behind him, and stooped down to kiss his daughter's face.

"Goin' to be a storm, I guess, Marjie," he said.

With a brown forefinger Marjorie was peeling some dough from her other hand.

"I wonder if he still *likes* dough cakes," she said.

Her father smiled, dropping down into his chair.

"Well, I reckon," he smiled, "he'll like yours."

She turned to him laughing.

"Well, they *are* rather good, dad, aren't they, now—sentiment apart?"

"Sentiment apart," he said solemnly, "they beat the band."

One of the oldest settlers in the Clancy district, Big John still lived in the comfortable log house that he had built, with characteristic thoroughness, some twenty years before. And though he had added considerably to his acreage, he only employed extra men in the summer, preferring in the winter to live quietly with his little girl, as he still called her, and do his own necessary chores. And to-day they sat down to a mid-day meal that was in no whit different from the mid-day meals of twelve or twenty years ago.

Had Big John been the ruler of the universe there would have been, no doubt, two others at his table, the dear mother of Marjorie so long asleep, and boy Hugh, if this had been compatible with his great career. But since Providence had ordained otherwise, well, thank God for these crisp scones, this meat and pudding, and the rosy face of Marjorie beyond them.

"I expect, you know," said Marjorie slowly, "that he's awfully fine now."

Big John gave a non-committal grunt. For the last few years they had shared Hugh's rare letters between them, filling up between times what they conceived to have been his alternations in the intervals. But before this, for the first three or four years after he had gone away to England, his father's country, there had been letters, as Big John knew very well, that Marjorie had kept to herself, and reread, he imagined, more often than once. He knew, too, though he had never asked why, that presently these letters had become fewer till they finally ceased. And he had half guessed the reason for a sudden, restless desire on Marjorie's part to go to Winnipeg and improve herself. Hugh was soaring, she had felt, and she wanted to soar too. But a year later, remorseful for her daddy, she had come back again to the little farm; and after that they had been contented to look at Hugh from below. They had even discussed his probable marriage—to a countess perhaps, or at least to somebody who could talk French and German. Big John pushed his plate up for a second helping, and it was then that there came a knock upon the door and the entrance of little Pete from the local post-office. He stamped his feet and, taking off his mitts, breathed heavily into his hands. His nose, too, was blue, and only not white, he assured them, by some extraordinary accident. He handed a telegram to Big John, who read it slowly and passed it over to Marjorie.

"Sit right in," he said to the boy, "and help yourself."

Presently Marjorie looked up.

"I suppose now," she said quietly, "that we sha'n't see him again—for—for another—twelve years perhaps."

On the other table the two dough cakes stood brown and tempting. Two more were baking in the oven.

"Well," said Big John, bending over his plate, "I reckon we know how to wait."

After dinner, when the boy had gone, he read the telegram once more. It seemed that Lord Cottenham was anxious to push home now as quickly as possible, and that the party would not be staying in Winnipeg, after all. He put on his cap and mitts.

"Where are you going this afternoon?" asked Marjorie.

"Cuttin' some o' the dry wood west o' the lake," he said. "But I guess I shall be home pretty early."

In the door-way, however, he seemed to hesitate for a moment; and then, with a little awkward gesture, went back and gave his daughter a kiss.

V

In Lord Cottenham's saloon, whirling through the night toward the Manitoban borders, the dinner-table had been cleared, the clustered lights shone softly over the

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chairs and tables and close-drawn curtains; and the dapper little negro had just brought in the coffee and liqueurs. The invalid himself, retiring early, had summoned Holder for some dictated correspondence, and Lady Beatie and Hugh were alone in the carriage. The dinner had been a failure, for though Holder, throwing down the meeting with Cobb as a conversational gauntlet, had endeavored his best to play for safety, neither Lord Cottenham nor Lady Beatie had shown the least interest in the subject—Lord Cottenham proving himself more than usually unpleasant, and Lady Beatie, with white cheeks, playing with her food and talking in monosyllables. And in the end it had been the wheels, driving upon their way, that had played, after all, the chief accompaniment to the meal, bearing them homeward through the storm toward London and the years to come.

Even to Hugh, still regarding himself, as it were, a probationer in life, and merely looking upon this trip as a step, if a very pleasant one, along the career that he had designed, there had become apparent in it, now that it was drawing to its close, some other and indefinable significance. It was an episode that was to end—but not, somehow, as other episodes had ended. He felt restless, disinclined to talk, and not very much at his ease.

It must have been the meeting with old Joe Cobb, he guessed, and his proximity, after these twelve crowded years, to the country of his boyhood and youth. He pushed aside the curtains, peering out into the night. For twelve years, and especially for the last of them, it had been the other, the old life, that had been taking upon itself the qualities of a dream. But now, with only the carriage floor between himself and these snow-bound prairies, he was not quite so sure.

London, Harley Street, the yacht, the liners, the luxurious hotels and expeditions, this very saloon with all its opulent upholstery, these were the things that now seemed to be arranging themselves before him in a kind of curious unreality; with Lord Cottenham, Holder, and Lady Beatie there—how pale she was looking to-night—as companions of some phantom life.

She came over and laid a hand on his shoulder, shivering a little as the fine snow drove against the window.

"What's the matter with you, Hugh?" she asked.

He half turned toward her, smiling down into her face.

"Well, you know," he said, "I was just thinking that it was I who ought to be asking that?"

She ran her fingers down his arm.

"How big you are!" she said, feeling the muscles under his coat sleeve; and it was as though, in some odd way, she had suddenly dignified his strength; as though, even to his republican soul, some royal lady was being pleased to lean upon it. He drew the curtains again, shutting out the night.

"You're tired," he told her.

"No," she said, "I'm a prisoner, that's all."

She dropped into a chair, and he sat on the table, swinging his leg, and looking down at her with puzzled eyes. She tapped upon the carriage floor with her foot.

"And this thing," she went on, "is taking me back again to my cell."

He was silent, and she looked up at him again, half impatiently.

"But I've had a good time, eh? I oughtn't to grumble?"

"I didn't say so," he said slowly.

"No, but you thought it," she cried, and then, jumping up impulsively, she laid her hands upon his shoulders.

"Ah, Hugh," she cried, "why are you different to-night? You aren't going to get different, are you? You aren't going to stand round me like the others—like Jack Holder, and my aunts, and my sisters—in a sort of—ring—and say duty to me, duty, duty, duty, year in and year out?"

The color had come back to her now, petulant, imploring. The turning wheels drummed in their ears.

"Ah, don't you see, Hugh!" she cried breathlessly. "Don't you see who it is that has kept life—sweet for me?"

For a moment, as her words became clear to him, it seemed almost as if she had struck him with a sword, but in such a way that as yet he scarcely knew whether it had been to knight him or to stun. And then slowly he became conscious that her two hands had dropped from his shoulders, and that he was holding them in his own. He took a deep breath, dazed by the new world in which he stood, knowing only that the old one had fled away from him forever. It was as though, heretofore, he had been merely a boy, apprenticed to a profession that had been an end in itself; and that now

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he had become a man, whose profession was but his tool; and that here, for the first time, was the real, raw stuff of life, lying hot in his hands, and ready to be moulded for eternal issues. The drumming of the wheels, too, seemed to have ceased; so that now they were standing, as it were, they two, alone in space.

"Ah," she cried, "why don't you say something?"

And then, looking down into her eyes, he saw creeping into them an expression, his own perhaps, half awe and half fear, as though she had miscalculated both the depth of his slumber and the completeness of his awakening. She began to flinch even, as though his grip upon her hands were causing her physical pain.

"What am I to say?" he asked at last.

For now he saw not only that the simple road of his life had brought him suddenly to a parting of the ways, but that he must choose, not merely for himself but for them both; that only he was strong enough; that the choice could never be unmade; and yet, above all, that his reverence for her held good. It was as though a jewel, delicate and rare, had been put into his hands, for the dictation of its setting.

And at first he would have liked to kneel to her, praying her to play the queen and take command. But then, as if she saw this, she put her hands upon his lips, and at their touch there surged up in him something new, wilder, and more exulting, fighting with his homage. And for the first time in all these years he began to see her as a woman only, beautiful, and for the moment, at any rate, ready for his arms.

Then the door of the carriage opened and Holder sauntered quietly in. Behind him grew the sound of voices, hurrying and excited. But he was smoking a cigarette, and appeared entirely unperturbed.

"They tell me we're snowed up," he drawled, glancing at them carelessly; "snowed up, b' Jove."

And over the silent wheels they could hear the roaring of the storm and the tramping of feet along the corridor.

VI

Looking back upon all that followed, neither Hugh nor Lady Beatie, nor indeed the others who watched the little drama, ever thought of it as anything but inevitable. It was as though forces, hitherto unsuspected, had stooped suddenly to take charge of events; so that while, at the time, these crowded upon them in bewildering succession, in retrospect there never seemed to have been any other course possible, and that simplicity itself.

Grouped at the side of the track, and scourged by the wind, they seemed to have been thrust, as it were, out from a little world of cushions into a great universe of strife, naked and tragic, but not without its stars. And once, indeed, for a moment, they caught a glimpse of these, challenging and frosty, until a sudden access of storm blotted them away again forever, towering over them like some ocean roller, and pinning them breathless against the wheels and platform of the carriage. Then one or two men with lanterns swayed past them, shouting words that were blown from their lips like whispers; and they climbed back again into their car, where the little nigger boy came to them calling shrilly for Dr. Carré. They held on to him, asking for news. They were about two hundred miles from Winnipeg, it seemed, and two from Clancy, which was the nearest station, and there was a girl, driven up to the train, who had been told that the Clancy doctor was on board. He went back again up the train, and they could hear his diminishing voice calling out the doctor's name along his way. For the moment, too, Lord Cottenham, stripped of self-pity, forgot that he was an invalid.

"God help the sick," he said, "on a night like this."

Presently the conductor came down, his collar turned up and his shoulders powdered with snow; and Lord Cottenham took him by the sleeve and asked him who was ill. He wasn't sure, he said. Somebody on the prairie, he thought. And the girl was his daughter who had driven out from Clancy with two horses and a cutter. He believed that it was an accident. But they had taken on no passengers at the last two stations, and the doctor was evidently not on board.

And then, in his wake, came old Joe Cobb, his broad shoulders filling up the door-way and his brown face stricken with pain.

"Hugh, boy," he cried, "it's old John, Big John, smashed up by a tree, stove in, spittin' blood."

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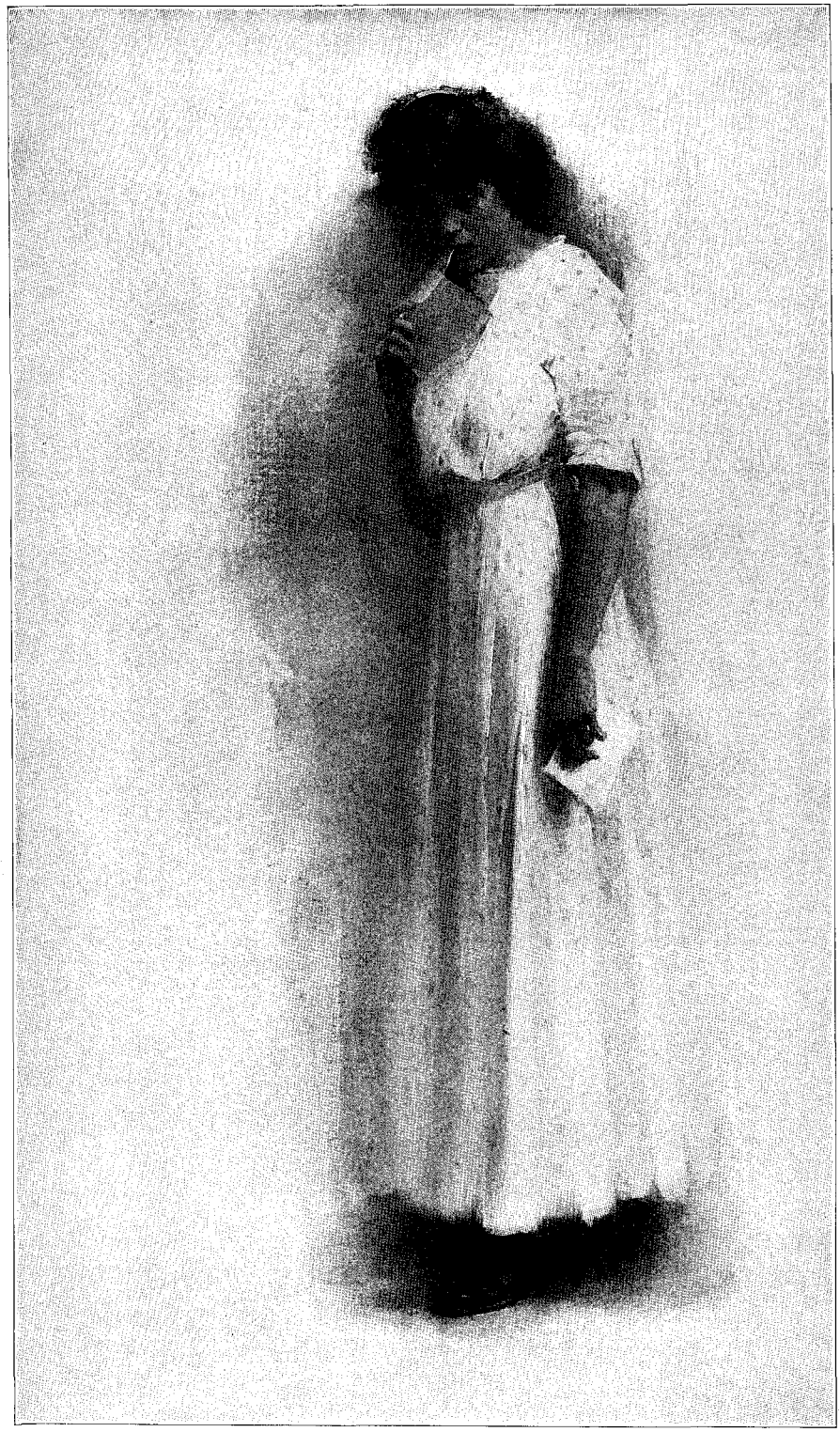

Drawn by Charles E. Chambers.

"I reckon she's a cut above most of us."—Page 555.

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And there behind him stood a boy; no, a girl; no, a woman, wrapped up to her anxious eyes in a shabby old fur coat, a round cap pulled down to her eyebrows, and only a glint of dark hair shining against her storm collar. There were little points of snow melting into dew upon her wind-whipped cheeks, and there was only one thought upon her lips. Lady Beatie had left them for a moment, going back into her own compartment; and the three men—Lord Cottenham, Holder, and Hugh—were standing in a little crescent. Moving aside, the lumberman joined them. But it was only Hugh that she addressed, quickly and directly, and ignoring in her eagerness both the fact of his long absence and the apparent accident of his return.

"It's dad," she said; "he was cutting dry wood west of the lake and he slipped under a falling tree. A branch must have caught him, I guess, as he rolled over, and broken his ribs. There was a lot of blood. And when I found him he was all blue, and hardly breathing. I got him home somehow, and drove in to Clancy for Dr. Carré. But they told me he was coming home on the train, and then they guessed that the train was snowed up. And I drove out here."

"Good God!" said Holder, "d'you mean to say you came through *that?*"

But her eyes were fixed on Hugh.

"Right," he said. "Give me half a minute."

He turned round on his heels, but Lord Cottenham laid a hand on his arm.

"You aren't going out there?" he said. "It's impossible. You couldn't live in it."

"Well, I'll guess I'll have to try," said Hugh.

Lord Cottenham turned to Marjorie.

"How far d'you want him to go, my girl?" he asked.

"Seven miles," she said; "I've got the cutter alongside."

Then Lady Beatie came out upon them, reading their faces quickly from Marjorie's round the little circle to Hugh.

"What's the matter?" she said sharply. "What does that young person want?"

The words were instinctive, almost unconscious, coming upon the heels of her passion, and born of the moment. But they flashed suddenly upon Hugh like lightning over a great gulf. Then he said very gently:

"The young person is my friend. And her father brought me up."

Lady Beatie became white, and her voice changed.

"Well," she said, "what does she want?

But Hugh had passed her, disappearing toward his own door.

"It's her father, my lady," said the lumberman. "There's been an accident, and the doctor's God knows where."

"But Hugh," she said, "Hugh can't go anywhere in that."

"Well," said the lumberman slowly, "Marjie here has *come* through it."

She swung round upon her husband.

"Harry," she cried, "you're never going to let him go?"

"Can you get home again, d'you think, Marjie?" asked the lumberman.

"We must," said Marjorie.

He laid a hand on her shoulder.

"Then I guess I'm comin' too," he said.

But she shook her head.

"The cutter'll only carry the pair of us," she pointed out.

"Then instead o' you."

She smiled a little.

"You wouldn't find the winter trail, Joe, dear," she said, "and you don't know the new fences, or how the snow's lying."

"Of course," said Lord Cottenham, rubbing his chin, "if it's really a matter of life and death——"

"But it's absurd," cried Lady Beatie; "it's preposterous."

She turned to Holder.

"Can't you make them *see* it?" she said.

"We-ell," said Holder slowly, "if there's a *chance*, don't you know——"

"But there isn't. There can't be." She turned round again to the girl. "Can't you see for yourself," she said, "how mad it is?"

"Oh, I guess we can get through it all right," explained Marjorie confidently, "and we'll be going *across* the wind, you know, not into it."

"But can't he wait?" asked Lady Beatie.

"I don't know," said the girl gravely.

The color had flamed up again into Lady Beatie's cheeks, and she appealed once more to the others.

"Don't you see," she said, "it's her father? How can she possibly judge?"

They were silent, and she faced the girl again, taking the lapels of her coat in her hands.

"But don't you see," she said, "that

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For the first time in all these years, he began to see her as a woman only.—Page 560.

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They were about two miles from Clancy.—Page 560.

even at the worst you'd be throwing away two lives for one—and perhaps for nothing at all?"

Marjorie frowned a little, glancing helplessly at the lumberman.

"It ain't that," he said; "it ain't that exactly, my lady; it's a question of not tryin'."

Hugh came back to them, muffled in his ulster and carrying a bag.

"Right you are," he said cheerfully. "Let's be shoving along."

But Lady Beatie put her hands against his chest.

"Hugh," she said, "don't be mad. Don't be wicked. I—I ask you."

He smiled down at her, reverent but adamant. Marjorie had already swung down the steps to her plunging horses. Lord Cottenham, his hands at his throat, was peering over the prairie. Holder and the lumberman stood watching them curiously.

"Wish me luck," said Hugh softly; "wish me luck, Lady Beatie."

VII

THINKING out the best way to return, Marjorie had decided to drive west for about a mile before turning south again toward the homestead. By this means they would strike a trail leading for nearly four miles between parallel fences that would at any rate keep them in the right direction. From there, bending into the wind, they would have to strike their own way over the open prairie toward the belt of timber in which the homestead lay. In this way, roaring at their backs, the wind at first was actually a help to them, lifting them through the white tails of the drifts, and urging the horses to a gallop over the harder intervening stretches. And though Hugh could not help noticing in his companion the skill with which she guided and husbanded her team, and in himself a kind of contentment difficult to explain, yet for these first, less strenuous minutes it was the vision of Lady Beatie that still rose to his eyes—a moment ago as it were, so warm and close and waiting to be snatched to his heart, and now so remote, whirled away upon this strong wind into some other existence wherein he could never again take part. And yet if this wind had not blown; if this older life of his, winged with urgency, had not obtruded itself just when it did, would he have taken her in his arms? But *ah*—why trouble to ask? She could never have meant it, anyway. It was all something that had never happened. It was a dream. It must have been a dream, or why should he be sitting here with the

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snow freezing upon his eyelashes and a heart as untroubled as a boy's?

Then a sudden jolt of the cutter threw Marjorie against him and he thrilled at her touch; but not as he had thrilled under Lady Beatie's finger-tips. For in this there was something different, less passionate, perhaps, but storm-proof—the sense of a good comrade at his elbow and the odds against them. He would have liked to talk to her, but the shouting of the storm forbade it; and, anyway, they would both want all the breath at their command for future purposes. By half a yard they missed an upstanding corner-post; and as Marjorie brought them round, the whole force of the wind, hitherto expending itself upon his broad back, caught him a buffet on the left cheek that brought tears to his eyes. Dropping his head a little toward his shoulder, he glanced obliquely at Marjorie, and half thought, between her collar and her cap, that he detected the glimmer of a smile. For a moment the horses jibbed, pulling round a little to get back before the wind. But Marjorie held them up on a firm rein, cutting them with her whip.

For the first mile along this southward track the snow, piling itself to windward, had left a narrow strip, comparatively firm, along the western edge of the road allowance; and along this their progress seemed good, as far as they could judge. But later, where the whole roadway dipped a little into a dimple of the plain, they came suddenly upon a broad, unruffled reach of snow, stretching evenly from the blackness on their right to the blackness on their left, in a kind of menacing, spectral stillness. For a moment, too, as they reached it, the wind seemed to drop a little, and the gray shrouds in which they drove to fall away from in front of them, but without revealing any ripple or break upon its level surface. Stopping short upon its brink, the horses snorted and began to plunge, their shoulders and backs as gray as bears, but their lean flanks streaming with sweat.

Swinging over the side of the cutter, Marjorie signed to Hugh to do the same; and then, wading to the horses' heads, she

Presently, with infinite labor, he emerged again, half dragging, half lifting upon her way, his companion.—Page 568.

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fondled them for a moment, peering over her shoulder across the snow. Moving forward carefully, and sinking thigh-deep at each step, Hugh probed about for a possible way through. The fence to their right was already buried here, but, making his way across, his shoulders boring into the gale, he found the opposite one only half submerged, and rising, about twenty yards farther on, over a stretch of higher ground. The snow was stiffer here too, so that the empty cutter rode over it, the two of them leading the horses, and guiding and restraining, as best they could, the downward thrusting hoofs. In this manner, for perhaps half a mile, feeling their way yard by yard, they struggled on between the fences, stopping once to unhitch the team at a belt of four-foot snow so soft that the straining horses would have torn out or broken the shaft from the cutter. One at a time they led them through it, themselves half pushing, half lifting the cutter along, determined every moment to abandon it, but always deciding to hold on in the hope of reaching a harder trail. And presently, after what might have been a lifetime's anguish, they found this at last, and stood once more upon a shallower ribbon of roadway. Then, for a moment, after stopping to hitch the horses in, Marjorie reeled a little where she stood, with a hand on the cutter and another caught by Hugh. Feeling in his pocket, he opened a flask for her to drink. But she shook her head, tapping her chest with a smile, and the next moment had scrambled into her seat. Twice in the following mile they drove into the fence, the near horse once being caught up and cut by the wire; and then, in case they should miss the corner from which they must shape their course over the open prairie, Hugh got out, feeling his way along it, hand by hand, till the last post should be reached.

Already, and though as yet they were only moving sideways to the wind, he felt his breath coming to him in deep gasps, and his knees, when he paused, shaking together over the snow—each step prolonging itself, so it seemed, into an hour's length of some everlasting night, and the clamor of the wind never ceasing for an instant of it. About Marjorie, even seated as she was, he dared not think, his eyes and hands strained only toward that corner-post that even so would mark but the beginning of their real peril. And then, as at last they reached it, the fence, like a parting friend, turning abruptly eastward, the inevitable happened, the cutter sagged suddenly into a pit of snow, cracking into splinters both shaft and runner behind the maddened heels of the horses. There was no other way now but to cut the horses loose, and, turning tails to the wind, the blackness snapped down upon their tracks like the shutter of a camera.

Reaching an arm to Marjorie, he held her for a moment or two against him, the two of them alone there, crouched down with their backs against the wind. Opening his bag, he distributed its contents amongst his various pockets, and this time insisted, shouting into her ear, upon her swallowing some of the brandy. Parting her collar, he could see, now that he was holding the wind from her face, that her cheeks had grown sunken and white, with black smudges below her eyes; and it was as though all hell, that presently they must face, drove screaming past their ears. He had thought himself hard too, well trained, but now with his knees like butter and his heart beating somewhere round under his armpit, he knew that his twelve years' study and the physical ease of his travels had taken toll of him more than he had reckoned. And yet to rest even for these tiny moments was to freeze and stiffen into creatures of death. He drew himself up and lifted Marjorie to her feet, bending down again, and asking her for the direction. Moving round, with her hand on the post, and gasping a little as the full current of the snow, like water from a scalding pail, dashed itself against her face, she pointed south and east almost directly into the wind. This much to the left they must keep at least or they would miss the line of the bush and their only possible clew to the whereabouts of the homestead.

And then he asked her if she were ready.

VIII

Æons after, there staggered out of torment something that toppled over upon the brink of nothingness, and found—ah, the miracle of it—that between his frozen hands there rose up the slender trunk of a sapling. He lay there for a minute or two, with a darkening film over his eyes and his breath racking him with its sobs; and then with a

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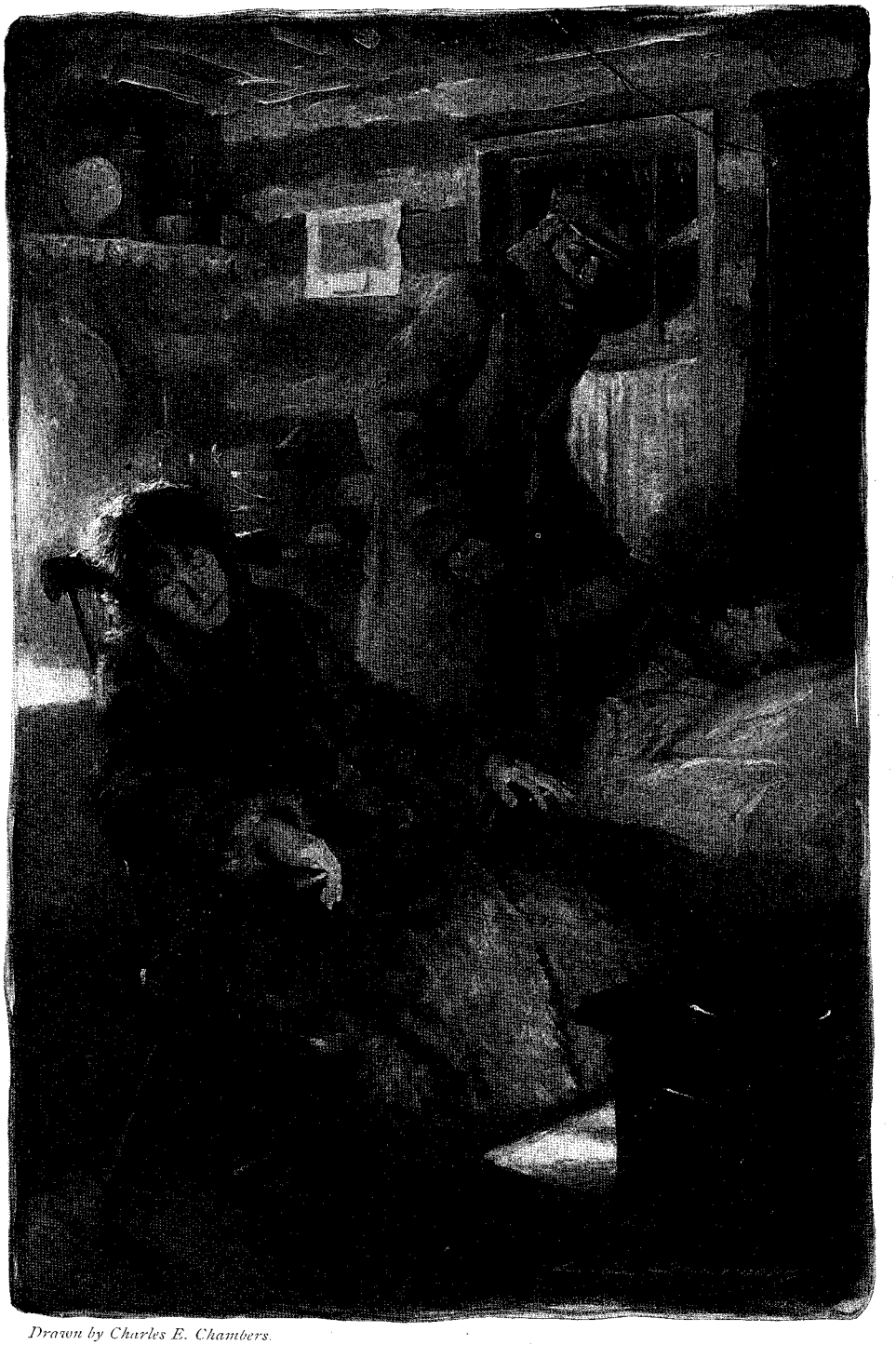

Drawn by Charles E. Chambers.

For the moment, he thought her case was the more urgent.—Page 568.

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supreme effort pushed himself up on his hands and knees, backing away a little, grooving the snow, and turning painfully on his tracks. Presently, with infinite labor, he emerged again, half dragging, half lifting upon her way, his companion, who sank down again where he had sunk, tilted over a little by the tree trunk. But her eyes were open and, putting his lips near her face, he tried to make her understand where they were; and then himself fell across her, with his heart racing like an engine.

But here, in this corner of the bush, the drowning tides had met a backwater; so that at last between the headlong columns of spray there could be seen dim vistas of a firmer world, little clumps of tree trunks, and even here and there bare ground lying black above the snow. The drive of the storm, too, that for an eternity past had borne upon them with unhindered vehemence, was here broken up a little, distributed, hitting them from unexpected quarters, but with intervals of stillness. Not far from here, if they could only stumble from one tree to another along the fringe of the bush, they might yet come upon the house; and, rolling free again, Hugh beat his arms against his sides until he could guide his hand into his pockets. Shaking out the flask, he twisted it open with his teeth, and presently, spilling it over her cheeks and chin, poured the last drops of his brandy between Marjorie's lips. He breathed upon her, striking her hands together between his own, and, feeling beneath her coat, tried to coax the strength back to her heart.

"We're *there*," he tried to tell her; "we're *there*," but knew that, though his lips moved, the words never left his brain.

Then he lifted her a little and put her arm round the tree, praying to her with his eyes, until at last he could see her spirit groping back again into consciousness. Presently the feel of the trunk, and the message that he was trying to frame to her with his lips, seemed gradually to assume significance for her. And then, almost abruptly, she knelt upright, pointing eastward and making signs to him to go on without her. But he shook his head, putting her arm around his neck and lifting her to her feet between his own body and the tree trunk. So for a moment they stood there, swaying like children. And it was then, over a cavity in the darkness, scooped suddenly free from storm, that they saw shining before their eyes, soft and unbelievably beautiful, the oil lamp in the homestead window.

IX

THERE were still some glowing cinders and a half-burned oak block in the kitchen stove; and a glance at the man on the bed, dragged in by Marjorie to be near the fire, showed him lying there with conscious eyes that accepted their arrival without surprise or comment. Giddy and sick, but with an utter contentment, Hugh found himself propping up Marjorie in a chair that he remembered and in a room that had scarcely altered since his boyhood. For the moment he thought her case was the more urgent, Big John breathing regularly, if with pain, and the rough bandages that Marjorie had placed round him showing no signs of recent bleeding.

Stirring up the blaze in the stove and adding fresh fuel, he drew the kettle of water over the flames, and then, stooping over Marjorie, took off her mitts and her overshoes and stockings. With some snow from the door-way he began to rub the life again into her hands and feet. And, too tired to speak, she thanked him with her eyes, and even smiled a little through the agony of returning circulation when he laid his finger on the little scar across her toe upon which Joe Cobb had founded his surgical reputation. He drew her closer to the blaze, wrapping her in a warm blanket and brewing some tea for them both. The storm was still raging outside, but now the sound of it muffled by the log walls added an extraordinary sense of comfort to the little room in which they were. Then the old clock upon the shelf struck three and, as carefully as his own stiff fingers would permit, he bent over the big man on the bed and began to remove the bandage.

A glance showed him the nature of the trouble—two fractured ribs, badly splintered and with their jagged ends thrust in against the lung, which had been lacerated by them, bleeding freely. Treated promptly, however, and with proper cleanliness, there would seem to be no reason why a man of Big John's simplicity and physique should not make a very good recovery. He had brought with him his travelling-case of instruments, some carbolic lotion, and a packet of antiseptic dressings; and now,

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laying a pad of this over the wound, he made preparations for what he had to do, Marjorie following his movements with her eyes and showing him where to find the bowls and towels that he required. They made a sort of meal, too, as he arranged his table by the bedside, munching some dough cake and biscuits; and then Marjorie, leaning forward a little in her chair, was able to croak out a request to be allowed to help. Presently, perhaps, he told her piling up more logs on the fire, but not just yet.

Then, as gently as possible, he cut away and lifted off Big John's outer garments, and, having stripped to his shirt-sleeves, washed his own red hands and arms, and began to clean up the skin round the wound. When this was ready, and his instruments were laid out, he went round to the head of the bed and poured out some chloroform on the mask that he had brought, holding it over the patient's mouth and nose.

Weakened by loss of blood, and with an empty stomach, the big man took it like a child, and presently was breathing in the steady, half stertorous rhythm of unconsciousness. Then, crossing over to Marjorie, he lifted her chair toward the bed, and, with her hair half down and her feet still throbbing under the blanket, he put the mask into her hand, telling her to add chloroform to it from time to time as he should direct.

Twenty minutes later he looked up and told her that she need add no more, and then, putting on the final dressings and a broad binder round his patient's chest, he pinned the bedclothes across him and carried Marjorie upstairs.

By all the laws of nursing he should have watched Big John then until he returned fully to consciousness. And this he meant to do. But two hours, four hours, six hours passed; and presently he woke up to realize that he had not done this, but that nothing apparently had happened. Or had it?

For there, as he looked up, barefooted and blistered, was smiling down into his eyes the one reason, as it seemed to him, why he had come into the world.

X

LATE that afternoon there drove up to Big John's house the hotel cutter containing Holder and Joe Cobb. And Hugh, very sore and stiff, went over to the kitchen door to open it and greet them.

"Ah," said the lumberman, "good boy. And Marjie?"

"In there," said Hugh, nodding toward the kitchen.

"An' Big John?"

"Going to do well," said Hugh.

The lumberman went into the kitchen and Holder, descending from the cutter, laid a hand on Hugh's shoulder and looked into his eyes, forgetting that he was a diplomat.

"Well," he asked, "are you feeling happy?"

And Hugh, remembering something, smiled back again and, taking the secretary by the shoulders, turned him round with his eyes toward the west.

"Mine own country," he said; and for a moment Holder was silent, the prairie reaching out before him, flushing like a girl and glistening like samite, under a sky so clear that the blue hills of thirty miles away might well have been the goal of a morning's walk.

"Ah," he said, "yes. I begin to see what you mean."

He turned slowly and looked again at Hugh.

"And what about Harley Street?" he asked.

From the kitchen behind them came the mingled voices of the two big men, touched here and there with a girl's laughter.

"And success?" he added.

"Yes," said Hugh at last. "Yes—that's a hard word to understand, isn't it?"

He looked at Holder gravely.

"But I reckon the real success is to find out where you *belong*, eh?"

. . . . . .

"And my lady?" wondered the lumberman as they drove back under the stars.

"Ah," said Holder cheerfully, "*solvitur ambulando*, Mr. Cobb."

"Well," said the lumberman, "what's *that* the French for?"

"It means," said Holder placidly, "that if we can only solve our own problems as they come along to us, it goes a wonderful long way in helping other people to solve theirs."

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THE HEART OF THE HILLS

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

XXIII

BUT the sun of election day went down and a breath of relief passed like a south wind over the land. Perhaps it was the universal recognition of the universal danger that prevented an outbreak, but the morning after found both parties charging fraud, claiming victory, and dead-locked like two savage armies in the crisis of actual battle. For a fortnight each went on claiming the victory. In one mountain county the local triumvirate was surrounded by five hundred men, while it was making its count; in another there were three thousand determined onlookers; and still another mountain triumvirate was visited by nearly all the male inhabitants of the county who rode in on horseback and waited silently and threateningly in the court-house square.

At the Capital the arsenal was under a picked guard and the autocrat was said to be preparing for a resort to arms. A few mountaineers were seen drifting about the streets, the State offices—"just a-lookin' aroun' to see if their votes was a-goin' to be counted in or not."

At the end of the fortnight the autocrat claimed the fight by one vote, but three days before Thanksgiving Day two of the State triumvirate declared for the man from the Pennyroyal—and resigned.

"Great Cæsar!" shouted Colonel Pendleton. "Can the one that's left appoint his *own* board?"

Being for the autocrat, he not only could but did—for the autocrat's work was only begun. The contest was yet to come.

Meanwhile the great game came. The fight for the championship lay now between the State University and old Transylvania and, amid a forest of waving flags and a frenzied storm from human throats, was fought out desperately on the day that the nation sets aside for peace, prayer, and thanksgiving. Every atom of resentment, indignation, rebellion, ambition that was stored up in Jason went into that fight. It seemed to John Burnham and to Mavis and Marjorie that their team was made up of just one black head and one yellow one, for everywhere over the field and all the time, like a ball of fire and its shadow, those two heads darted and, when they came together, they were the last to go down in the crowd of writhing bodies and the first to leap into view again—and always with the ball nearer the enemy's goal. Behind that goal each head darted once and by just those two goals was the game won. Gray was the hero he always was; Jason was the coming idol, and both were borne off the field on the shoulders of a crowd that was hoarse with shouting triumph and weeping tears of joy. And on that triumphal way Jason swerved his eyes from Marjorie and Mavis swerved hers from Gray. There was no sleep for Jason that night, but the next night the fierce tension of mind and muscle relaxed and he slept long and hard, and Sunday morning found him out in the warm sunlight of the autumn fields, seated on a fence rail—alone.

He had left the smoke cloud of the town behind him and walked aimlessly afield, except to take the turnpike that led the opposite way from Mavis and Marjorie and John Burnham and Gray, for he wanted to be alone. And now, perched in the crotch of a stake-and-ridered fence, he was calmly, searchingly, unsparingly taking stock with himself.

In the first place the training-table was no more, and he must go back to delivering morning papers. With foot-ball, with diversions in college and in the country, he had lost much time and he must make that up. The political turmoil had kept his mind from his books and for a while Marjorie had taken it away from them altogether. He had come to college none too well prepared, and already John Burnham had given him one kindly warning; but so

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supreme was his self-confidence that he had smiled at the geologist and to himself. Now he frowningly wondered if he had not lost his head and made a fool of himself; and a host of worries and suspicions attacked him so sharply and suddenly that, before he knew what he was doing, he had leaped panic-stricken from the fence and at a half-trot was striking back across the fields in a bee-line for his room and his books. And night and day thereafter he stuck to them.

Meanwhile, the struggle was going on at the Capital, and by the light of every dawn the boy drank in every detail of it from the morning paper that was literally his daily bread. Two weeks after the big game the man from the Pennyroyal was installed as Governor. The picked guard at the arsenal was reinforced. The autocrat was said to have stored arms in the penitentiary, a gray, high-walled fortress within a stone's throw of the Governor's mansion, for the warden thereof was his loyal henchman. The first rumor of the coming of the mountaineers spread, and the Capital began to fill with the ward heelers and bad men of the autocrat.

A week passed, there was no filing of a protest, a pall of suspense hung over the land like a black cloud, and under it there was no more restless spirit than Jason, who had retreated into his own soul as though it were a fortress of his hills. No more was he seen at any social gathering —not even at the gymnasium, for his morning papers gave him all the exercise that he needed and more. His hard work and short hours of sleep began to tell on him. Sometimes the printed page of his book would swim before his eyes and his brain go panic-stricken. He grew pale, thin, haggard, and worn, and Marjorie saw him only when he was silently, swiftly striding from dormitory to classroom and back again—grim, reticent, and nonapproachable. When Christmas approached he would not promise to go to Gray's nor to John Burnham's, and he rarely went now even to his mother. And in Mavis Hawn, Gray found the same mystifying change, for when the morbidly sensitive spirit of the mountaineer is wounded, healing is slow and cure difficult. One day, however, each pair met. Passing the mouth of the lane, Gray saw Mavis walking slowly along it homeward and he rode after her. She turned when she heard his horse behind her, her chin lifted, and her dark sullen eyes looked into his with a stark, direct simplicity that left him with his lips half open—confused and speechless. And gently at last:

"What's the matter, Mavis?"

And still she looked, unquestioning, uncompromising, and turned without answer and went slowly on home while the boy sat his horse and looked after her until she climbed the porch of her cottage and, without once turning her head, disappeared within. But Jason at his meeting with Marjorie broke his grim reticence in spite of himself. She had come upon him at sunset under the snowy willows by the edge of the ice-locked pond. He had let the floodgates down and she had been shaken and terrified by the torrent that rushed from him. The girl shrank from his bitter denunciation of himself. He had been a fool. The mid-year examinations would be a tragedy for him and he must go to the "kitchen" or leave college with pride broken and in just disgrace. Fate had trapped him like a rat. A grewsome oath had been put on him as a child and from it he could never escape. He had been robbed of his birthright by his own mother and the people of the Blue Grass, and her people were now robbing his of their national birthrights as well. The boy did not say her people, but she knew that was what he meant, and she looked so hurt that Jason spoke quickly his gratitude for all the kindness that had been shown him. And when he started with his gratitude to her, his memories got the better of him and he stopped for a moment with hungry eyes, but seeing her consternation over what might be coming next, he had ended with a bitter smile at the further bitter proof she was giving him.

"But I understand—now," he said sternly to himself and sadly to her, and he turned away without seeing the quiver of her mouth and the starting of her tears.

Going to his mother's that afternoon, Jason found Mavis standing by the fence, hardly less pale than the snow under her feet, and looking into the sunset. She started when she heard the crunch of his feet, and from the look of her face he knew that she thought he might be some one else.

He saw that she had been crying and as quickly she knew that the boy was in a

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like agony of mind. There was only one swift look—a mutual recognition of a mutual betrayal—but no word passed then nor when they walked together back to the house, for race and relationship made no word possible. Within the house Jason noticed his mother's eyes fixed anxiously on him, and when Mavis was clearing up in the kitchen after supper, she subtly shifted her solicitude to the girl in order to draw some confession from her son.

"Mavis wants to go back to the mountains."

The ruse worked, for Jason looked up quickly and then into the fire while the mother waited.

"Sometimes I want to go back myself," he said wearily; "it's gittin' too much for me here."

Martha Hawn looked at her husband stretched on the bed in a drunken sleep and began to cry softly.

"It's al'ays been too much fer me," she sobbed. "I've al'ays wanted to go back."

For the first time Jason began to think how lonely her life must be, and perhaps as the result of his own suffering, his heart suddenly began to ache for her.

"Don't worry, mammy—I'll take ye back some day."

Mavis came back from the kitchen. Again she had been crying. Again the same keen look passed between them and with only that look Jason climbed the stairs to her room. As his eyes wandered about the familiar touches the hand of civilization had added to the bare little chamber it once was, he saw on the dresser of varnished pine, one touch of that hand that he had never noticed before—the picture of Gray Pendleton. Evidently she had forgotten to put it away and Jason looked at it curiously a moment—the frank face, strong mouth, and winning smile—but he never noticed that it was placed where she could see it when she kneeled at her bedside, and never guessed that it was the last earthly thing her eyes rested on before darkness closed about her, and that the girl took its image upward with her even in her prayers.

XXIV

THE red dawn of the twentieth century was stealing over the frost-white fields, and in the alien house of his fathers John Burnham was watching it through his bedroom window. There had been little sleep for him that New Year's night and even now, when he went back to bed, sleep would not come.

The first contest in the life of the State was going on down at the little Capital. That Capital was now an armed camp. The law-makers themselves down there were armed, divided, and the men of each party were marked by men of the other for the first shot when the crisis should come. There was a conspiracy to defraud—a conspiracy to resist by force to the death. Even in the placing of the ballots in the box for the drawing of the contest board, fraud was openly charged, and even then pistols almost leaped from their holsters. Republicans whose seats were contested would be unseated and the autocrat's triumph would thus be sure—that was the plan wrought out by his inflexible will and iron hand. The man from the Pennyroyal swore he would leave his post only on a stretcher. Disfranchisement was on the very eve of taking place, liberty was at stake, and Kentuckians unless aroused to action would be a free people no longer. The Republican cry was that the autocrat had created his election triumvirate, had stolen his nomination, tried to steal his election, and was now trying to steal the governorship. There was even a meeting in the big town of the State to determine openly whether there should be resistance to him by force. Two men from the mountains had met in the lobby of the Capitol Hotel and a few moments later under the drifting powder smoke two men lay wounded and three lay dead. The quarrel was personal, it was said, but the dial-hand of the times was left pointing with sinister prophecy at tragedy yet to come. And in the dark of the first moon of that century the shadowy hillsmen were getting ready to swoop down. And it was the dawn of the twentieth century of the Christian era that Burnham watched, the dawn of the one hundred and twenty-fifth year of the nation's life—of the one hundred and seventh year of statehood for Kentucky. And thinking of the onward sweep of the world, of the nation, North, East, West, and South, the backward staggering of his own loved State tugged sorely at his heart.

In chapel next morning John Burn-

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ham made another little talk—chiefly to the young men of the Blue Grass among whom this tragedy was taking place. No inheritance in American life was better than theirs, he told them—no better ideals in the relations of family, State and nation. But the State was sick now with many ills and it was coming to trial now before the judgment of the watching world. If it stood the crucial fire, it would be the part of all the youth before him to maintain and even better the manhood that should come through unscathed. And if it failed, God forbid, it would be for them to heal, to mend, to upbuild and, undaunted, push on and upward again. And as at the opening of the session he saw again, lifted to him with peculiar intenseness, the faces of Marjorie and Gray Pendleton, and of Mavis and Jason Hawn—only now Gray looked deeply serious and Jason sullen and defiant. And at Mavis, Marjorie did not turn this time to smile. Nor was there any furtive look from any one of the four to any other, when the students rose, though each pair of cousins drifted together on the way out, and in pairs went on their separate ways.

The truth was that Marjorie and Gray were none too happy over the recent turn of affairs. Both were too fine, too generous, to hurt the feelings of others except with pain to themselves. They knew Mavis and Jason were hurt but, hardly realizing that between the four the frank democracy of childhood was gone, they hardly knew how and how deeply. Both were mystified, greatly disturbed, drawn more than ever by the proud withdrawal of the mountain boy and girl, and both were anxious to make amends. More than once Gray came near riding over to Steve Hawn's and trying once more to understand and if possible to explain and restore good feeling, but the memory of his rebuff from Mavis and the unapproachable quality in Jason made him hesitate. Naturally with Marjorie this state of mind was worse, because of the brink of Jason's confession for which she knew she was much to blame, and because of the closer past between them. Once only she saw him striding the fields, and though she pulled in her horse to watch him, Jason did not know; and once he came to her when he did not know that she knew. It was the night before the mid-year examinations and Marjorie, in spite of that fact, had gone to a dance and, because of it, was spending the night in town with a friend. The two girls had got home a little before three in the morning, and Marjorie had put out her light and gone to bed but, being sleepless, had risen and sat dreaming before the fire. The extraordinary whiteness of the moonlight had drawn her to the window when she rose again, and she stood there like a tall lily, looking silent sympathy to the sufferers in the bitter cold outside. She put one bare arm on the sill of the closed window and looked down at the snow-crystals hardly less brilliant under the moon than they would be under the first sun-rays next morning, looked through the snow-laden branches of the trees, over the white house-tops, and out to the still white fields—the white world within her answering the white world without as in a dream. She was thinking of Jason as she had been thinking for days, for she could not get the boy out of her mind. All night at the dance she had been thinking of him, and when between the stone pillars of the gateway a figure appeared without overcoat, hands in pockets and a bundle of something under one arm, the hand on the window-sill dropped till it clutched her heart at the strangeness of it, for her watching eyes saw plain in the moonlight the drawn white face of Jason Hawn. He tossed something on the porch and her tears came when she realized what it meant. Then he drew a letter out of his pocket, hesitated, turned, turned again, tossed it too upon the porch, and wearily crunched out through the gate. The girl whirled for her dressing-gown and slippers, and slipped downstairs to the door, for her instinct told her the letter was for her, and a few minutes later she was reading it by the light of the fire.

"I know where you are," the boy had written. "Don't worry, but I want to tell you that I take back that promise I made in the road that day."

John Burnham's examination was first for Jason that morning, and when the boy came into the recitation-room the schoolmaster was shocked by the tumult in his face. He saw the lad bend listlessly over his papers and look helplessly up and around—worn, brain-fagged, and half wild, saw him rise suddenly and hurriedly,

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and nodded him an excuse before he could ask for it, thinking the boy had suddenly gone ill. When he did not come back Burnham got uneasy, and after an hour he called another member of the faculty to take his place and hurried out. As he went down the corridor a figure detached itself from a group of girls and flew after him. He felt his arm caught tightly and he turned to find Marjorie, white, with trembling lips, but struggling to be calm:

"Where is Jason?" Burnham recovered quickly:

"Why, I don't believe he is very well," he said with gentle carelessness. "I'm going over now to see him. I'll be back in a minute." Wondering and more than ever uneasy Burnham went on, while the girl unconsciously followed him to the door, looking after him and almost on the point of wringing her hands. In the boy's room Burnham found an old dress-suit case packed and placed on the study table and on it was a pencil-scribbled note to one of his room-mates:

"I'll send for this later," it read, and that was all.

Jason was gone.

XXV

The little Capital sits at the feet of hills on the edge of the Blue Grass, for the Kentucky River that sweeps past it has brought down those hills from the majestic highlands of the Cumberland. The great railroad of the State had to bore through rock to reach the place and clangs impudently through it along the main street. For many years other sections of the State fought to wrest this fountain head of law and government from its moorings and transplant it to the heart of the Blue Grass, or to the big town on the Ohio, because, as one claimant said:

"You had to climb a mountain, swim a river, or go through a hole to get to it."

This geographical witticism cost the claimant his eternal political life, and the Capital clung to its water, its wooded heaps of earth, and its hole in the gray wall. Not only hills did the river bring down, but birds, trees, and even mountain mists, and from out the black mouth of that hole in the wall and into those morning mists stole one day a long train and stopped before the six great gray pillars of the historic old State-house. Out of this train climbed a thousand men with a thousand guns, and the mists might have been the breath of the universal whisper:

"The mountaineers are here!"

Of their coming Jason had known for some time from Arch Hawn, and just when they were to come he had learned from Steve. The boy had not enough carfare even for the short ride of less than thirty miles to the Capital, so he rode as far as his money would carry him and an hour before noon found him striding along on foot, his revolver bulging at his hip and his dogged eyes on the frozen turnpike. It was all over for him, he thought with the passionate finality of youth, his college career with its ambitions and dreams. He was sorry to disappoint Saint Hilda and John Burnham, but his pride was broken and he was going back now to the people and the life that he never should have left. He would find his friends and kinsmen down there at the Capital, and he would play his part first in whatever they meant to do. Babe Honeycutt would be there, and about Babe he had not forgotten his mother's caution. He had taken his promise back from Marjorie merely to be free to act in a double emergency, but Babe would be safe until he himself was sure. Then he would tell his mother what he meant to do, or after it was done, and as to what she would then say, the boy had hardly a passing wonder, so thin yet was the coating with which civilization had veneered him. And yet the boy almost smiled to himself to think how submerged that childhood oath was now in the big new hatred that had grown within him for the man who was threatening the political life of his people and his State—had grown steadily since the morning before he had taken the train in the mountains for college in the Blue Grass. On the way he had stayed all night in a little mountain town in the foothills. He had got up at dawn, but already, to escape the hot rays of an August sun, mountaineers were coming in on horseback from miles and miles around to hear the opening blast of the trumpet that was to herald forth their wrongs. Under the trees and along the fences they picketed their horses, thousands of them, and they played simple games patiently, or patiently sat in the shade of pine and cedar wait-

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ing, while now and then a band made havoc with the lazy summer air. And there, that morning, Jason had learned from a red-headed orator that "a vicious body of deformed Democrats and degenerate Americans" had passed a law at the Capital that would rob the mountaineers of the rights that had been bought with the blood of their forefathers in 1776, 1812, 1849, and 1865. Every ear caught the emphasis on "rob" and "rights," the patient eye of the throng grew instantly alert and keen and began to burn with a sinister fire, while the ear of it heard further how, through that law, their ancient Democratic enemies would throw *their* votes out of the ballot-box or count them as they pleased—even for *themselves*. If there were three Democrats in a mountain county—and the speaker had heard that in one county there was only one—that county could under that law run every State and national election to suit itself. Would the men of the mountains stand that?—No! *He* knew them—that orator did. *He* knew that if the spirit of liberty that at Jamestown and Plymouth Rock started blazing its way over a continent lived unchanged anywhere, it dwelt, however unenlightened and unenlightening, in a heart that for an enemy was black with hate, red with revenge, though for the stranger, white and kind; that in an eagle's isolation had kept strung hard and fast to God, country, home; that ticking clock-like for a century without hurry or pause was beginning to quicken at last to the march-rhythm of the world, the heart of the Southern hills. Now the prophecy from the flaming tongue of that red-headed orator was coming to pass, and the heart of the Kentucky hills was making answer.

It was just before noon when the boy reached the hill overlooking the Capital. He saw the gleam of the river that came down from the mountains, and the home-thrill of it warmed him from head to foot. Past the cemetery he went with a glimpse of the statue of Daniel Boone rising from the lesser dead. A little farther down was the castle-like arsenal guarded by soldiers, and he looked at them curiously, for they were the first he had ever seen. Below him was the gray, gloomy bulk of the penitentiary, which was the State building that he used to hear most of in the mountains. About the railway station he saw men slouching whom he knew to belong to his people, but no guns were now in sight, for the mountaineers had checked them at the Adjutant-General's office, and each wore a tag for safe-keeping in his button-hole. Around the Greek portico of the capitol building, he saw more soldiers lounging, and near a big fountain in the State-house yard was a Gatling-gun which looked too little to do much harm. Everywhere were the stern, determined faces of mountain men, walking the streets staring at things, shuffling in and out of the buildings; and through the iron pickets of the yard fence, Jason saw one group cooking around a camp-fire. A newspaper man was setting his camera for them and the boy saw a big bearded fellow reach for his blanket. The photographer grasped his instrument and came flying through the iron gate, crying humorously, "Excuse *me!*"

And then Jason ran into Steve Hawn who looked at him with mild wonder and, without a question, drawled simply:

"I kind o' thought you'd be along."

"Is grandpap here?" asked the boy, and Steve shook his head.

"He was too po'ly—but thar's more Hawns and Honeycutts in town than you kin shake a stick at an' they're walkin' round hyeh jes like brothers. Hello, hyeh's one now!"

Jason turned to see big Babe Honeycutt who, seeing him, paled a little, smiled sheepishly, and, without speaking, moved uneasily away. Whereat Steve laughed.

"Looks like Babe is kind o' skeered o' you fer *some* reason— Hello, they're comin'!"

A group had gathered on the brick flagging between the frozen fountain and the Greek portico of the old capitol, and every slouching figure was moving toward it. Among them Jason saw Hawns and Honeycutts—saw even his old enemy, "little Aaron" Honeycutt, and he was not even surprised, for in a foot-ball game with Berea College he had met a pair of envious, hostile eyes from the side-lines and he knew then that little Aaron, too, had gone away to school. From the habit of long hostility now Jason swerved to the other edge of the crowd. From the streets, the boarding-houses, the ancient Capital Hotel, gray, too, as a prison, from the State buildings in the yard, mountaineers were surging forth and mass-

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ing before the capitol steps and around the big fountain. Already the Democrats had grown hoarse with protest and epithet. It was an outrage on the Republicans to bring down this "Mountain Army of Intimidationists"—and only God knew what they meant to do or might do. The autocrat might justly and legally unseat a few Republicans, to be sure, but one open belief was that these "unkempt feudsmen and outlaws" would rush the legislative halls, shoot down enough Democrats to turn the Republican minority, no matter how small, into a majority big enough to enforce the ballot-proven will of the people. Wild, pale, horrified faces began to appear in the windows of the houses that bordered the square and in the buildings within the yard—perhaps they were going to do it now. Every soldier stiffened where he stood and caught his gun tightly, and once more the militia colonel looked yearningly at the Gatling-gun as helpless as a fire-cracker in the midst of the crowd, and then imploringly to the Adjutant-General who once again smiled and shook his head. If sinister in purpose, that mountain army was certainly well-drilled and under the dominant spirit of some amazing leadership, for no sound, no gesture, no movement came from them. And then Jason saw a pale dark young man, the Secretary of State, himself a mountain man, rise above the heads of the crowd and begin to speak.

"You are not here as revolutionists, criminals, or conspirators, because you are loyal to government and law."

The words were big and puzzling to the untutored ears that heard them, but a grim, enigmatical smile was soon playing over many a rugged face.

"You are here under your God-given bill of rights to right your wrongs through petitions to the legislators in whose hands you placed your liberties and your laws. And to show how non-partisan this meeting is I nominate as chairman a distinguished Democrat and ex-Confederate soldier."

And thereupon before Jason's startled eyes rose none other than Colonel Pendleton who silently swept the crowd with his eyes.

"I see from the faces before me that the legislators behind me shall not overturn the will of the people," he said quietly but sonorously, and then, like an invocation to the Deity, the dark young mountaineer slowly read from the paper in his hand how they were all peaceably assembled for the common good and the good of the State to avert the peril hovering over its property, peace, safety, and happiness. How they prayed for calmness, prudence, wisdom; begged that the legislators should not suffer themselves to be led into the temptation of partisan pride or party predilection; besought them to remember that their own just powers were loaned to them by the people at the polls, and that they must decide the people's will and not their own political preference; implored them not to hazard the subversion of that supreme law of the land; and finally begged them to receive, and neither despise nor spurn, their earnest petition, remonstrance, but preserve and promote the safety and welfare and, above all, the honor of the commonwealth committed to their keeping.

There was no applause, no murmur even of approval—stern faces had only grown sterner, hard eyes harder, and that was all. Again the mountain Secretary of State rose, started to speak and stopped, looking over the upturned faces and toward the street behind them; and something in his look made every man who saw it turn his head. A whisper started on the outer edge of the crowd and ran backward and men began to tiptoe and crane their necks. A tall figure was entering the iron gateway—and that whisper ran like a wind through the mass, the whisper of a hated name. The autocrat was coming. The mountaineers blocked his royal way to the speaker's chair behind them, but he came straight on. His cold, strong, crafty face was suddenly and fearlessly uplifted when he saw the hostile crowd and a half-scornful smile came to his straight thin lips. A man behind him put a detaining hand on his shoulder, but he shook it off impatiently. Almost imperceptibly men swerved this way and that until there was an open way through them to the State-house steps and through that human lane, nearly every man of which was at that moment longing to take his life, the autocrat strode, meeting every pair of eyes with a sneer of cold defiance. Behind him the lane closed; the crowd gasped at the daring of the man and slow-

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

There was the jostling of bodies, rushing of feet, and crowding of cursing men to the common centre of excitement.—Page 578.

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ly melted away. The mountain Secretary followed him into the Senate with the resolutions he had just read and the autocrat, still with that icy smile, received and passed them—into oblivion.

That night the mountain army disappeared as quickly as it had come, on a special train through that hole in the wall and with a farewell salute of gun and pistol into the drum-tight air of the little Capital. But a guard of two hundred stayed, quartered in boarding-houses and the executive buildings, and hung about the capitol with their arms handy, or loitered about the contest-board meetings where the great "steal" was feared. So those meetings adjourned to the city hall where the room was smaller, admission more limited, and which was, as the Republicans claimed, a Democratic arsenal. Next day the Republicans asked for three days more for testimony and were given three hours by the autocrat. The real fight was now on, every soul knew it, and the crisis was at hand.

And next morning it came, when the same bold figure was taking the same way to the capitol. A rifle cracked, a little puff of smoke floated from a window of a State building, and on the brick flagging the autocrat crumpled into a heap.

The Legislature was at the moment in session. The minority in the House was on edge for the next move. The Secretary was droning on and beating time, for the autocrat was late that morning, but he was on his way. Cool, wary, steeled to act relentlessly at the crucial moment, his hand was within reach of the prize, and the play of that master-hand was on the eve of a master-stroke. Two men hurried into the almost deserted square, the autocrat and his body-guard, a man known in the annals of the State for his ready use of knife or pistol. The rifle spoke and the autocrat bent double, groaned harshly, clutched his right side, and fell to his knees. Men picked him up, the buildings emptied, and all hurried after the throng gathering around the wounded man. There was the jostling of bodies, rushing of feet, the crowding of cursing men to the common centre of excitement. A negro pushed against a white man. The white man pulled his pistol, shot him dead and hardly a look was turned that way. The doors of the old hotel closed on the wounded man, his friends went wild, and chaos followed. It was a mountain trick they cried, and a mountaineer had turned it. The lawless hillsmen had come down and brought their cowardly custom of ambush with them. The mountain Secretary of State was speeding away from the capitol at the moment the shot was fired, and that was a favorite trick of alibi in the hills. That shot had come from his window. Within ten minutes the terrified Governor had ringed every State building with bayonets and had telegraphed for more militia. Nobody, not even the sheriff, could enter to search for the assassin: what else could this mean, but that there was a conspiracy—that the Governor himself knew of the plot to kill and was protecting the slayer? About the State-house, even after the soldiers had taken possession, stood rough-looking men, a wing of the army of intimidation. A mob was forming at the hotel, and when a company of soldiers was assembled to meet it, a dozen old mountaineers, looking in the light of the camp-fires like the aged paintings of pioneers on the State-house walls, fell silently and solemnly in line with Winchesters and shot-guns. The autocrat's bitterest enemies, though unregretting the deed, were outraged at the way it was done, and the rush of sympathy in his wake could hardly fail to achieve his purpose now. That night, even the Democratic members tried to decide the contest in the autocrat's favor. That night the Governor adjourned the Legislature to a mountain town, and next morning the legislators found their chambers closed. They tried to meet at hotel, city hall, court-house; and solons and soldiers raced through the streets and never could the solons win. But at nightfall they gathered secretly and declared the autocrat governor of the commonwealth. And the wild rumor was that the wounded man had passed before his name was sealed by the legislative hand, and that the feet of a dead man had been put into a living one's shoes. That night the news flashed that one mountaineer as assassin and a mountain boy as accomplice had been captured and were on the way to jail. And the assassin was Steve and the boy none other than Jason Hawn.

(To be continued.)

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THE FRENCH IN THE HEART OF AMERICA

BY JOHN FINLEY

III.—IN THE TRAILS OF THE COUREURS DE BOIS

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM A DRAWING BY CHARLES S. CHAPMAN AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND OTHERS

A STATESMAN of the Mississippi Valley, Senator Thomas H. Benton, has often been quoted as saying that it is a mistake to suppose that none but men of science lay off a road. There is a class of topographical engineers "older than the schools," "more unerring than mathematicians." They are the wild animals which traverse the forests not by compass but by instinct, find the easiest paths to the lowest passes in the mountains, to the shallowest fords, to the richest pastures, to the salt licks. They travel thousands of miles, unguided except of this instinct or of the collective experience of their kindred through ages.

A hunter of wild sheep in the Rocky Mountains, following their trails, wonders if these paths were made a year, five, or ten years ago, and is told by the scientist that they may have been made sixteen thousand years ago, so long have these first engineers been at work. In some places in Europe, I am told, their fellow-engineers, longer in the practice of their profession, have actually worn paths in the rocks by their cushioned feet.

It is a mistake, therefore, we are reminded, to suppose that the American forests and plains were trackless before men came. They were coursed by many paths.

If, however, you have read Chateaubriand's "Atala," you will have a rather different notion of the American forests in the Mississippi Valley. "On the western side of the Mississippi," Chateaubriand wrote, "the waves of verdure on the limitless plains (savannas) appear as they recede to rise gradually into the azure sky; but on the eastern half of the valley, trees of every form, of every color, and of every perfume throng and grow together, stretching up into the air to heights that weary the eye to follow. Wild vines . . . intertwining each other at the feet of these trees, escalade their trunks and creep along the extremity of their branches, stretching from the maple to the tulip-tree, from the tulip-tree to the hollyhock, and thus forming grottos, arches, and porticos. Often, in their wanderings from tree to tree, these creepers cross the arm of a river, over which they throw a bridge of flowers. . . . A multitude of animals spread about life and enchantment. From the extremities of the avenues may be seen bears, intoxicated with the grape, staggering upon the branches of the elm-trees; caribous bathe in the lake; black squirrels play among the thick foliage; mocking-birds and Virginia pigeons, not bigger than sparrows, fly down upon the turf, reddened with strawberries; green parrots with yellow heads, purple woodpeckers, cardinals red . . . clamber up to the very tops of the cypress-trees; humming-birds sparkle upon the jessamine of the Floridas; and bird-catching serpents hiss while suspended to the domes of the woods, where they swim about like creepers themselves. . . . All here . . . is sound and motion . . . when a breeze happens to animate these solitudes, to swing these floating bodies, to confound these masses of white, blue, green, and pink, to mix all the colors, and to combine all the murmurs. There issue such sounds from the depths of the forests, and such things pass before the eyes, that I should in vain endeavor to describe them to those who have never visited these primitive fields of nature."

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And when René and Atala were escaping through those forests, they "advanced with difficulty under a vault of smilax, amidst vines, indigo plants, bean-trees, and creeping ivy that entangled their feet like nets. . . . Bell serpents were hissing

One of Doré's illustrations for Chateaubriand's "Atala."

in every direction, and wolves, bears, carcajous, and young tigers, come to hide themselves in these retreats, made them resound with their roarings."

A trackless, howling wilderness, indeed, if we are to accept this as an accurate description of scenes which, as I have intimated, it is now suspected that Chateaubriand's imagination visited, unaccompanied of his body. But a recent native writer on the valley and its roads (Archer Butler Hulbert, who has made valuable contributions to the historical literature of the valley), having in mind, to be sure, the forests a little farther north than those in which Atala and René wandered, assures us that they were neither "pathless" nor "howling." He writes that in 1775, eighteen years before the first white settlement in the State of Ohio, there were probably as many paths within the bounds of that State on which a man could travel on horseback at the rate of five miles an hour as there are railways in that State to-day. And the buffalo paths were, some of them at any rate, roads so wide that several wagons might have been driven abreast on them—as wide as the double-track railroads. So the Indian, or the first human comer, had his highways prepared for him by the instincts of these primitive engineers that knew nothing of trigonometry, or the sextant, or the places of the stars.

Nor did these first makers of roads howl or bellow their way over them. By this

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same authority I am able to say that the forest paths were noiseless trails, or "traces," as they were originally called, in the midst of silences disturbed only by the winds and the falling waters. Wolves did sometimes howl in the forests or out upon the plains, but it was only in hunger, and their cries accentuated the wonted silence. Neither they nor the bears growled or howled, except when they came into collision with each other—or starvation.

A path through the woods on the grounds of the University of Wisconsin.

And there were not even birds to give cheer to the gloom of these black forests, whose tree tops were knitted together by vines (but had not undergrowth, since the sun could not reach the ground). "The birds of the forest came only with the white man." There were parrots in Kentucky, and there were in Ohio pigeons and birds of prey, eagles and buzzards, but the birds we know to-day and the bees were later immigrants from lands that remembered Aristophanes or the hill of Hymettus, or were to know Shelley's skylark or Keats's nightingale or Rostand's tamer fowls or Maeterlinck's bees.

Even if we allow the forests Chateaubriand's color in summer and the clamor in times of terror, we cannot longer think of them as pathless if inhabited by these ancient pathmakers. And, naturally, when the Indian came, dependent as he was upon wild game, he followed these paths or traces made and frequented by the beasts—the ways to food, to water, to salt, to other habitats with the changing seasons. The buffalo roads and the deer trails became his vocational trails—the streets of his livelihood. And as his enemy was likely to find him by following these traces, they became not only the

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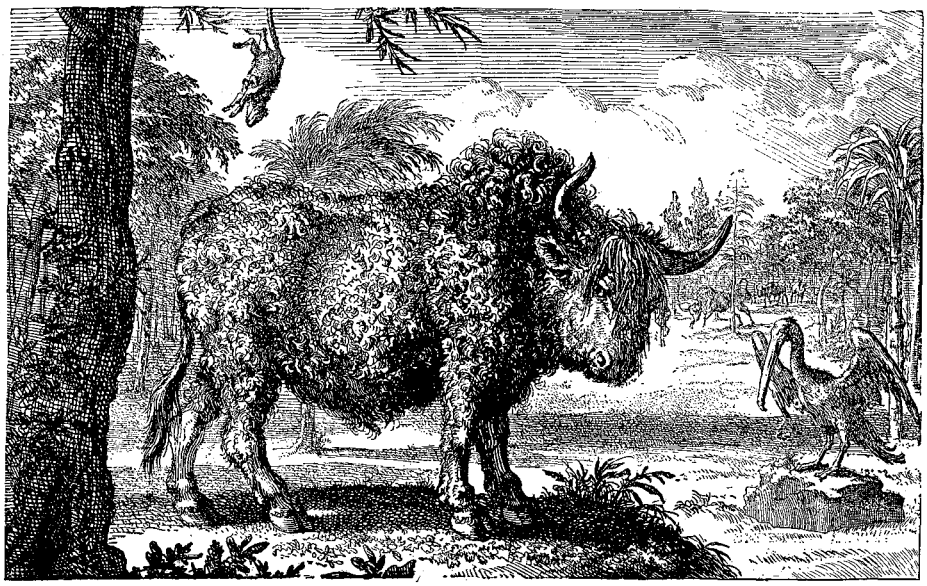
paths of peace, but the paths of war. When the red man trespassed upon the peaceful trails of his enemy, they were, in an American idiom, "on the war-path."

Then, in time, the European trader went in friendly search of the Indian by those same paths, and they became the avenues of petty commerce. After the manner of street venders in great cities, these forest traders or runners went up and down these sheltered paths, as dark in summer as the narrowest city streets of the Old World, only they went silently, though they were often heard as distinctly in the breaking of twigs or in their muffled tread, by the alert ears of the Indian, as the screeching voices of the street venders are heard by us. And the places where these traders put down their cheap trinkets before their dusky patrons grew into trading-posts that in turn became prophetic of cities and towns.



Hennepin's drawing of a buffalo.

II

Such were the paths by which the runners of the woods, the French coureurs de bois, first emerged, after following the watercourses, upon the western forest glades and the edges of the prairies, and astonished the aboriginal human owners of those wild highways that had known only the soft feet of the wolf and fox and bear, the hoofs of the buffaloes and deer and the bare feet or the moccasins of the Indians (the "silent shoes," as I have seen such foot-gear advertised in the Boulevard Saint-Germain, in Paris).

It has been said by a chemist of some repute that man came, in his evolution, out of the sea, that he has in his veins certain elements in the same proportion in which they appear in the water of the Pre-Cambrian ocean. But whether this be true or not, one stage of human development carries marks of the forest. From that sylvan period "having nothing but forest knowledge, forest feeling, forest dreams, forest fancies, forest faith," man comes forth upon the plains of history. The early French settlements had memories of the sea. In the lower Saint Lawrence Valley, among the French Canadians, where the shut-in life is undisturbed of current events or changing conventions of speech or evanescent fashions, I am told there are traces in their daily conversation of the sea life of their ancestors on the coasts of Brittany and Normandy. When, for example, a neighbor approaches a farmhouse on horseback he is asked, not to "alight" or to "dismount," but to "dis-

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embark"; and he is invited, not to "tie" his horse, but to "moor" it. It is as if these simple folk were still crying ever, in their unconscious memories, "Thalassa, thalassa;" as if the very shells of speech still carried the roar of the ocean to those whose eyes had never seen it.

A Coureur de Bois.
One of the "Pioneers of Pioneers."

And, as we have seen, the French followed the streams which kept them in touch with the sea. But they had finally, in their pioneering, to take to the trails and the forests. And these runners-of-the-woods were the amphibious ambassadors from this kingdom of the sea to the kingdom of the plain. They were, as Etienne Brulé of Champlain's time, the "pioneers of pioneers," who often, in unrecorded advance of priest and explorer, pushed their adventurous traffic in French guns and hatchets, French beads and cloth, French tobacco and brandy, till they knew and were known to the aboriginal inhabitants, "from where the stunted Eskimos burrowed in their snow caves to where the Comanches scoured the plains of the south with their banditti cavalry."

They were a lawless lot whom this mission, not only between water and land, but also between civilization and barbarism, "spoiled for civilization." But they must not be judged too harshly in their vibrations between the two standards of life, which they bridged, making periodical confession to charitable priests in one of their sins or the other—sins which unforgiven might have driven them entirely away from the church and into perdition.

The names of most of them are forgotten by history which is rather particular about the character of those whom it remembers

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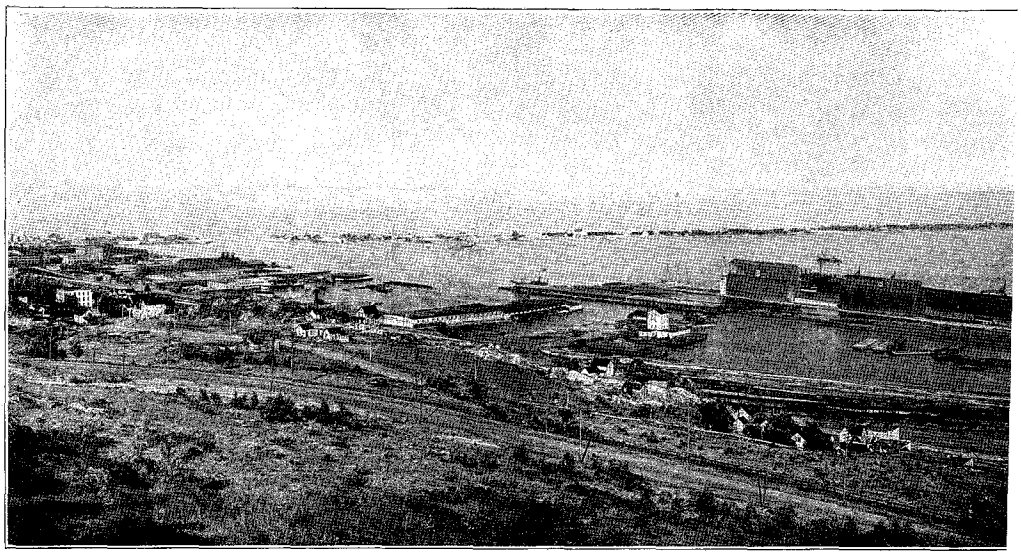

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A bit of the city of Duluth and Superior Har

Duluth, "The city that has taken the place of

—other than those in kingly or other high places. But they who have followed immediately in the trails of these men of the verges have written the names of some of them in places where they are more widely read than if cherished by history even. Etienne Brulé, who as interpreter led Le Caron out upon the first Western mission, after following trails and waters for hundreds of miles back of the English settlements where the timid colonists had not dared to venture, and suffering the martyrdom of fire, is perhaps all but forgotten, though I have wished to believe that he is remembered by a tempestuous stream in the West, and by at least one Indian tribe.

The name of Jean Nicolet, of Cherbourg, the ambassador to the Winnebagoes, from the record of whose picturesque advent, in the "Jesuit Relations," the annals of the West really begin, has been given to a path now grown into one of the most populous streets along the whole course of the Mississippi River—Nicolet Avenue, in Minneapolis.

And Duluth, the cousin of Tonty, a native of Lyons, a man of persistent hardihood, "not surpassed perhaps even by La Salle," says Parkman, "continually in the forest, in the Indian towns, or in the remote wilderness outposts planted by himself, exploring, trading, fighting, ruling lawless savages and whites scarcely less ungovernable," and crossing the ocean for interviews with the colonial minister, "amid the splendid vanities of Versailles" —his name has been given to a wonderful city, built upon the far shores of Lake Superior, the city that has taken the place of London in the list of the world's great harbors. Macaulay's vision of the New Zealander, sitting amid the ruins of London and overlooking the mastless Thames, seems to have come to fulfilment in the succession of a city, founded in the path of a wood-runner out on the borders of civilization, to one of London's distinctions among the cities of the world.

"This class of men is not extinct," said Parkman twenty or thirty years ago; "in the cheerless wilds beyond the northern lakes, or among the solitudes of the distant West they may still be found, unchanged in life and character since the day when Louis the Great claimed sovereignty over the desert empire."

But their mission, if any survive till now, is past. The paths, surveyed of the beasts and opened by these pioneers to the feet of priests, explorers, and traders, have let in the influences that in time destroyed all they loved and braved the solitude for. The trace has become the railroad, and the smell of the gasoline motor is

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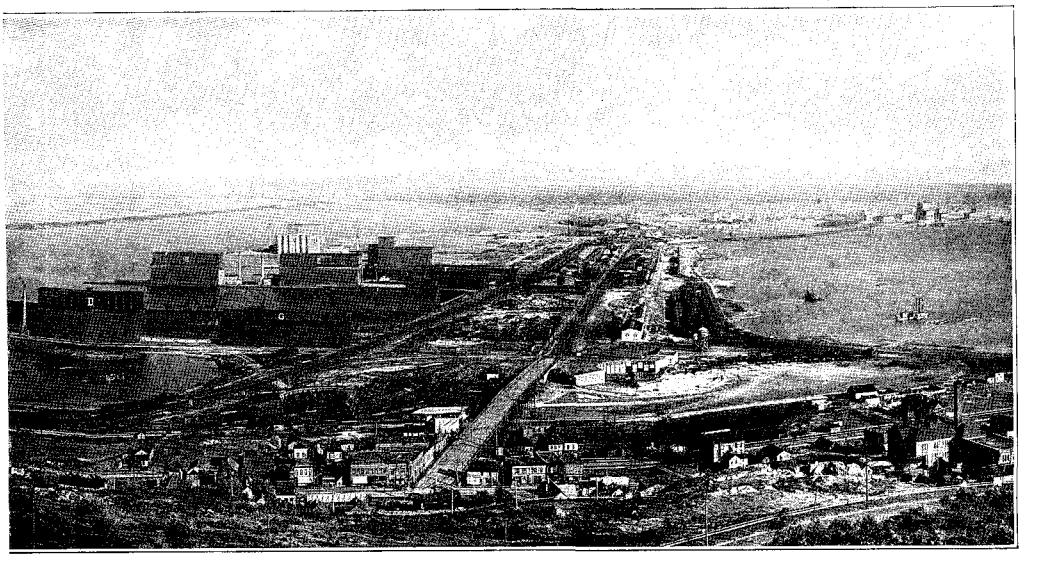

bor, Minnesota, named for Duluth of Lyons.
London in the list of the world's great harbors."

even on the Oregon trail; for, in general, it has been said of the forest part of the valley, "where there is a railway to-day, there was a path a century and a quarter ago," and that means longer ago; and it may be added that where there was a French trading-post, or fort, or portage, there is a city to-day, not because of the attraction of the populations of those places to the prospecting railroad, but because of their natural highway advantage, learned even by the buffaloes. Not all paths have evolved into railroads, but the railroads have followed most of these natural paths —paths of the coureurs de bois, of those instinctively searching for mountain passes, the low portages from valley to valley, the shortest ways and the easiest grades.

One of our greatest railroad presidents, Mr. James J. Hill, has noted this significant difference between the railroads of Europe and those of America, or at any rate of the Mississippi Valley. In Europe they simply "took the place of the pack-animal, the stage-coach, the goods van that crowded all the highways between populous centres," whereas in the Mississippi Valley and beyond they but succeeded the pioneer and pathfinder. The railroad outran the settler and "beckoned him on," just as the coureur de bois outran the slower-going migrant and beckoned him on to ever new frontiers: the buffalo, the coureur de bois, the engineer —in turn. The railroad—the more modern coureur de bois—has not served the New World society merely as a connecting link between communities already developed. It has been the "creator of cities."

Out on those prairies beyond the forests I have seen this general statement of Mr. Hill's illustrated. Down from Lake Michigan the first railroad crept toward the Mississippi along the Des Plaines and then the Illinois where La Salle had seen from his canoe great herds of buffalo "trampling by in ponderous columns or filing in long lines morning, noon, and night." That railroad was a path, not to any particular city, but to the water, a path from water to water, a long portage from the lake to the Mississippi and back. One day, within my memory, a new path was marked by stakes that led away from that river off across the prairie to an uninhabited place which the first engineers had not known—a place of fire, the fields of coal of which the practical Joliet had found signs on his memorable journey. And so one and another road crossed that prairie (on which I can even now clearly see the first engine standing in the prairie grass), making toward the places of fire, of wood, of grain, of meat, of gold, of iron,

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of lead, till the whole prairie was a network of these paths, till the "transportation machine" (as Mr. Hill calls it) has grown to two hundred and thirty thousand miles, or about forty per cent of the world mileage, the greater number of these paths traversing the Mississippi Valley and carrying with them, wherever they go, the telegraph and telephone wires, building villages, towns, and cities—still bringing the fashions of Paris in the paths of the buffalo.

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Nicolet Avenue, Minneapolis. Named for Jean Nicolet of Cherbourg.

"A path now grown into one of the most populous streets along the whole course of the Mississippi River."—Page 584.

When the surveyors crossed that prairie, treeless except for the woods along the Aramoni River, just back of the Rock Saint Louis, and along the Illinois River at the other edge, the wild animals and the Indians had disappeared westward, the prairie ground was broken and planted in patches; fences had begun to appear on the silent stretches; houses stood four to a section, with a one-roomed schoolhouse every two miles and a church at long intervals. After the construction train ploughed its slow way across that same prairie, in the trail staked by the surveyors, a place was marked for a village, the farmers upon whose land it promised to trespass wanted each to give it the name of his wife, his queen, as La Salle of his king; but one day a workman, representing the unsentimental corporation, without ceremony nailed a strip of board to a post and painted a most prosaic name upon it. (If it had remembered the past it would have written there "Aramoni.") Wooden buildings, stores, elevators, blacksmith, harness, and shoemaker shops, and the dwellings of those who did the work of the little town, gathered about them; in time some of the pioneer settlers, leaving their farms to the care of children or tenants, moved in to the town, the primitive stores were rebuilt in brick, houses of pretentious architecture crowded out of the best sites the first dwellings, and in twenty or thirty years a village of several hundred people, retired farmers or their widows, men of the younger generation living on the income of their farms, without more than nominal occupation, and those who buy the produce and minister to the wants of this little community. The prosperous villager and the prosperous farmer in all the country about have each his telephone in his house and can talk as much as he pleases with his neighbors at a very small yearly charge. He also keeps track of the grain and stock markets by telephone, has his daily metropolitan paper, his country paper, his monthly magazine (of which he is the best reader), perhaps a piano or an organ—more likely, now, a phonograph, which reproduces, if he chooses, what New Yorkers, Berliners, or Parisians hear at the grand opera—copies of statuary or paintings in the Louvre or other great galleries, and either a fast driving-horse or an automobile. He is often within easy reach of a city by train, and his wife or daughters know the modes of Paris and follow them as speedily as local talent can make the adaptations and transformations.

Aramoni is not an imaginary, much less a "Utopian," village. There are thousands of Aramonis where the railroads have gone, drawing all the physical convenience and social conventions after them, where once coureurs de bois followed the buffaloes.

III

Mr. Hill, whom I have just quoted above, has said: "Next after the Christian religion and the public school, the

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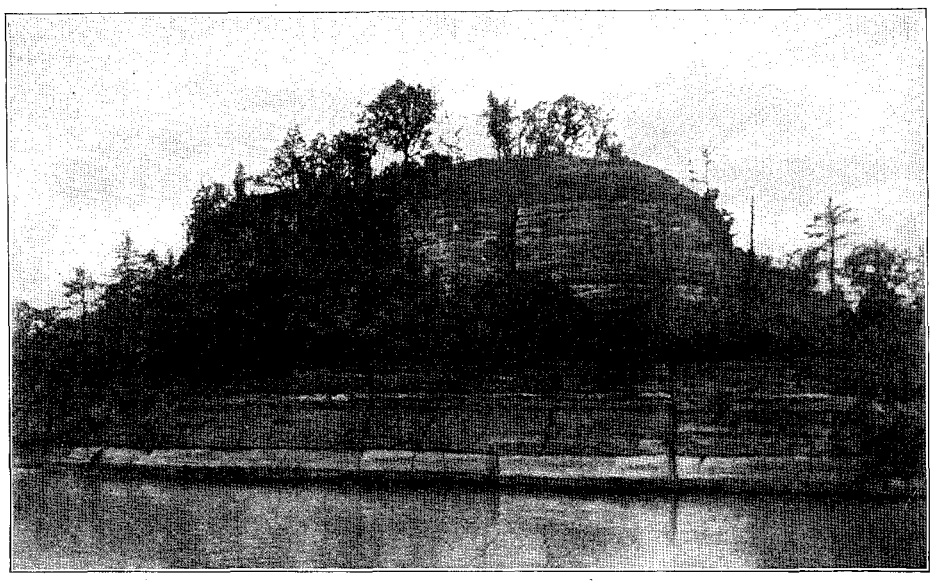

The Rock Saint Louis.

railroad has been the largest single contributing factor to the welfare and happiness of the people."

The first great service of the railroads to the republic as such was to make it possible that the people of a territory three thousand miles wide, crossed by two mountain ranges, should be bound into one republic. The waters to the east of the Alleghanies ran toward the Atlantic, the waters west of the Rockies ran toward the Pacific, and the waters between the mountains ran to the Gulf of Mexico. If the great east and west railroads had not been built, and some of the waters of the lakes had not been made to run down the Mohawk Valley into the Hudson, it is more than likely that there would have been a secession of the men who called themselves the "men of the Western Waters," a secession of the West from the East rather than of the South from the North. If the men of the valley had continued men of the "Western Waters," there would probably have been at least three republics in North America, and perhaps as many as in South America.

When Josiah Quincy, the famous son of Massachusetts, said for the men of the East in the halls of Congress, "We have no right to throw our rights and authority into a potch-potch with the wild men of Missouri, nor with the mixed but more robust race of Anglo-Hispanic men and Gallo-Americans who bask in the sands at the mouth of the Mississippi," he was visualizing the men whose interests followed the rivers to another tide-water than that of Boston and New York harbors. The railroads made a real prophecy of his fear that these men of the Western rivers would some day be "managing the concerns of a seaboard fifteen hundred miles from their residences, and having a preponderance in the councils," into which, as he contended, "they should never have been admitted." He was thinking and speaking rather of the South-west than of the North-west, but it was the east and the west lines of railroad that prevented the vital interest of that northern valley from flowing with the water along parallels of longitude to where the Gulf currents would catch its commerce, instead of over the mountains along the sterner parallels of latitude and in straighter course to Europe.

The force of gravity, the temptation of the tropics, the indifference of the East, the freedom from Eastern and puritanical restraints, were all on the side of a republic of the Western waters and against that larger, continent-wide nationalism which now has its most ardent support in that valley through which the iron shuttles

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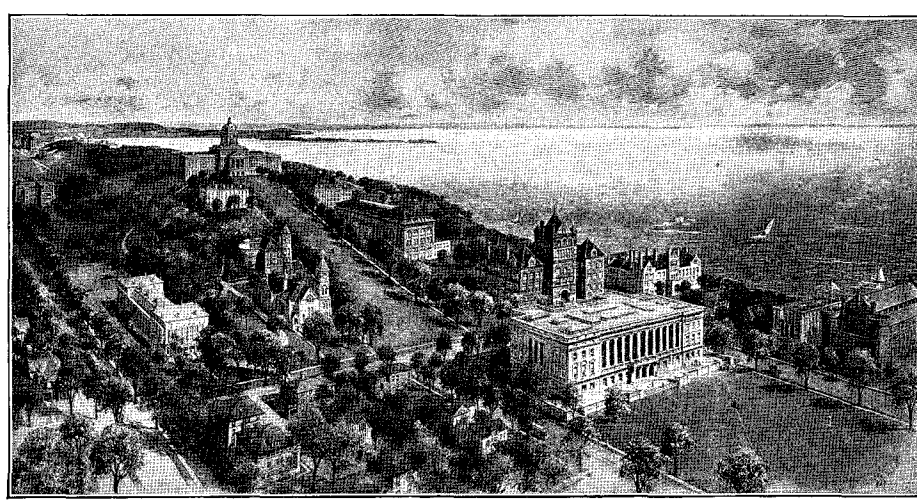
daily fly from sea to sea, weaving the waters as strands of color into a unified pattern of sublimer import.

It looks now as if the north and south lines were to be strengthened the world over, as the occupied and exploited north temperate zone reaches toward the frigid zone, grown warmer by the very opening of the lands to the sun and the long burning of coal (I was told by one last summer, who has been studying conditions in the great north-west fields of Canada, that it is now possible to grow crops there that could not have been grown before the country was opened and cultivated to the south of them, so much longer have the frosts been delayed in the autumn)—as this zone reaches toward the tropics now made more habitable and across the tropics to the sister temperate zone of the southern hemisphere. In the Mississippi Valley the Gulf ports, fed of river and railroad, are increasingly busy, partly, to be sure, because they look toward the east and west path through Panama, but partly too because they lie between the two temperate zones, which must inevitably be brought nearer to each other. We cannot imagine two permanently dissociated or distantly associated temperate civilizations on this globe, which is becoming smaller every day.

It was inevitable, perhaps, and happily inevitable, that the east and west lines should be well established before the temperate zone should venture into tropic lotos lands again, and perhaps it was inevitable that the West should eventually, even without the help of steam and steel, attach itself to the East—even by streams of water. Washington had hardly put off his uniform, after the peace of 1783, when he was planning for a Western trip, and his diary on the third day of that trip of six hundred and eighty miles shows that his one object was to obtain information of the "nearest and best communication between the Eastern and the Western waters." He expected the canal to erase the Alleghanies from the map, but the railroad accomplished this gigantic task, with only slight aid of water. And as it tied the Mississippi Valley to the Atlantic coast, so in time, aided of a government that had every reason to be grateful, it reached across the uninhabited plains, over the Rocky Mountains, which even Western statesmen said were the divinely appointed barriers, across the desert beyond, to the Pacific slope, and tied it to a capital which is now nearer to San Francisco than once that capital was to Boston. A man from the Missouri River is, as I write, Speaker of the House in which Josiah Quincy spoke his provincial fears. A man from the mouth of the Mississippi, which La Salle traced from its upper waters, the highest authority in America on the French code, is the Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. And



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A bird's-eye view of the University of Wisconsin.

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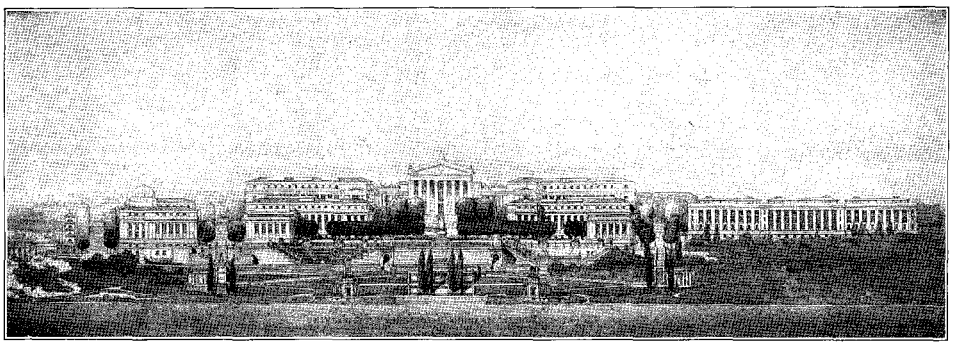

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Proposed buildings of the University of Minnesota.

he was appointed by a President who was born on the banks of the Ohio, discovered also by the French, and named La Belle Rivière. That is, the highest office in each of the three co-ordinate branches of government (the judicial, the legislative, and the executive) are filled by men of the Western waters. And there is no single fact that can better illustrate the political significance of the paths over which the French were pioneers.

On the economic consequences we need not now dwell. They have had too frequent and sufficiently conspicuous illustration in every foreign or domestic mind that knows anything whatever of that valley to make it necessary to insist in this cursory view upon their great contribution to physical comfort. It is, however, begun to be felt that in the rapid development and exploitation of the resources of that valley (made possible only by the railroads) the future has not been enough in mind. It was said a few years ago that there was not money enough in the world to lay tracks to take the traffic that the Mississippi basin offered. Its enterprising people wanted to get everything to market in one generation, indifferent to the fate of those who should come after; the passes through the mountains were simply choked by cars that carried to the coasts crops from increasing acreage of declining productivity, or the products of swiftly disappearing forests, or the output of mines that must soon be exhausted. Perhaps the railroads are not to be blamed that the average crop of wheat in Indiana fell from 15.6 bushels per acre to 14.4; in Minnesota from 15.8 to 13; in North Dakota from 14.4 to 10; in Oklahoma from 14.9 to 9; and in the entire United States from 15.3 to 14. They are very loudly blamed that they did not carry these products fast enough or cheaply enough, though, according to a recent authority, their rates are less, on the average, than the cost of French water traffic. Nevertheless, their wheels have alone made possible that phenomenal draining of the riches of the land to the coast and other shores, assisting the waters that carry a half-billion tons of soil into the Gulf every year. Perhaps this hurried, panting development has been for the good of all time, but until recently there has been little or no thought of that "all time." Practically the whole Western country has tied itself to a wheel, and so, whatever its happiness and welfare are, they come of the wheel or with the wheel. It is capable of self-support, it has still its independent spirit, bred of the pioneer who lived before the day of wheels, it is responsive to appeals that stop its restless movement (as Ixion's wheel when Orpheus played), but none the less is its life an eager, restless, unquiet one, driven as a wheel, driven by the same hand that urged the life and the wheel into the valley.

No one asks—or few ask—if the wheel brings good or ill. The only concern is that it shall run as quickly and safely as is humanly and mechanically possible, and shall not discriminate between one shipper and another, one community and another, one consumer and another. That is the railroad problem. The wheel has removed water-sheds at pleasure, created cities and fortunes by its presence or its

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taking thought. But under the new policy of the government it is not likely that there will ever be such ruthless disturbance of nature or such wild, profuse creation again. Democracy, beginning in that valley, is simply seeking now a perfect transportation machine.

But such a machine will drain even more effectively the country districts. According to the census returns for 1910, in one prosperous agricultural State just west of the Mississippi, while the State as a whole showed an increase of one hundred and eighty-seven thousand in ten years, there was a net decrease of ten thousand in the rural districts. A partial explanation of the latter statistic is the moving on of farmers to still newer lands, another the decline in the size of families, but it is attributable chiefly to the first condition, the drift to the city—and to this the wheels contribute more than any other influence, carrying, as they do, the glamour or the opportunity of the city life daily before the eyes of the country boy. To be sure, these same wheels are lessening the congestion of the great centres of population and lightening their shadows by extending them, spreading them, but none the less are the shadows spreading faster from the coming of the country to the city than of the suburbanizing of the city.

This movement is not peculiar to the Mississippi Valley, to be sure, but it is more rapid there, perhaps, than in any other great area.

The wheel, then, has made possible the permanence of one republic of such an area. Nothing save a loose heterogeneous confederation could have been practicable without its unifying service. It is only fair to those who made such gloomy prophecies in the early days that they had no intimation of what steam would do. When Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steam-boat, said early in the nineteenth century, in a journey back from the West in a stage-coach, that some day steam would drive wagons faster than they were going, his fellow-passengers thought him a dreamer—a visionary. But it was only a man of such dreams or visions who in those days could have seen the possibility which has to-day been realized.

The wheel has made possible the rapid development and the exploitation of that great valley which, except for its pioneering in wild places, might have been seven hundred years, as President Johnson predicted, in filling up, or at least two or three centuries.

But there is one supreme service that must have mention. In this country, when travel was slow, we had a representative government. But while we still have the same form, the wheel has made possible and so necessary a more democratic government. When a representative was weeks in reaching the capital he acted on his own responsibility in larger measure than now when his constituencies speak to him every morning. The valley is reached every day, just as the people in a pure democracy are reached by the stentor. The people are reserving to themselves more and more of the function of their one-time representatives, a theory made practicable only through the aid of the wheel and what it has brought. If the improvement of democracy is to come through more democracy, as many believe, then the railroad is an essential agent of political progress as well as of economic exploitation and social homogeneity.

Moreover, mobility is almost an essential quality of the spirit of democracy, the free way to the farthest horizons, the open road to the highest service. When the atom becomes practically fixed, by its environment, reposeful and stable, stratification sets in. In the Mississippi Valley, where the inhabitants have not been tied through generations of inheritance or association to particular fields, where primogeniture has no observance, and where traditions are of the wilderness, this process is being constantly interrupted and by movement along these very paths that have made possible a national consciousness and have carried men into world sympathies.

IV

It may seem a far cry from those rough, lawless coureurs de bois to the mobile but orderly people of that valley to-day. But after an experience of last summer the distance does not seem so great.

Here is a journal of three days in that valley:

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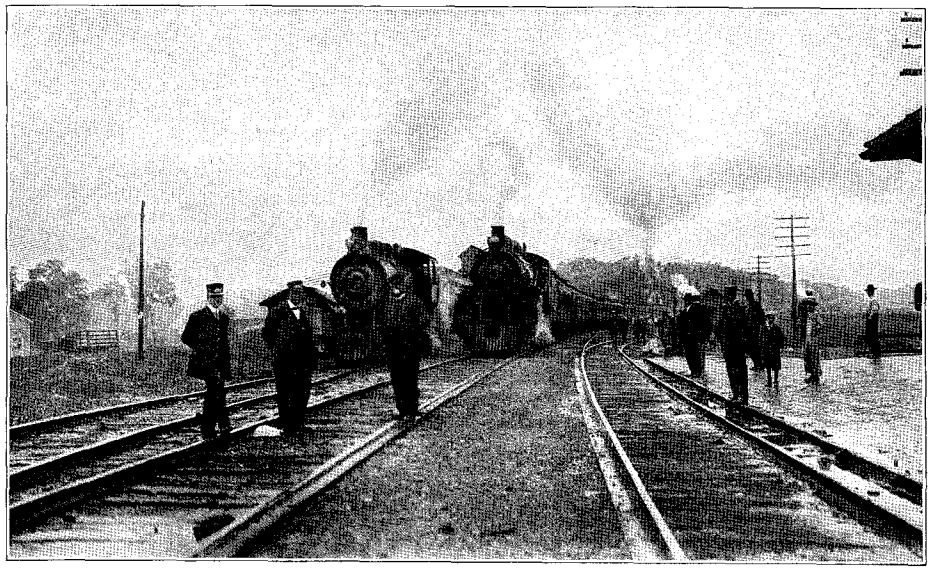
In the morning of an August day I was gathering some last data from the library of one of the greatest though one of the newest, universities in the world—a two hours' journey from where the coureur de bois, Jean Nicolet, in his robe of damask, first looked over the edge of the basin, a place where, not many years ago, I saw sitting in silk academic robes, learned men gathered from the ends of the earth. In the afternoon I travelled over that most famous and first of the French portages, the Fox-Wisconsin portage; and in the evening I walked on into the night along the Wisconsin that I might see the river as the explorers saw it. At midnight I took a "palace car" with such conveniences as even Louis the Great did not have at Versailles, and woke well up the Mississippi. I spent the day at another great State university, and at dusk set off by the actual trails of the French coureurs de bois (only by wheels instead of on foot), first through the woods and along rivers above Green Bay to the Sault Ste. Marie, then above Lake Huron and the Nipissing and down the Ottawa River, where I saw the second day break; and then on past La Salle's seigniory of Saint Sulpice and around Cartier's mountain into Montreal, and thence to the Rock of Quebec.

It is a common, unimaginative metaphor to call the engine which leads the mighty trains across the country the iron horse, but it is deserving of a nobler figure. It is the iron coureur de bois still leading Europe into America, and America into a newer America.



Delayed by river floods.

The iron coureur de bois still leading Europe into America, and America into a newer America.

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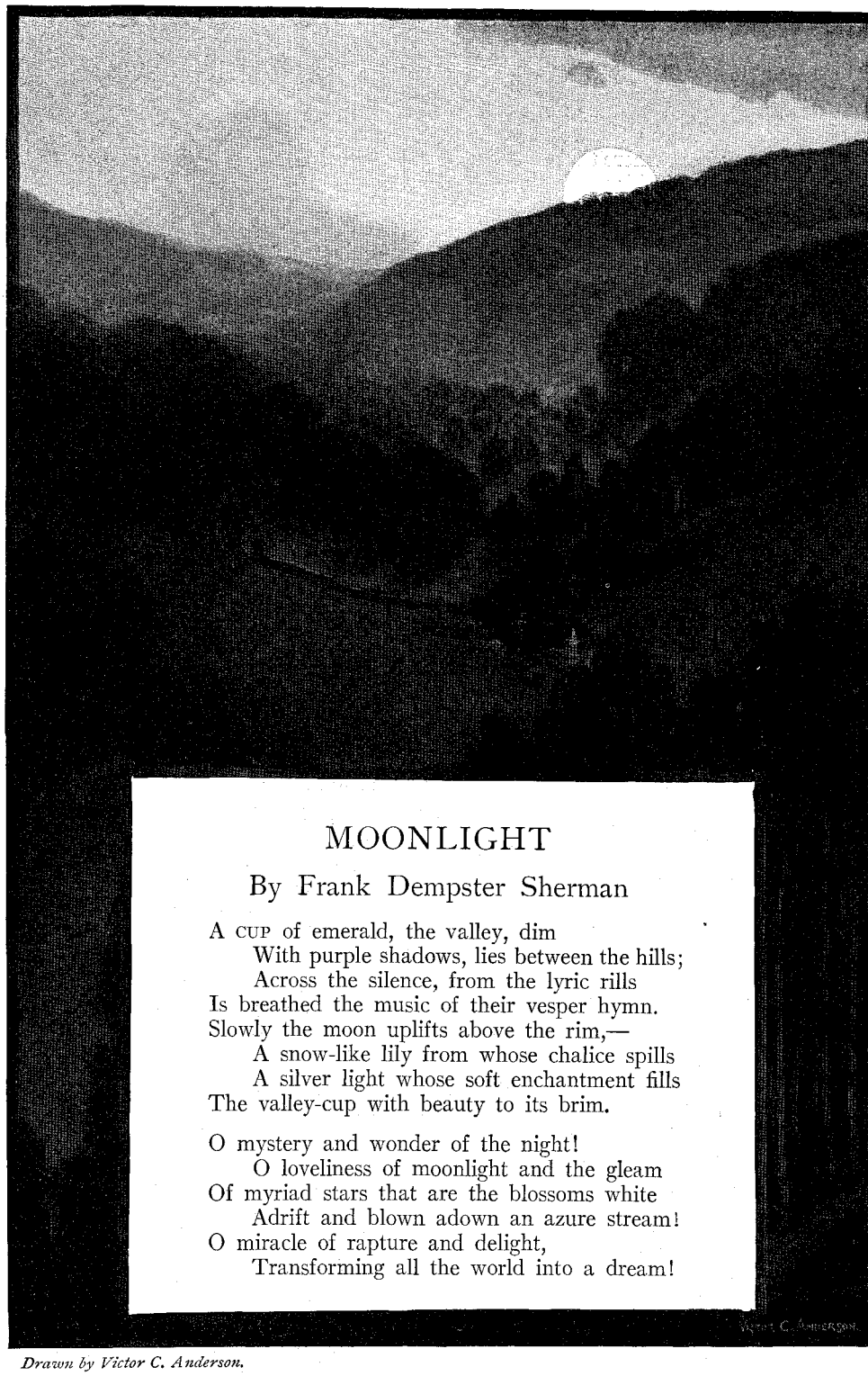

MOONLIGHT

By Frank Dempster Sherman

A CUP of emerald, the valley, dim
With purple shadows, lies between the hills;
Across the silence, from the lyric rills
Is breathed the music of their vesper hymn.
Slowly the moon uplifts above the rim,—
A snow-like lily from whose chalice spills
A silver light whose soft enchantment fills
The valley-cup with beauty to its brim.

O mystery and wonder of the night!
O loveliness of moonlight and the gleam
Of myriad stars that are the blossoms white
Adrift and blown adown an azure stream!
O miracle of rapture and delight,
Transforming all the world into a dream!

Drawn by Victor C. Anderson.

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STEVENSONIANA

BY SIR SIDNEY COLVIN

I

COMPELLED the other day by change of residence to clear out choked drawers of cabinets and go through bundles of forgotten papers, I came across various interesting things, and among them a few by or relating to R. L. Stevenson which seemed too good to be lost. They had escaped me previously when I was preparing his works and correspondence for publication. I propose here to throw them into a medley which I hope may be welcome both to the editor and to the readers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. I shall begin with a fragment of a kind of writing which he practised much at one time of his youth, but of which no other specimen has to my knowledge been preserved. Readers of the volume called *Vailima Table Talk*, by Mr. Lloyd Osbourne and Mrs. Strong, will remember a characteristic passage where he speaks of himself as having been in early days too much given to "fluting," that is, to aiming before all things at effects of verbal harmony and sweetness. As against most even of his earliest published essays and notes of travel this charge does not hold good; but they present passages, as do even his early letters, which might be quoted in support of it. The fault, such as it is, was most apparent in certain exercises of the year 1875, largely inspired by his study of Baudelaire's *Petits Poëmes en Prose*, which his vigorous self-criticism saved from seeing the light, though at the moment of writing they had given him acute pleasure. One, which he thought the best, on the *Spirit of Spring*, I was unlucky enough at the time to lose. I have found among my papers a copy of another, which may serve as a specimen of the *genre*. It is an Edinburgh night effect, witnessed in the company of Mr. Charles Baxter, to whom the essay is inscribed. The scene is rendered, as the reader will perceive, frankly as well as subtly, but the prose was perhaps too studied—towards the end even too honeyed—a quality of rhythm and assonance.

A SUMMER NIGHT

THE late summer twilight, dotted with lamps, lingered over the city; and here and there, where wide ways crossed each other on the ridge, beside the statues of kings and statesmen, one saw, far away to the north, thin clouds, and lakes of lucid sky, and the blue hills, sharp and still and solemn. The red lamp that marks a letter box burned like a bright carbuncle against the pale gemlike heavens.

The dresses of harlots swayed and swished upon the pavement. Pale faces leaped out of the crowd as they went by the lights, and passed away like a dream in the general dream of the pallid and populous streets. The coarse brass band filled the air with a rough and ready melody; and the fall of alternate feet, and the turn of shoulders and swish of dresses, fell into time with it strangely. Face after face went by; swinging dress after dress brushed on the even stones; out of face after face the eyes stood forth with a sordid animal invitation.

High up overhead, from the planted castle, from blue tower and battlement deployed against the sallow southern heaven, there went forth over the city the pulse of drums and the brazen call of bugles. The last tramway car brushed past with a gleam out of its lighted windows; the stooping figures on the roof stood out darkly against the sky.

The streets cleared gradually. Up into the sallow heaven floats the pale moon, almost quenched in the light of the summer sunset, that reaches its white hand out to meet the summer morn. The night wind searches and whispers along the vacant street; the leaves go shifting about the pavement with a loose uneasy noise. The vacant street lies long and

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dwindling before our eyes under the yellow alternate lamps. The great castle looms up, still and purple, into the white night sky. The low gardens gloom and shudder, and spread about their dewy lawns, and rear up their congregated chestnut leaves into the placid air. And now and again, with a clink of nails on the stone, the policeman carries his belted lantern past us, and down the shadow and shine of the empty street.

My friend and I sat long by the garden railing, until the pale moon faded into the paler sky, and the dawn prepared a great clean space for the sun to mount and colour: sat and heard wind after wind search and whisper along the vacant street, and scatter the eddying leaves on the even pavement, and stir among the trees of the garden like morning birds: sat and saw, one and another, the watchmen pass, and flash their lights on us briefly as they went by: sat and talked of the past and the future, and manifold schemes for our future life, and counted joyful months on our fingers, and were glad, like spendthrift heirs, to make free with the treasure of time. And at last, when the longing night was brought to birth of the day, and the shadows began to grow definite under the bunches of leaves, and the street lamps faded and became yellow spots on the white daylight, as before they had been yellow spots on the sallow eve, we arose and went each one his way with a sigh.

And as each went home, and the day fulfilled itself in morning sunshine, and the streets began once more to people and sound with traffic, this little space of oblivion faded away like the moon overpowered with light. Just as our shadow leaped out from behind and began to follow us with servile gestures, so the old habits arose and dogged our footsteps also; and duties awoke with the birds, and rights went out with the stars; and the day found us slaves, whom the night had left freemen reckoning the treasure of time.

May 26th, 1875.

The next extract I shall give dates from two and a half years later (February, 1878), when Stevenson had already published some of his best early essays and short tales in the *Cornhill* and *Temple Bar*, and was busy preparing for press his first book, the *Inland Voyage*. Writing, anxious and unwell, from Edinburgh, he says:

"The world is just going to pieces under my feet, Colvin; I can't sleep at night. I am so miserable. But for all that I am engaged in the confection of my cheery literature—sketches of Canoe Travel in France, or Pictures of ditto or a Canoeist's notes in ditto, or something of that sort. I began on Monday and have already eighty pages ready, calculating at a little over two hundred words a page; and as the whole will not be above two hundred such pages, I shall soon be ready for the wars. I have thought of Seeley: he might republish my *Autumn Effect* to make bulk, you see, and I have heard the A. E. so highly spoken of by Wedmore that I begin to take it once more into my bosom. Besides Fanny thought highly of it; and I believe her criticisms; for she is not a ready admirer. The new work has more go, and is more excursive; it is written with a running pen, hot and hot, and as the thing comes; pages and pages of it are my original journal written in inns, with hardly a word changed. Do you think Seeley would bite? It is very gipsy in tone. Do advise me, and believe me.

Ever your tiresome friend,

R. L. S."

And again, a week or two later:

"My book would have been done by this time if I hadn't fallen seedy. As it is, I have upwards of 150 pages of it done; taking 220 words to the page, which is more than I should like to see.

AN INLAND VOYAGE

'Thus sang they In The English Boat.'
MARVELL.

"Instead of trying to finish, I shall go back on the beginning, which wants some licking, and let you have all that's done in a day or two, probably by Tuesday. About Macmillan, of course I leave everything to you with the last of gratitude. But a small book like this should be in a small form, like the little old 16th and 18th century books, with catchwords,

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and the preface in italics. Now Macmillan would try to make it a big book and give me a page so ugly that shame would seize upon my heart whenever I looked at it: but of course that is a secondary consideration.

"Molloy was not a canoeist; he went in a four-oared gig. Moreover his book was not a book; it was only illustrated. Now my book is a true *Reisebild;* good or bad, well done or ill, it is the history of a man's life during some weeks of travel."

I had asked whether there was any risk of his finding the interest in his book forestalled by the *Autumn Holiday on French Rivers* of James Lynam Molloy, the song-writer; an entertaining and at that time very popular volume. In the end Messrs. Kegan Paul were chosen as the publishers, and brought out the book in a form agreeable to Stevenson's wishes, and with the addition of the charming symbolic frontispiece by Mr. Walter Crane. It may interest the reader to compare Stevenson's own account of the composition and aim of this firstling among his published volumes with the criticism of it by a veteran hand which I shall give later.

In Stevenson's correspondence as hitherto printed, his close friend and companion of those days, Sir Walter Simpson, the *Cigarette* of the *Inland Voyage*, fills a very small space. I found two mislaid letters to him, each containing points of interest, especially the following, written at the beginning of November, 1884, from the house occupied by the Stevensons near Bournemouth for two months before they were established at Skerryvore.

Bonallie Towers, Branksome Park, Bournemouth.

My Dear Simpson: At last, after divers adventures, here we are: not Pommery and Greno as you see, "but jist plain auld Bonellie, no very faur frae Jenniper Green," as I might say if I were writing to Charles. I hope now to receive a good bundle from you ere long; and I will try to be both prompt and practical in response. I hope to hear your boy is better: ah, that's where it bites, I know, that is where the childless man rejoices; although, to confess fully, my whole philosophy of life renounces these renunciations; I am persuaded we gain nothing in the least comparable to what we lose, by holding back the hand from any province of life; the intrigue, the imbroglio, such as it is, was made for the plunger and not for the teetotaller. And anyway I hope your news is good.

I have nearly finished Lawson's most lively pamphlet. It is very clear and interesting. For myself, I am in our house—a home of our own, in a most lovely situation, among forest trees, where I hope you come and see us and find me in a repaired and more comfortable condition—greatly pleased with it—rather hard-up, verging on the dead-broke—and full tilt at hammering up some New Arabians for the pot.

I wonder what you do without regular habits of work. I am capable of only two theories of existence: the industrious worker's, the spreester's; all between seems blank to me. We grow too old, and I at least, am too much deteriorated, for the last; and the first becomes a bed-rock necessary. My father is in a gloomy state and has the yellow flag at the peak, or the fore, or wherever it should be; and he has just emptied some melancholy vials on me; I am also, by way of change, spitting blood. This somewhat clouds the termination of my note.

Yours ever affectionately,
Robert Louis Stevenson.

The second letter was written during a short visit to me in July, 1887, between his return from Scotland and his departure for New York.

British Museum.

My Dear Simpson: This is a long time I have not acknowledged the *Art of Golf*, though I read it through within thirty-six hours of its arrival. I have been ill and out of heart, and ill again and again ill, til I am weary of it, and glad indeed to try the pitch-farthing hazard of a trip to Colorado or New Mexico.

Meanwhile, the *Art of Golf*. A lot of it is very funny, and I liked the fun very well; but what interested me most, was the more serious part, because it turns all the while on a branch of psychology that no one has treated and that interests

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me much: the psychology of athletics. I had every reason to be interested in it, because I am abnormal: I have no memory in athletics. I have forgotten how to ride and how to skate; and I should not be the least surprised if I had forgotten how to swim.

I find I can write no more: it is the first I have tried since I was ill: and I am too weak. Yours ever,

R. L. S.

The *Art of Golf* was a book by Mr. Horace Hutchinson with contributions (later reprinted separately) by Sir Walter Simpson. Stevenson's idea that he had forgotten how to swim, skate, etc., I suspect to have been merely a nervous impression due to the fact that years of ill health had kept him from the practice of these exercises. At least it is certain that in Samoa, where riding was the natural mode of locomotion, he rode well and confidently, with a very good seat and hand, although he had scarcely been on horse-back since he and his cousin Bob had been used to gallop about Tweeddale as boys on their ponies twenty-five years earlier.

Skipping now a space of five years, we come to the last and most important of the newly found letters. This is one of the regular series written to me from Vailima. It fills a gap in that series as printed, and should be read immediately before the letter narrating Stevenson's visit in the company of Lady Jersey to the camp of Mataafa in August, 1892.

My dear Colvin: You will have no letter at all this month and it is really not my fault. I have been saving my hand as much as possible for Davy Balfour; only this morning I was getting on first-rate with him, when about half past nine there came a prick in the middle of the ball of my thumb and I had to take to the left hand and two words a minute. I fear I slightly exaggerate the speed of my left hand; about a word and a half in the minute—which is dispiriting to the last degree. Your last letter with the four excellent reviews and the good news about *The Wrecker* was particularly welcome. I have already written to Charles Baxter about the volume form appearance of *The Beach of Falesà*. In spite of bad thumbs and other interruptions I hope to send to Baxter by this mail the whole first part (a good deal more than half) of *David Balfour* ready for press. This is pretty satisfactory, and I think ought to put us beyond the reach of financial catastrophe for the year.

A cousin of mine, Graham Balfour, arrived along with your last. It was rather a lark. Fanny, Belle, and I stayed down at the hotel two nights expecting the steamer, and we had seven horses down daily for the party and the baggage. These were on one occasion bossed by Austin, age eleven. "I'm afraid I cannot do that now," said he in answer to some communication, "as I am taking charge of the men here." In the course of the forenoon he took "his" men to get their lunch, and had his own by himself at the Chinese restaurant. What a day for a boy. The steamer came in at last on Saturday morning after breakfast. We three were out at the place of anchorage in the hotel boat as she came up, spotting rather anxiously for our guest, whom none of us had ever seen. We chose out some rather awful cads and tried to make up our minds to them; they were the least offensive yet observed among an awful crew of cabin passengers; but when the Simon Pure appeared at last upon the scene he was as nice a young fellow as you would want. Followed a time of giddy glory—one crowded hour of glorious life—when I figured about the deck with attendant females in the character of *the* local celebrity, was introduced to the least unpresentable of the ruffians on board, dogged about the deck by a diminutive Hebrew with a kodak, the click of which kept time to my progress like a pair of castanets, and filled up in the captain's room on iced champagne at 8.30 of God's morning. The captain in question, Cap. Morse, is a great South Sea character, like the side of a house and the green-room of a music-hall, but with all the saving qualities of the seaman. The celebrity was a great success with this untutored observer. He was kind enough to announce that he expected (rather with awe) a much more "thoughtful" person; and I think I pleased him much with my parting salu-

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tation: "Well, Captain, I suppose you and I are the two most notorious men in the Pacific." I think it will enable you to see the Captain if I tell you that he recited to us in cold blood the *words* of a new comic song; doubtless a tribute to my literary character. I had often heard of Captain Morse and had always detested all that I was told, and detested the man in confidence, just as you are doing; but really he has a wonderful charm of strength, loyalty, and simplicity. The whole celebrity business was particularly characteristic; the captain has certainly never read a word of mine; and as for the Jew with the kodak, he had never heard of me till he came on board. There was a third admirer who sent messages in to the captain's cabin asking if the Lion would accept a gift of Webster's *Unabridged*. I went out to him and signified a manly willingness to accept a gift of anything. He stood and bowed before me, his eyes danced with excitement. "Mr. Stevenson," he said, and his voice trembled, "your name is very well known to me. I have been in the publishing line in Canada and I have handled many of your works for the trade." "Come," I said, "here's genuine appreciation."

From this gaudy scene we descended into the hotel boat with our new second cousin, got to horse and returned to Vailima, passing shot of kodak once more on the Mulivai bridge, where the little Jew was posted with his little Jew wife, each about three feet six in stature and as vulgar as a lodging-house clock.

We were just writing this when another passenger from the ship arrived up here at Vailima. This is a nice quiet, simple blue-eyed little boy of Pennsylvania Quaker folk. Threatened with consumption of my sort, he has been sent here by his doctor on the strength of my case. I am sure if the case be really parallel he could not have been better done by. As we had a roast pig for dinner we kept him for that meal; and the rain coming on just when the moon should have risen kept him again for the night. So you see it is now to-morrow.

Graham Balfour, the new cousin, and Lloyd are away with Clarke the Missionary on a school-inspecting *malaga*,*

* Boating expedition.

really perhaps the prettiest little bit of opera in real life that can be seen, and made all the prettier by the actors being children. I have come to a collapse this morning on D. B.: wrote a chapter one way, half re-copied it in another, and now stand halting between the two like Buridan's donkey. These sorts of cruces always are to me the most insoluble, and I should not wonder if D. B. stuck there for a week or two. This is a bother, for I understand McClure talks of beginning serial publication in December. If this could be managed, what with D. B., the apparent success of *The Wrecker*, *Falesà*, and some little pickings from *Across the Plains*—not to mention, as quite hopeless, *The History of Samoa*—this should be rather a profitable year, as it must be owned it has been rather a busy one. The trouble is, if I miss the December publication, it may take the devil and all of a time to start another syndicate. I am really tempted to curse my conscientiousness. If I hadn't recopied Davie he would now be done and dead and buried; and here I am stuck about the middle, with an immediate publication threatened and the fear before me of having after all to scamp the essential business of the end. At the same time, though I love my Davy, I am a little anxious to get on again on *The Young Chevalier*. I have in nearly all my works been trying one racket: to get out the facts of life as clean and naked and sharp as I could manage it. In this other book I want to try and megilp them altogether in an atmosphere of sentiment, and I wonder whether twenty-five years of life spent in trying this one thing will not make it impossible for me to succeed in the other. However it is the only way to attempt a love story. You can't tell any of the facts, and the only chance is to paint an atmosphere.

It is a very warm morning—the parrot is asleep on the door (she heard her name, and immediately awakened)—and my brains are completely addled by having come to grief over Davy.

Hurray! a subject discovered! The parrot is a little white cockatoo of the small variety. It belongs to Belle whom it guards like a watch-dog. It chanced that when she was sick some months ago

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I came over and administered some medicine. Unnecessary to say Belle bleated, whereupon the parrot bounded upon me and buried his neb in my back-side. From that day on the little wretch attacked me on every possible occasion, usually from the rear, though she would also follow me along the verandah and as I went downstairs attack my face. This was far from funny. I am a person of average courage, but I don't think I was ever more cordially afraid of anything than of this miserable atomy, and the deuce of it was that I could not but admire her appalling courage and there was no means of punishing such a thread-paper creature without destroying it entirely.—Act II. On Graham's arrival I gave him my room and came out to Lloyd's in the lower floor of Belle's—I beg your pardon,—the *parrot's*—house. The first morning I was to wake Belle early so that breakfast should be seen to for our guest. It was a mighty pretty dawn, the birds were singing extraordinary strong, all was peace, and there was the damned parrot hanging to the knob of Belle's door. Courage, my heart! On I went and Cockie buried her bill in the joint of my thumb. I believe that Job would have killed that bird; but I was more happily inspired—I caught it up and flung it over the verandah as far as I could throw, I must say it was violently done, and I looked with some anxiety to see in what state of preservation it would alight. Down it came however on its two feet, uttered a few oaths in a very modified tone of voice, and set forth on the return journey to its mansion. Its wings being cut and its gait in walking having been a circumstance apparently not thoroughly calculated by its maker, it took about twenty-five minutes to get home again. Now here is this remarkable point—that bird has never bitten me since. When I have early breakfast she and the cat come down and join me and she sits on the back of my chair. When I am at work with the door shut she sits outside and demolishes the door with that same beak which was so recently reddened with my heart's blood. . . . I ought to add a word about the parrot and the cat. Three cats were brought by Belle from Sydney. This one alone remains faithful and domestic. One of the funniest things I have ever seen was Polly and Maud over a piece of bacon. Polly stood on one leg, held the bacon in the other, regarded Maudie with a secret and sinister look and very slowly and quietly—far too quietly for the word I have to use—gnashed her bill at her. Maudie came up quite close; there she stuck—she was afraid to come nearer, to go away she was ashamed; and she assisted at the final and very deliberate consumption of the bacon, making about as poor a figure as a cat can make.

Next day.—Date totally unknown, or rather it is now known but is reserved because it would certainly prove inconsistent with dates previously given. I went down about two o'clock in company with a couple of chance visitors to Apia. It was smoking hot, not a sign of any wind and the sun scorching your face. I found the great Haggard in hourly expectation of Lady Jersey, surrounded by crowds of very indifferent assistants, and I must honestly say—the only time I ever saw him so—cross. He directed my attention to all the new paint, his own handiwork he said, and made me visit the bathroom which he has just fixed up. I think I never saw a man more miserable and happy at the same time. Had some hock and a seltzer, went down town, met Fanny and Belle, and so home in time for a magnificent dinner of prawns and an eel cooked in oil, both from our own river.

This morning the over-seer—the new over-seer Mr. Austin Strong—went down in charge of the pack-horses and a squad of men, himself riding a white horse with extreme dignity and what seemed to onlookers a perhaps somewhat theatrical air of command. He returned triumphantly, all his commissions apparently executed with success, bringing us a mail—not your mail, colonial-ways—and the news of Lady Jersey's arrival and reception among flying flags and banging guns.

As soon as I had concluded my flattering description of Polly she bit one of my toes to the blood. But put not your trust in females,—though to say the truth she looks more like a Russian colonel.

August 15th.—On the Saturday night Fanny and I went down to Haggard's to

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dine and be introduced to Lady Jersey. She is there with her daughter Lady Margaret and her brother Captain Leigh, a very nice kind of glass-in-his-eye kind of fellow. It is to be presumed I made a good impression; for the meeting has had a most extraordinary sequel. Fanny and I slept in Haggard's billiard-room, which happens to be Lloyd's bungalow. In the morning she and I breakfasted in the back parts with Haggard and Captain Leigh, and it was then arranged that the Captain should go with us to Malie on the Tuesday under a false name; so that Government House at Sydney might by no possibility be connected with a rebel camp. On Sunday afternoon up comes Haggard in a state of huge excitement: Lady J. insists on going too, in the caracter of my cousin; I write her a letter under the name of Miss Amelia Balfour, proposing the excursion; and this morning up comes a copy of verses from Amelia. I wrote to Mataafa announcing that I should bring two cousins instead of one, that the second was a lady, unused to Samoan manners, and it would be a good thing if she could sleep in another house with Ralala. Sent a copy of this to Amelia, and at the same time made all arrangements, dating my letter 1745. We shall go on ahead on the Malie Road; she is to follow with Haggard and Captain Leigh, and overtake us at the ford of the Gasi-gasi whence Haggard will return, and the rest of us pursue our way to rebeldom.

This lark is certainly huge. It is all nonsense that it can be concealed; Miss Amelia Balfour will be at once identified with the Queen of Sydney, as they call her; and I would not in the least wonder if the visit proved the signal of war. With this I have no concern, and the thing wholly suits my book and fits my predilections for Samoa. What a pity the mail leaves, and I must leave this adventure to be continued in our next! But I need scarcely say that all this is deadly private—I expect it all to come out, not without explosion, only it must not be through me or you. By the bye do you know Lady J.? We had a visit yesterday from a person by the name of Count Nerli, who is said to be a good painter. Altogether the aristocracy clusters thick about us. In which radiant light, as the mail must now be really put up, I leave myself until next month.

Yours ever,
R. L. S.

The account Stevenson here gives of the hitch delaying for the moment the completion of his quickliest-written tale, *Catriona* (originally to have been called *David Balfour*); his statement of his own aims as a novelist (which may surprise some of the professing realists in fiction); the moving history of the parrot and the cat; the description of the passengers on the steamer, written a little *de haut en bas* —oddly so, for one to whose nature fastidiousness and condescension were foreign; the evidence of the lively gusto with which he played the parts first of local celebrity and next of political plotter, as he always played whatever part fortune and the hour might cast him for; his amused account of the boy Austin's poses of command (imitated, I am credibly informed and can well believe, from his own habitual airs of authority in exercising chieftainship among his retainers or in upholding English status in the islands against German): all these varied ingredients make of the above letter, it will be allowed, one of the most entertaining of the whole Vailima series. I much regret the accident whereby it was so long mislaid and forgotten.

II

So much by way of stray new notes and records of Stevenson himself, writing in his own style and person. Still more interesting to some readers may be the letter, not by him but to him and about him, which I shall give next, and which was also found in hunting as aforesaid through corners of old desks and drawers. The writer is George Meredith; the occasion, the publication of Stevenson's first book, *The Inland Voyage*. The two had but lately become friends, during a stay made by R. L. S. with his parents at Burford Bridge, within a quarter of a mile of Meredith's cottage home under the shelter of Box Hill. It was the hour when the reputation of the elder man, confined among his contemporaries to a very nar-

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row circle, was first beginning to spread among the younger generation, largely owing to the efforts of Stevenson and his friends,—among them especially Henley, who in *London* (of which he was then editor), the *Athenæum*, and elsewhere lost no chance of beating a resonant drum in honor of the neglected master. The reader will see that the letter is written from the "chalet," built in a high corner of the garden, where the novelist in these days worked and in fair weather slept.

BOX HILL, DORKING, *June 4th*, 1878.

MY DEAR STEVENSON: I had not time to write to you immediately after reading the book, but my impressions are fresh. My wife has gained possession of it at last, so I should have to run down to the house to quote correctly. She fell on the book, I snatched it, she did the same, but I regaining it cut the pages, constituting an act of ownership. I leave this to her to do invariably, so she was impressed and abandoned the conflict.—I have been fully pleased. The writing is of the rare kind which is naturally simple yet picked and choice. It is literature. The eye on land and people embraces both, and does not take them up in bits. I have returned to the reading and shall again. The reflections wisely tickle, they are in the right good tone of philosophy interwrought with humour.

My protest is against the preface and the final page. The preface is keenly in Osric's vein—"everything you will, dear worthy public, but we are exceeding modest and doubt an you will read us, though exquisitely silken-calved we are, and could say a word of ourselves, yet on seeing our book were we amazed at our littleness, indeed and truly, my lord Public!" As for the closing page, it is rank recreancy. "'Yes, Mr. Barlow,' said Tommy, 'I have travelled abroad, under various mishaps, to learn in the end that the rarest adventures are those one does not go forth to seek.' 'My very words to him!' said Mr. Barlow to himself, at the same time presenting Tommy with a guinea piece."—This last page is quite out of tone with the spirit of the book.

I remember 'On the Oise,' you speak of the river hurrying on, "never pausing to take breath." This and a touch of excess in dealing with the reeds, whom you deprive of their beauty by over-informing them with your sensations, I feel painfully to be levelled at the Saxon head. It is in the style of Dickens.

But see what an impression I have of you when these are the sole blots I discover by my lively sensations in the perusal.

Should you be in communication with Mr. Henley I beg you will convey to him my sense of the honour he does me by giving so much attention to my work. I who have worked for many years not supposing that anyone paid much heed to me, find it extraordinary. His praise is high indeed, but happily he fetches me a good lusty clout o' the head now and again, by which I am surpriseingly well braced and my balance is restored. Otherwise praise like that might operate as the strong waters do upon the lonely savage unused to such a rapture.

You should see the foliage of our valley. Come you to London on your way to the Continent, you must give us a visit. Whither do you go? How is the mood for work with you? In August I believe I am bound for Dauphiné, where a French brother-in-law of my wife, a militaire, has a *pied à terre* on the borders of Savoy. I am rather more in the mood for South Tyrol, but the invitation attracts, and Dauphiné has heights enough. My 'Egoist' is on the way to a conclusion. Of pot-boilers let none speak. Jove hangs them upon necks that could soar above his heights but for the accursed weight.

Adieu. I trust you are well. Look to health. Run to no excess in writing or in anything. I hope you will feel that we expect much of you. I beg you to remember me to yor father and mother.

Yours very faithfully,
GEORGE MEREDITH.

Coming from a ripe to a budding genius, from a man of fifty to one of twenty-eight, could praise and admonition, encouragement and a touch of satire, be blended more wisely and adroitly? Or could any words bear more sharply the characteristic Meredithian mint-mark? To us who knew him, the second paragraph in particular carries a quintessential flavor of the man. Those bits of parody in the

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styles of Osric and of *Sandford and Merton*—how many afternoons of rich hour-long talk do they recall, when the master, walking in the garden or on the hill with friends, would stop and fall to teasing one or other of them by imputing to him all manner of absurd adventures and parts in imaginary conversations, which the speaker would improvise with astonishing fertility and resource, and exultingly recount for the entertainment of the company. He would begin quietly and plausibly, until by and by his invention, taking wing, would soar as it were in ascending spirals into a dazzling empyrean of extravagant comedy and burlesque, where it would sustain itself unflaggingly, not without a penetrating glance shot from time to time at the true character and weaknesses of the person parodied.

The above letter will find its place in the collection of Meredith's correspondence which his family are about to publish, and from which extracts have already been laid before the readers of this magazine. I am tempted to conclude this section of the present miscellany with another letter by the same hand, one written to myself, which I found too late for admission to the family collection. It has nothing to do with R. L. S., and is very brief, but has a certain special interest as showing the mood in which Meredith received the news of the death of his illustrious senior, Robert Browning. The experiments in the Homeric hexameter to which he refers are now public property: I can remember as though it were yesterday his first reading them with his strong, masculine, authoritative voice and rotund, precise enunciation. On the other hand, I have quite forgotten to what visitor from America his message of courtesy was directed.

BOXHILL, *December 23rd*, 1889.

MY DEAR COLVIN: I don't like the account you give of yourself, and shall be glad to hear when you can take a day and night here with me. I will read you some hexameters—a version of the passages of the Iliad best known—sounding to me somewhat of the sea, a poor shell, but suggesting Homer.

Please tell your American that I am rarely in town, but that if he will come to me *any* day this week, he will find me here, happy to entertain him at dinner. Say it, using the phrases. He has but to write to me, naming his day.—Browning's death grieved and disconcerted me. I placed reliance on his active strength.—But, as to all old men Juvenal's × is right absolutely. Loss of friends gives us our *poena diu viventibus*.*

Yours ever,
GEORGE MEREDITH.

The reference, of course, is to the famous passage in the tenth satire, on the *Vanity of Human Wishes* (to adopt Johnson's title for it), where in reciting the penalties of prolonged age the satirist rises for the nonce into a strain of sombre magnificence second only, if second, to certain kindred passages in Lucretius. The mood here expressed was in Meredith quite exceptional. He had his dark hours, but was the last man to think tragically or indignantly of the common processes and ordinances of nature, as Juvenal makes us feel that he thought of them even while he exhorts men to submission and moderation of inordinate desires. Meredith's complaint is never against nature, but against the spirit in man which misreads her laws and murmurs at them. Acquiescence, unembittered acquiescence, was his doctrine; it was also, both by instinct and discipline, his practice. He lived after this for twenty honored years, and suffered more than his share of physical pain and infirmity. As disabilities grew on him (it is true they hardly at all impaired the energies of his mind), he bore them with constancy and cheerfulness, mellowing and growing the while in gentleness and in power of sympathy with other and younger minds.

But as we grow old and the ranks of our contemporaries—and worse, of our juniors—grow thin around us, there are moments when that mood of Juvenal may lay hold on any one of us. As I write, comes the news of Andrew Lang having fallen suddenly in the midst of the multifarious tasks which were his delight. It

*The mark is a plain cross. The passage runs:

Ut vigeant sensus animi, ducenda tamen sunt
Funera natorum, rogus aspiciendus amatae
Conjugis et fratris plenaeque sororibus urnae.
Haec data poena diu viventibus, ut renovata
Semper clade domus multis in luctibus inque
Perpetuo moerore et nigra veste senescunt, &c., &c.

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seems but the other day we were mourning for Henry Butcher, the prince of Hellenists and critics, the rare administrator and teacher, the chivalrous and charming Irish gentleman. And now it is Andrew Lang, his colleague in Homeric translation, the kind, learned, whimsical, often provoking friend of so many of us, who is gone; and we shall not see again the familiar figure, the shining silver hair setting off the dark-brown eyebrows and gipsy eyes, the chiselled features, the smiling languid face and grace behind which there worked intellectual energies so keen and varied, accomplishments so high, so insatiable a spirit of curiosity and research under a guise so airy and playful. A fault, or flaw, or perversity in him, no doubt, was the trick of flippancy which he allowed to spoil some of his work and which masked altogether from some eyes the true substance and quality of the man. Another was the habitual preoccupation with his own ideas which made his manner, to women especially, often seem careless and abstracted, or even rude, when rudeness was farthest from his intention. But toward his friends there was no man steadier in kindness or more generous in appreciation, as Stevenson had occasion to know, and as I myself can testify from more than forty years' experience. The thought of him carries me back to those days in January and February, 1874, when I first brought him and Stevenson together at Mentone. I suppose two Scotsmen, especially two sharing so many literary tastes, were never more unlike by temperament and training. On the one hand the young Oxford don, a successful and typical scholar on the regular academic lines, picturesque by the gift of nature but fastidiously correct and reserved, purely English in speech, full of literature and pleasantry, but on his guard, even to affectation, against any show of emotion, and consistently dissembling the perfervid genius, if he had it, of his race under a cloak of indifference and light banter. On the other hand, the hectic, brilliant lad from Edinburgh, eccentrically cloaked and long-haired, to academic eyes a truant and trifler, in the sight of respectability a questionable nondescript, with the rich Lallan accent on his tongue and the vivid, attractive, expressive ways, every impulse of his heart and mind flashing out in the play of eye, feature, and gesture no less than in the humorous riot and poetical abundance of his talk. But notwithstanding such contrasts of nature they soon became and always remained friends.

III

WHILE I was taking stock of the yield of my own forgotten repositories, my friend Mr. W. P. Ker, the well-known professor of English literature at University College, London, informed me of an unexpected Stevenson discovery which he had just made in his library and wished me to make known. At the sale of W. E. Henley's books after his death, Professor Ker had bought a bound set of the plays of Alexandre Dumas *père*—the complete series in fifteen volumes. He noticed that at the end of many of the plays some one had written critical notes in pencil, but did not guess who the some one was until in glancing through them he found an allusion to *Prince Otto*, worded unmistakably as from its author. In point of fact the notes are all in Stevenson's autograph, and are of no small interest as throwing light on his ideas of and studies in the playwright's craft. They date evidently from the autumn and winter of 1884–85, when he and Henley for a few months resumed with energy the experiment in conjoint play-writing which they had first attempted (in *Deacon Brodie*) in 1879. For years even before that Stevenson had been an eager student of dramatic form and method under the guidance of his elder friend Professor Fleeming Jenkin. Of Dumas as a master of romantic narrative he has expressed his opinion in an essay familiar to every one. The following notes show for the first time and in detail his views of the same prodigal and prodigious craftsman's achievements in the art by which he first won fame, the art of the stage. Stevenson set down these notes, we may assume, in order to get his ideas on the subject clear both for the benefit of Henley (also a great Dumas enthusiast) and for his own. I shall proceed to give the pick of them in the order of the edition (which is also the chronological order of the plays), for the

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most part without comment of my own: where such comment seems called for I have introduced it between brackets.

Henri III et sa cour.—[This was Dumas's first play; not the first written but the first acted; produced at the Théâtre Français in 1829 with prodigious success under the patronage of the Duke of Orleans, the writer being then a young clerk in the ducal administration of Woods and Forests. The chance reading of a chapter in a book which lay about in the office had suggested the choice of subject and period; the same period which afterward inspired the most brilliant, or all but the most brilliant, series of his historical romances.]

Here, in his first piece, is the cloven foot; a fourth act that has no part or lot in the play; a fourth act that is a mere incubus and interruption; that takes the eye off the action, and between two spirited and palpitating scenes interjects a damned sermon on the history of France. Poor Tribonian had a sore job to make up the fifty books of the Pandects; what was that to the labours of the dramatist bent on filling his five acts? I go as far as this: the natural division for the normal play is four: Act I, exposition: Act II, the problem produced: Act III, the problem argued: Act IV, the way out of it.

Napoléon Bonaparte.—This, the first Chronicle Play, is distinguished by a fine first act; it is strange how excellently the first acts seem to go. On the whole, it is infinitely superior to the *Barrière de Clichy;* infinitely inferior to *Les Blancs et Les Bleus*, which easily remains the masterpiece (i. e. among the dramas of the Revolution and the Consulate). The role of Nap. is excellently conceived and written.

Antony.—[The famous piece of hyperbolical passion and extravagant incident, the production of which was one of the critical events in the history of the Romantic movement.] Antony is psychologically false, but dramatically he is a devil of a lively fellow. A well-made, well-written play; as in a mirror, we behold the fashionable grimace of 1830.

Charles VII chez ses grands Vassaux.—This is so good a piece that, even with the incident of the vizor, I marvel at its failure. The secondary action is a great error; but it is so spiritedly treated that it does not weary. The verses every here and there are marvellously good (surely) for Dumas; uneven indeed, but surely fiery and with a kind of melody; nor is the piece without a kind of poetry. Yakoub and Bérengère are both finely conceived and powerfully written.

Teresa.—[A modern tragedy in which the plot turns on a double marriage, that of an elderly ex-general of Napoleon with Teresa, a beautiful Neapolitan, and that of the general's daughter Amélie with a young Frenchman of the old noblesse who had previously been Teresa's lover at Naples. Stevenson has written two notes, one after Act I, the other at the end of the play.]

I think this is as good a first Act as there is; that's is how I like them.—This is the best of all, I believe: this is a thoroughly good, straight, powerful piece of work. Five acts, rising one above the other; from a first act which is a perfect model of exposition, and leaves the spectator with all necessary knowledge at the immediate threshold of the piece, to the fifth, which is powerful and just. Delaunay [the general and father] is an admirable figure.

La Tour de Nesle. [The great acknowledged masterpiece among historic melodramas, the thrill of which can never be forgotten by those who first witnessed it in youth at the old Porte St. Martin theatre.]

Well, you know, that is how to do it. I defy the world to lick that melodrama.

Angèle. The poor character of D'Almivar weakens the third act; as bad characters will. The note that is missed in Henri Muller is that of uselessness; he should in the earlier acts develope his horror of his own uselessness, and then with hectic joy leap upon his opportunity; this would have twice magnified the rôle. To my taste, here is the corner stone rejected; it would have given a manly ring to Henri otherwise so sadly missed.

Paul Jones. Poor John Paul, to have come to this; for where will you find me in all literature such a dreary bitch? The piece is of course too put up. But Acts III, IV, and V have great merit,

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III and V particularly. Act V. Scene 2 seem about as good as they make 'em.

Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle. This play is a kind of confidence trick. Gabrielle would never have kept her oath; there falls the structure; but was the structure ever raised? I do not think so; the rendezvous, the letter, no, the whole business holds no water. Yet Act III is first-rate. [Two of the main impossibilities in this piece are, first, that the Duc de Richelieu should have been long in intimacy with Madame de Prie, yet have never seen her hand-writing, so that he could believe a letter of assignation written by her to have been written by Gabrielle de Belle-Isle; and second, that Gabrielle should not have broken her oath of secrecy to Madame de Prie at the desperate crisis when her and her lover's whole life and happiness depended on its being known that she has spent the night with her father at the Bastille, and that, while Richelieu believes that he has enjoyed her favors, he has really enjoyed those of Madame de Prie. Old frequenters of the Theâtre Français will nevertheless remember the effectiveness of the piece on the stage, and the genius with which Delaunay played the part of Richelieu. Stevenson, commenting on Delaunay's art, used to tell in particular of the slight shiver and sense of the night chill which he conveyed in his voice when he opened the window in the darkness to call to the cloaked figure outside.]

Mariage sous Louis XV. Stunning in all points, the trick by which the rôle of the Chevalier is saved is Dumas all over. But even I, the thief, am surprised to see how much of *Otto* is more or less unconsciously stolen from this play, which is about A. D. at his best. Not a dull word; not an unkind one; pleasant, chivalrous, alive.

[It is hard to see on what grounds Stevenson should here confess himself a borrower. True, the comedy ends, like the tale of *Prince Otto*, with the reconciliation of an estranged husband and wife; but this husband and this wife have made a *mariage de convenance* and each of them promptly begins to fall in love with the other after marriage; the wife finding her husband much more attractive than the object of her girlish flirtation, the husband eager to drop his old liaison with the Marquise in order to win the good graces of his wife: and the happy conclusion is reached through a series of brilliant scenes of comic intrigue in a courtly atmosphere entirely different from that of Stevenson's Grünewald.]

Halifax. [A comedy of which the scene is England and the date King William or Queen Anne, but the adventurer-hero has nothing to do with Halifax the statesman.]

This is as good as anything wants to be; as light as syllabub; as sound as oak; never halting a moment; of that equal strain of interest which should distinguish the comedy as opposed to the drama.

Les Demoiselles de St. Cyr. Yes, Phillip is very bad; Dubouloz very coarse, and St. Herem a despicable hound; a badly written piece; the intrigue well found, but too elaborately untied. The last two acts unworthy of the first two.

Louise Bernard. Pooh! The object of this piece is to lay before the reader the geographical problem: where was the house of the Gard? Do you give it up? Perhaps A. D. touched up the Marquis; if he did any more in this weak, pointless, rambling piece of nonsense, he gave himself unnecessary trouble, for anybody else could have done it as well as it deserved.

Le Laird de Dumbiky. [This historical comedy is to the English reader a screaming farce alike by its geography and its invention of proper names. The heroine and goddess from the machine is Nell Gwynne, styled "Nelly Quinn"; the hero a young Scotch nobleman, the Laird of Dumbiky (shade of Jeannie Deans's lover!), whose uncle, MacMahon of Susquebaugh (usquebaugh, apparently, diluted with the Susquehanna—a weird blend!) lives on his estate on the Tweed in the county of Durham, and opportunely saves the king's life on the night after the Battle of Worcester. Charles II, Buckingham, Chiffinch, Jerningham, all have their parts, and the whole tissue is like that of a dream following a surfeit of undigested Walter Scott,—*Peveril of the Peak*, the *Fortunes of Nigel*, and the *Heart of Midlothian* all three.]

I had a very bad recollection of this piece, which upon reperusal seems to me

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gay enough. The beginning is indeed weary and wire-drawn; but Act III begins to brisk up, and Acts IV and V are simply excellent. Act I should be simply cut out; a brief narration in Act II would do all that is necessary; and then there would remain four acts of very lively and pretty comedy. The geographical mysteries may be referred to; for the English reader they add a precious spice.

Une fille du Régent. No remarks; no fault to find. Patent A. D. and Co.: none others genuine. These narrative pieces are essentially comedies; dramatic comedies of the type of *Halifax* strengthened; a fine gay air, the most agreeable chivalry of motive, an excellent purposeful bustle of action; the most gallant, adroit, lively, lighthearted creations. Bubbles, but of what bright refractions! ["A. D. & Co." means Dumas and his firm of collaborators.]

La Reine Margot. For the third time I have broken down over this piece. Three times I have tried and have never got beyond the third act. It seems fatal. A fourth reading may bring me to the fourth; but I think not; some special distaste chokes me off.

Intrigue et Amour. [Adapted from Schiller's *Kabal und Liebe.*]

By the Lord, Mr. Schiller, you are the man; as I have never read the original, I can do no more than cry: Bravo! that is the way to make a play after all. No wandering; straight to the mark like a bullet, and yet ripe with excellent detail.

Hamlet. Few studies can be more instructive. Dumas, who learned his trade in Shakespeare, has here seized on the dramatic elements of this sublime but dramatically confused and very Elizabethan piece. It will be remarked: First, how strong and simple these elements are: Second, how much clearer they become in the hands of Dumas: Third, how little, from the dramatic side, is lost by the substitution of this bald patter for the just and weighty period of the original: Fourth, how the fourth act, here as in the original, is a disappointing and devious outwork, not forwarding Hamlet, but bringing out * * * [the text has here been cut into by the binder and cannot be read] * * * sort of secondary exposition and scaffolding for Act V. In six normal plays out of ten, this fourth act is a work of supererogation. Lastly, how the mind refuses Dumas's novelty of not killing Hamlet; how silly and wanton it is; and how different from the solemn music with which in the original that perturbed spirit escapes at last from all life's slings and arrows.

[Here again it is not easy to agree with Stevenson's appreciation. Surely such confusion as exists in Hamlet as played on the modern stage arises almost entirely from the customary suppression of that part of the plot which concerns the Norway wars and embassies, the personage of young Fortinbras, and the treacherous mission of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern with Hamlet to England. When these are reinstated there is unmanageable length, indeed, but no confusion. Dumas docks the play of these parts more mercilessly even than others have done; omits the first scene on the ramparts as made superfluous by the narrative in Scene II; introduces a commonplace love scene between Hamlet and Ophelia and shows Hamlet giving her the letter which she is afterward discovered reading; cuts out Polonius's injunctions to Laertes and setting of Reynaldo to watch on him; rolls up Hamlet's admonitions to the players into one scene instead of leaving them distributed between two; for the heartbreaking tenderness in bitterness of Hamlet's reproaches to Ophelia gives us a set of shallow speeches in rhymed rhetoric of the tritest kind; transfers the scene of Hamlet sparing the King at his prayers from before that of his mother in her closet to after it; and, finally, spares Hamlet his poisoned wound and death, and closes the play with the reappearance of the ghost, who proclaims to all the characters in turn their temporal or eternal destiny.]

Catilina.—This is a remarkable piece; it smacks of Maquet I think; the more credit to him! the prologue and first three acts are excellent; the fourth act is, what no fourth act should ever be, spectacular and full of incident; the fifth is idiotic. Up to the end of Act III, however, the piece runs on wheels, is full of excellent invention both in great and in little, is written like a charm, and rises in Act III to quite a high pitch both morally and intellectually. I begin to feel that too

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many of these plays are killed by spectacle; and too many have a fourth act that touches and changes nothing in the play. This, I remember, was said by the old man himself, I think of Hugo's Marion Delorme.

La Jeunesse des Mousquetaires.—I do not care for it. The subject is not suited for the stage. "The man who would lay his hand upon a woman." Nor is it, I think, well treated.

La Jeunesse de Louis XIV.—Well, all this cleverness thrown away; a languid action of the heart; a whoreson lethargy—alas, no tingling! too long, too slight, too dull. You must either make folk laugh or thrill.

La Conscience.—I much admire the first three acts, I may say the first five; but surely the way is lost in the sixth. This daring experiment succeeded; well, it was hard, and it was made, I think, needlessly harder by introducing so many charming characters and carrying none of them on.

La Tour St. Jacques.—[Founded on a tale of Xavier de Montépin.]

I have not had the courage to finish this dreary work. It appears that not even Dumas can wake the dead Montépin. It smells and tastes of sawdust; it is worn to the thread. I have read two acts, and O! suffer me to read no more! But I should dearly enjoy seeing it very badly acted by a local company.

Le Gentilhomme de la Montagne.—I have wearied of reading this piece. The fine plot of Calderon, containing a real drama which is, so far as I spelt out the original, avoided by the Spaniard with almost devilish ingenuity, is by the Frenchman buried under fourth-rate stage tricks à la Anicet Bourgeois. As a result the piece is flowery, purposeless, and mean. The plot is avoided here too with a kind of knowing, clumsy, under-bred swagger; not, as in Calderon, with an engaging and sincere inability to catch it. Query: who made this piece? Not Dumas, not Maquet, not Bourgeois: could it be Montépin? Compare the *Tour St. Jacques.*

Les Mohicans de Paris.—Very good; not a play; but quite as good fun. Jackal as good as they make 'em. Not quite so neat a narrative as, for instance, the *Guerre des Femmes,* but very capable and interesting.

Madame de Chamblay.—No; the old boy's hand was a little heavy; yet it has some strength and a good deal of his old chivalry. The Baron is delightful but the drama is never really engaged. What is the drama? The husband and wife? There was one there, but he has not treated it. It is another of his narratives and too heavily treated for the *genre.* A genial error, a genial failure; a failure, anyway.

Les Blancs et Les Bleus.—[A drama of the French revolutionary wars, the scene laid at and near Strasburg in 1793, the principal sympathetic characters are Pichegru, St. Just, and a young lad, Charles Nodier. By a pathetic irony of fate this last play of the broken and aging master, celebrating with high spirit the victories of the republican army of the Rhine in 1793 and the consequent carrying of the war into the enemy's country, was produced in 1869, the year next preceding the disastrous defeats of the armies of the Second Empire on the self-same battlefields.]

I had no idea what resources there were in this *genre.* Tableaux 1 and 3 seem to me as good as gold: the small change of drama, with wonderful effect, wonderful atmosphere and interest. A play on the lines of these tableaux, even without much more cohesion, might be great; but you would require an inspired company. For these two tableaus alone you require Tétrel, St. Just, Schneider, Nicolas almost of the first order, and good people for Madame Teutsch and Charles Nodier. In fact all that you dare to ask for a whole play. In fact every tableau of such a piece is a battle by itself, and has to be won or lost. Whereas in the legitimate and well-built play (with a small cast) even your dullest actor, supported by the movement of the whole piece, may be dull and lie in wait for his effect. All the same, this piece contains much food for thought. There is something to be done upon these lines if one had the genius; and the dullest of us could avoid Tableaux 8, 10 and 11. You may say they draw? they would draw tenfold more if there was drama in them.

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THE THANKSGIVING MATINÉE

By Virginia Tracy

Illustrations by F. Graham Cootes

THE Regnaults had been in hard luck. It was going to be better now, or, at least, they had thought so an hour ago; for the moment they could think of nothing but the black hate which had blotted out their love. They were young, and their love had been more important to them than any question of dark or golden fortune. But it seemed to each of them, now, that the other had killed it. As they had to get to the matinée at once they made allowances for life being carried on, for the moment, just as it used to be. But, after the matinée, they really did not see what was to be done with it!

Provisionally, therefore, Barbara—a tall girl, lovely as Diana, but with the round chin, the serious clear brows of a good child—Barbara continued, in all the triumphantly abased self-righteousness of her sex, to kneel beside the lumpy sofa of their lodging, and to transfer from it to Tony's suit-case those various and mutually uncongenial articles which are somehow never ready to be sent in any actor's trunk to any first performance. Tony could pack better than she, but Barbara was not one lightly to resign the responsibilities of wifehood.

So there was nothing for Tony to do but to walk up and down, humming "The Road to Mandalay"—a tune of which his wife was extremely weary. He did not do this out of mere callous braggadocio, but because he had to sing that song in his new part and he was afraid of it.

For though Barbara was still out of work, Tony was to open with Klein & Henshaw's resplendent, almost spectacular, production of "the international melodrama, 'Her Father's Daughter,'" that very afternoon. It was a point that rankled against Barbara in both their breasts that she, a professional, had allowed him to quarrel with her at such a moment. She comforted herself with thinking how it only showed to what suffering had reduced her! She might almost as well have been an outsider!

The truth was that if that much-heralded, eagerly awaited production had not decided to open in New York with a Thanksgiving matinée, waiving the usual out-of-town trial in favor of four dress rehearsals in a theatre closed for the purpose, the Regnaults would not have quarrelled at all. Actors are paid for performances, even out of town. But they are not paid for rehearsals, no matter how dressy. So Barbara had supposed Tony was down to his last cent, and had considerately refrained from speaking to him about her seat for the matinée, which, nevertheless, up to this very morning, she had wistfully, madly clung to the hope of his casually producing. Surely, he must have got her a seat somehow, if he had only begged a very bad one out of the management! Instead of that, what had he done?

Tony's connection with that international melodrama had been, from the beginning, a peculiarly intricate and nerve-racking business.

As far back as the preceding May, when that bewildering ill-luck which seemed to have fallen upon them almost with their marriage was already of a winter's standing, he had heard of "Her Father's Daughter," as a play containing a "leading juvenile." That is to say, the first male part, the character of the middle-aged money-king, was a "heavy" lead. Therefore, the suitor of the money-king's daughter, being the hero of the love interest, divided honors and became a "juvenile" or "light" lead. Now this was exactly what Tony was looking for. He was too young to play "straight" leads—heroes who permit no dividing of honors.

So as soon as Tony heard about that international juvenile he spent three weeks

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in trying to get himself seen by those in authority, and at last he got himself seen. Then Klein, one of the two managers, said that he hadn't a doubt Regnault could play the part, but it was the character of an English officer and he wasn't the type. The author said the officer was not English, but Irish, and that Mr. Regnault was exactly the type; but that the part was such a great part that it could hardly be handled by a Henry Irving mingled with Coquelin, plus the appearance of George Alexander in his first youth; naturally, therefore, Mr. Regnault—at his age—could hardly have had adequate experience for it. The other manager, Henshaw, said that the part was only the second part, anyhow, and there was hardly anything to it that he couldn't take any nicely dressed young fellow out of the dramatic school and get his director to train him into; so he certainly wasn't going to be crazy enough to pay any leading man's salary for it. And the director said that there was only one man in the profession who could play that part. That was a man who had stood by the director in stock for six summers, and he might be a little elderly and not one of your pretty boys, but by G—, he knew his business!

But when they had tried four other men in the first three weeks of rehearsal the manager that had believed in Tony's acting but not his type sent for him. "Tell you what it is, Regnault," Klein had said, "the part's not much, for all the trouble we've had with it. But every doggone one of them falls down on a little, no-account love scene that a few years ago a manager'd have cut right out, author or no author. You know the scene—it's that devilish 'Mandalay' business!"

Tony nodded.

"What's the use of a sort of comedy vaudeville stunt in the middle of a serious situation like that? Here this girl's quarrelled with the fellow she's engaged to when he's on the eve of sailing with his regiment"—the manager pronounced this last phrase with the happy ease of one to whom it has been made familiar by innumerable dramas—"and she's breaking her heart, and all that. Well, then, when he finds her alone in that tent, at that military garden-aprty, why don't they have a good strong scene where he can prove to her he's innocent?—something you can get your teeth into, as Pinero says. But no! She's got to say will he please leave her alone, because she's running over that song for the amateur theatricals to-morrow night and she finds it very difficult. And he's got to say he's afraid the fellow that's to do it with her, in his place, hasn't made the specialty of it that he has, and he would be glad to give her a few pointers. And that's where my trouble begins."

Again Tony nodded.

"He's got to sing and he's got to—well, not dance exactly, but sort of walk to time; kind of chassé round, you'll have to. You see, there has to be something *to* it, for the girl to keel over into his arms at the end of it, and fight her father to a finish, and follow him out to the African desert and all that. Because, *why should she?* You aren't even made to understand why she takes him back. There isn't any proof, there isn't any climax, nothing but lahdy-da! Nothing builds up toward the row with the father, and the end of the act goes flat every time. *There's nothing there!*"

He sighed. Tony felt a little depressed.

"The author thinks so much of the hero's love-making, while he's singing, I thought at first I'd try letting the singing go and getting a man that could *act*. Then I thought I'd let the acting slide and get some fellow with a voice that could just regularly *sing*. But"—"But now," Tony had reported to Barbara, "I gather that, as a last resort from failing celebrities, he has decided to try somebody who can neither act *nor* sing!"

For singing, Tony had a clear, true voice of very little compass, no great training, and no experience whatever in public use. He began to be fidgety, erratic, and extremely ill to live with.

Barbara had borne with him like an angel—no, like a wife and a professional—until this morning.

This morning, after three weeks of being snubbed and snapped at and relied upon; and frozen out by silence and eagerly appealed to; and adored and praised and petted and made love to and forgotten about; and treated as if it were her fault when the tailor sent home anything which didn't fit, or when her lord forgot a word in the lines she was continually hearing

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him—after three weeks of enduring, in addition to the tearing sympathies of her own hope, all the agitations and caprices of the artistic temperament on the rack, she had been standing in her mended, slinksy petticoat and shrunken dressing-sack, worn out, herself, with sleeplessness, suspense, apprehension, and the slow, crackling fire of the climax that approached, washing their breakfast dishes in the basin.

Tony, driven off from wiping them because he hurried her, was dressing and wandering up and down while he dressed, singing that tune which lately had been so constantly on his lips that it seemed to have come in between all their confidences. A choking and bumping sound and a faint smoke forced their way through the long undisturbed dust of the register, as if the cold and dead furnace were exhaling its own ghost. The smoke was followed by a smart, shaking-up rattle, and Tony, already jumpy, started and dropped his collar-button.

As, after a considerable interval, he reappeared with it from under the unmade bed, he remarked, "Well, thank Heaven for one thing! Whether I pull it off this afternoon or whether I get my notice, we'll eat no dinner in this mess! We'll go to a decent restaurant and give thanks in a bottle of good champagne!"

She looked up at him without moving. "And where will you get the money?" she inquired.

"Oh, I've got money enough for that, you bet!—I've been saving it all along."

Not until she could do it calmly, with proper self-control, did she say to him—over her shoulder, but in a voice to which Medea's must have been jocular—"And did you have money for champagne all the time that you didn't buy me a seat for your opening?"

"You were so precious careful not to betray the slightest interest in my opening—never to mention going to it, nor even to come to any of the rehearsals—that I supposed you didn't want a seat for it."

She was unbraiding her hair and she took up her brush which shook in her hand. "Of course," she said, "it never occurred to you that I stayed away from rehearsals because I didn't want them all to see how old my suit was." Her voice broke. "Goodness knows, I've tried hard enough to make some money myself—" As if at a signal, both volcanoes broke into violent eruption and chaos reigned.

Yes, it had begun about a theatre seat; but, once started, it had dragged with a wide net. Old scratches, overlooked when given, suddenly became inflamed and were exhibited as festering wounds. This was the first serious quarrel they had had since their marriage, and it is safe to say that by the time they paused to see what they had left out they had got in everything.

They had no idea whatever that nobody had done anything to any one except unconsciously to bear witness with the poet that life is thorny and youth is vain; also that no overwhelming amount of tranquillity and justice may be expected from two proud, emotional, and highly strung people, of no great mutual experience, who have been suddenly cooped up together for nearly a year of inexplicable bad luck: false alarms and deferred hope which work like madness in the brain. Worked, in fact, to the point of Barbara's answering Tony's last remark—that still he failed to see what she gained for either of them by having made him so self-conscious about that damnable song that he didn't know how he should get through it at all—by saying that if it had come to a point where she was interfering with his career, which she knew well was all he cared about, she would better go to-morrow, as soon as she had seen him through these two performances, and visit her sister in the New Rochelle stock. She thought very likely she could get work there.

To which he made answer: "As everything I say or do appears to become more distasteful to you every moment, perhaps that would be best for all parties."

And at that, indeed, they paused, terrified, looking in silence, with blank astonishment, at a sudden gulf, and saying inwardly, amazedly, "Is this I? Am I saying this?"

So that Barbara, with a feeling of throwing a line which he must accept, and folding, somewhat ostentatiously, an extra dress-shirt, added the pacific remark: "Of course, if the piece succeeds, you won't need me. You can afford a dresser then."

Oddly enough, he was not softened by this. He replied, "I hope so!"

Ah! Not only had he slighted her

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housekeeping and ceased to value her companionship, but he didn't like the way she was getting him ready for his part! "Perhaps it would be better, then, if I stayed away from your performance this afternoon altogether!"

"Just as you prefer, of course."

Now they both knew perfectly well that she could not possibly stay away that afternoon, because she had to help him in his quick change. Even had she been sitting in front—like all the other wives!—she would have had to come back to his dressing-room for that.

"Very well. As soon as your change is over, I'll go. I can get the five-o'clock train. If I make you so nervous about your song, I'll be better out of your way."

"Where will you get your dinner?"

"Dinner! I don't want any dinner."

"Well, I'm afraid I shall want mine."

"I don't doubt it!"

"You don't wish me to take you to the station, then?"

"I can go to the station by myself." His dinner, indeed! He had only mentioned it to show her how little he cared what she did! "You know—if I do go—I—I'll never—come back!"

"That's for you to say."

Then the silence fell again, more dividing and more definite than ever.

Was it necessary that he should presently break it by going on singing:

> "I've a neater, sweeter maiden,
> In a cleaner, greener land—"?

With a sinking and a shuddering sense of the approaching hour, the captain, the Honorable Larry, came to a pause. He stood gnawing a twitching lip and breathing greedily the mild, bright air that crept in between the smudged starch of the window-curtains. Out of the Babes' Club, opposite, all bright with window-boxes and boys in buttons, actors issued debonairly, going to matinées which they had safely played; or they went in to luncheon. Trying to steady himself while his boiling rage against his wife contended shrilly, convulsively in his pounding heart, against the mounting, dizzying tension claimed by the Honorable Larry, he fixedly watched people in holiday dress stepping through the thin, wintry sunshine, many of them carrying little blue or crimson flags. A tally-ho sped past with flourishing bugles. And as Barbara shut the suit-case the remembrance that it was a day of festival washed into her breast like a flood, and her magnificent, statuesque calm gave way to an innocent, a miserable blubber.

Now, if at that moment Tony had yielded to impulse, he would have dropped down and taken his wife in his arms and crushed the poor, drowned, swollen loveliness of her dear, discolored face in between his shoulder and his own cold, nervous cheek. But when one's love has been denied, one's honor questioned, and one's motives impugned, one must not yield to impulse. One feels that, somehow, everything depends upon not yielding to it!—So Tony merely fastened the straps of his suit-case and took up his hat.

Barbara rose to her feet, fetched her own wraps, and began fumbling with them. He said to her, in a tone of marble and of martyrized civility, "Do you intend to bathe your face?" But while she was bathing it he lost control of himself and called, "I've got to get out of this! Wait for you on the steps."

Barbara, coming out of the wash-closet with her features somewhat reduced in size and tint, looked about her for something to carry. She would have enjoyed staggering under his suit-case, but she knew she need not hope that this could be. He had, of course, taken it. But he had gratifyingly forgotten his straw hat; it was pinned up in brown paper, having been cleaned last night. As she appeared with this at the front door, Tony ran down the steps; and Barbara, sucking down the frayed finger-end of a glove which she had not had time to mend, deplorably followed him.

At the theatre no one would ever have dreamed that it was really afternoon. Nothing so fresh and clear as daylight could penetrate that smouldering electric atmosphere through which innumerable, tingling nerves confused and pricked each other as if with wireless messages sent broadcast through the murky air. The nightmare of the Regnaults' personal relations was only deepened by this more inclusive nightmare.

"Half-hour!"

Already! Tony began to worry because the villain's cigarette-case, which he had to use in the first act, had not been sent

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him; and Barbara flew zealously down into the hubbub of the stage, set for the duke's deer park, after the property-man. The leading woman—a "society" recruit, and still something of an outsider—sent a bunch of violets up to Mrs. Regnault "so she sha'n't be jealous of the beautiful way her husband makes love to me"; and "Amateur!" thought Barbara, in scorn. A friendly young Englishman stopped to borrow a match and wish Tony luck; Barbara handed him the matches and returned the grip of his hand. For though she was leaving Tony in an hour, he was none the less opening in a new part now. And a new part is a new part. Nothing can change that.

"Fifteen minutes!"

"Overture!" He was gone. "O-verture!"

She was no whit immune from the strain of that call, the contagion of that excitement. There it came, the ominous, gay leaping of the overture itself!

"First act! First act! Everybody down to begin!"

Oh, heavens, the curtain music!

She tingled not only for Tony but the play—"the piece," she called it, as one might say the ship, the regiment. "How's the piece going?" she would ask, as some one came up or down the stairs. "Well, it seems to be going kind of slow." Slow? Dreadful idea! Slow! "The audience's friendly enough, but the darn thing's got to get a gait on it!"

By the second act they were beginning to say that it was swaddled in scenery. "If they had a few less real deer and real motor-cars and a little more real action——"

"Your scene's going pretty well, Regnault?"

"Hm—hm," assented Tony, his quick change safely accomplished, revolving into the sash of which Barbara held one end.

"During mine," commented the loiterer on the threshold, "they were sitting on ice. You've got a laugh or two and the love interest."

"Well," said Tony, with a preoccupied smile, "in the third-act desert you've got a camel. That ought to help some!"

He stood back from the glass surveying the light and gallant figure that shone there in military glory, amending a touch of make-up, altering the set of his cap, the knot of his sash. His eyes searched the picture that he made about as personally, with about as much vanity, as a jockey tests his saddle-girth or a fencer bends his foil. Every nerve of his slender strength was pulled together for action; every gleam of his elastic spirit signalled him from eyes almost black with excitement and reported itself ready all along the line. But his touch, generally so warm and swift, was cold as ice.

Quietly, so as not to jar him more than need be, Barbara told him, "I'll leave all your third-act things laid out so you can get into them easily by yourself."

"Thank you!"

After that she couldn't have stayed if she had wanted to!

"Second act!" Barbara closed her eyes and then she heard him running down the stairs.

She went quietly about, picking up his first-act clothes, which he had left scattered all over the room, and laying out, as she had promised, his desert rags and bandages. Soon there was nothing more to do. She was not aware of any emotion. She put on her jacket and gloves, and was just going, when she found that she had forgotten her hat. She got it and stood drawing out the pins, and then she knew that she was going to have a crying spell.

Hastily she closed the door; she was so shaken by the sudden storm that she had to sit down and let her head drop into her arms and weep and weep. When she had exhausted herself with crying and with her efforts to cease crying, suddenly she heard a strange sound.

It was a crashing, banging sound with an extraordinary vibrating shake in it. The first terror of every one in a theatre is fire. Barbara leaped to the door and flung it open. The noise engulfed her at the threshold, holding her quiet in its stormy night. But it was not fire; it was only tremendous applause.

To this applause there was a kind of heart of laughter—not mirth, but excited pleasure; it was like a joyous wind banging and clattering in its course. Barbara had never before heard anything like it—at least not with mortal ears. But in the hearing of one's first youth there is always such a sound: the sound of fame, the sound of public welcome, the sound of the great successes of all time, of that fabulous

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first night which shines so far, mirage and siren song of a million legends. And Barbara knew it when she heard it, as Juliet knew the voice of Romeo. She said, "Somebody has made the hit of their life!"

She couldn't stir; she couldn't think. In that world of madly advertised camels, marching regiments, and real steam-boats, no speculation as to what might have caught the audience's fancy crossed her mind. Merely warmed and consoled to the bone by the delicious bedlam—as his own language consoles a man in a strange land—she stood there with growing, brightening eyes and faster beating pulse; and then, through the uproar, through the lessening, hushing surge, rising to assert itself, came thinly the notes of a familiar tune—

"For the temple bells are callin' and it's there that I would be——"

Her heart seemed to stop; her mouth opened, but no breath came.

"By the old Moulmein pagoda——"

"Oh!" she said. "Oh!—It's for Tony!"

Her knees shook, and she sat down on the stairs.

She did not know how long she sat there, in the half-darkness, as the music and the plaudits rose and fell. She did not consider that all this was nothing to her. The scene below was hidden from her by the walls of the set, the sides of the vast tent which covered the whole stage and shut the action completely from the view of any one behind the scenes. But she could hear well enough, and she let her head sink back against the banisters, half-listening and half-drifting in a luxurious maze. The tears that she had thought all spent poured from her tired eyes with a sweetness of relief like the tranquil, idle bliss of convalescence. The strain was over! He had won! He was riding a willing horse—and to what an undreamed victory!

"On the road to Mandalay
Where the old Flotilla lay——"

Sweet and daring his voice rose up to her; warm with color, thrilling with languid fire and high confidence, and, for all its correct cockney aspirates, adorably, inimitably touched with the softly broadening vowels, the winning, wistful, fleeting cadence that came by right to Tony from his Irish mother; but, trusting everything to rhythm and the lyric lift and fall, used rather by an actor than a singer.

"With our sick beneath the awnings when we went to Mandalay!
Oh, the road to Mandalay——"

Barbara began to be aware along what lines the Honorable Larry was conducting his unacknowledged wooing; to yield a little to the current of that floating, sensuous, questing, teasing melody, which reached her then like the call of all adventurous love, far countries, and the world of which we wonder—

"Where the flyin' fishes play——"

Oh, yes, he was doing it sensuously; yes, he was doing it dreamily! But with how fresh and keen and swift a sense, how bold a dream, all shot with sun and air and salty spray, with shine of sand, with wide, hot winds and open spaces! Was this what he had been humming while she did the dishes?

There was no stain of its origin upon it. It was the flash of foam on a wave, of a feather in the breeze or a bird in the air. It was impulse in its spring-time, it was blitheness exulting and youth come into its own; it was embodied joy. Never by one waiver in its foot-fall of high fortune did it betray the austere and giddying concentration with which any mortal must pull himself together before he can let himself go, utterly, upon the tide of lightness of heart. But she, who had sought to divide and claim his attention, she knew.

The song seemed to mount triumphant on a lifting wave—

"An' the dawn comes up like thunder out o' China 'crost the bay!"

That was the finale.

Volley after volley crashed its breakers over the foot-lights; the prolonged, persistent encore of an audience determined to get what it wants. Didn't they know, out there, that this wasn't a musical comedy?—that this was a play and they were trying to stop its action? They neither knew nor cared. The heart of Barbara, the injured wife, shouted in her, "Oh, glory!"

She fancied that she could hear Tony trying to speak his next line; she was almost sure of the high shriek to which the leading woman trusted her reply. The or-

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Drawn by F. Graham Cootes.

One feels that, somehow, everything depends upon not yielding to it.—Page 610.

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chestra struck up a cue for "laughs outside," repeated it, and gave up, vanquished. Barbara, running along her little landing, pressed herself against the brick wall of the proscenium arch which ended it. She stood, then, almost on a parallel line with the foot-lights, though far above them; and she could see down, across the stage, into the prompt entrance, where the stage-manager had begun to jump up and down, snapping his fingers to the leader of the orchestra, signalling, "Let 'em have it, then! Let 'em have it! Strike up!"

And though she was only waiting a suitable moment to leave Tony, something leaped in Barbara's breast, knocking and thumping louder than the applause that quivered through her like the thrill of a brass band. Opposite her, and close to the foot-lights, she could see a mere tiny, narrow strip of stage, and into this little blazing strip, of a sudden, Tony flashed. She caught, as he turned sidewise to the audience, the hilarious, incredulous twinkle of his eye. Barbara took hold of the little railing in front of her and clutched it tight.

There was a pause, a stir, a swell of music. Tony extended his hand, beating time for the lovers' rehearsal—

"For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple bells they say:
Come you back, you British soldier, come you back to Mandalay!"

They had got what they wanted! They were making him do it all over again!

Oh, that strange tune, the lilt of it, the ache of it!—its mingled strain played about Barbara's heart, crooning, coaxing, commanding, suggesting. And the heiress, too, had risen from the chair which he had placed for her. She had joined him. She was moving with him in the sort of swinging step which the Honorable Larry must show his sweetheart how to do with the man who was taking his place. And as they balanced the one before the other, it was in wholly recovered confidence that he bent his cajoling head to hers—

"Her petticoat was yaller an' her little cap was green,
And her name was Supi-yaw-lat, jes' the same as Thebaw's queen——"

Heavens, what a song! What a lover! What a caress of buoyant motion! The rhythm of their step swayed out of Barbara's sight. But she knew too well the often-discussed "business of the scene" not to be able to follow it. It had taken possession of her. As she stood there with lowered eyes it was she whom her soldier wooed within the hot, bright tent, all flower-laden, surrounded by the deep, aromatic dusk and summer night that opened into India and El Dorado. She had never had such surroundings for her own love story, but she had them then.

"Bloomin' idol made o' mud
Wot they call the great gawd Budd——"

Oh, he was bold enough now! They had stepped apart, but he was drifting forward and back with the drifting music, persuading his lady to try again; he was holding out his hand, and she, coming slowly toward him, allowed hers to creep forward. At the same moment Barbara's own hand seemed to lie, first passive and then clinging, in his grasp.

"Plucky lot she cared for idols, when I kissed her——"

Barbara closed her eyes and felt his kiss on her own mouth.

"When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun was droppin' slow,
She'd git 'er little banjo and she'd sing Kulla-lo-lo!
With 'er arm upon my shoulder and 'er cheek agin' my cheek—"

The heiress was back in her chair and her lover had flung himself beside her, with her arm upon his shoulder and his cheek against her cheek—

"Where the silence hung that 'eavy you was 'arf afraid to speak!"

In her dusky, lofty corner, Barbara felt the need neither to speak nor to move. She saw neither the tented walls nor the line of the foot-lights. Her trouble crept further and further back and was lost upon the road to Mandalay.

"No! you won't 'eed nothin' else
But them spicy garlic smells,
And the sunshine and the palm-trees
And the tinkly temple bells——"

She was alone with Tony, with his touch and his voice and the call of the music, that throbbing, lulling, soothing, maddening melody that rocked her senses as if it took her on its breast; while close to hers

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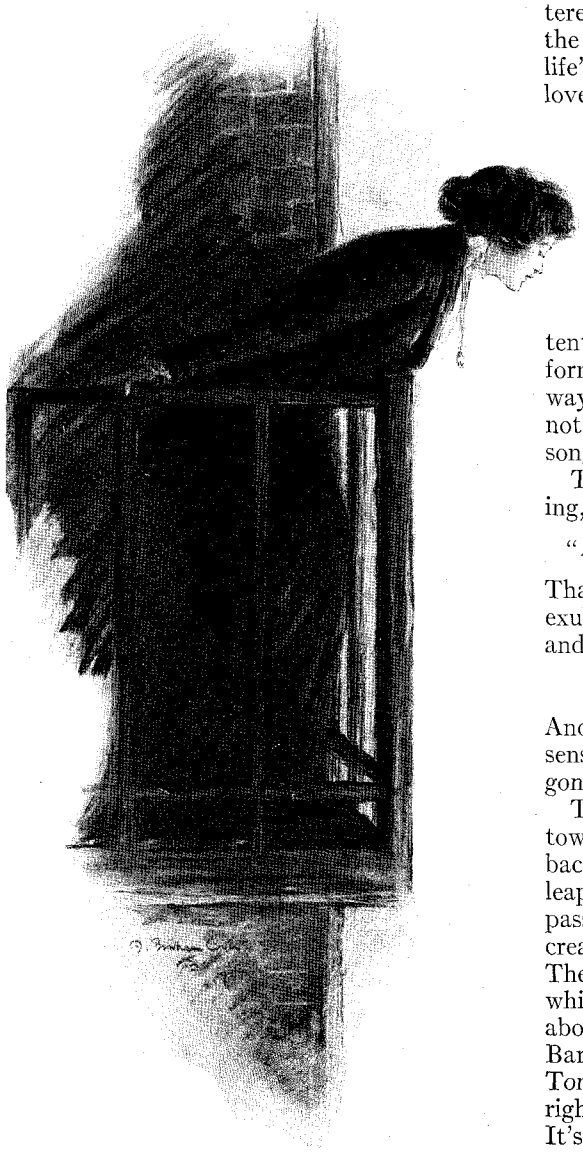

She could see a mere tiny, narrow strip of stage.—Page 614.

the boyishness of his dark head, the clear smile of his eyes, the eager challenge of his lips were the only things she saw. No cajolery nor dalliance in that singing now! Pure flame, pure feeling, midsummer madness, and all the joy of life!

"*If you've 'eard the East a-callin' you, you won't never 'eed naught else!*"

It didn't matter about the ticket! It didn't matter about the quarrel! It only mattered that out of the jar and the fret and the daily grind he had brought back to her life's magic and the youth of their lost first love! What was it that the manager had said?—"There isn't anything there . . . there's no proof, no reason . . . you never understand why the girl takes him back——"

The music was rising toward the finale. The Honorable Larry was swinging backward with his chorus toward the curtains of the tent. And the heiress, who had but informally surrendered, was watching the way he would make the exit, if he—and not that other man—were going to do the song with her.

The house was very still, leaning, watching, taut and tense and hardly breathing—

"An' the dawn comes up like thunder——"

That was the deep, swelling note, secure, exultant, profoundly masculine, of farewell and pastures new—

"Out o' China crost the bay!"

And he was gone! There was the instant's sense of a desolate and empty tent, a stage gone dead.

Then the rush of the repentant heiress toward the curtains, calling, "Oh, come back, you British soldier!" And then the leap of the young, the almost laughing passion in those two flushed and radiant creatures meeting in each other's arms. They stood thus "holding the picture" while the applause rocked and roared about them. And far off in the darkness Barbara was saying into his breast, "Oh, Tony! Oh, Tony, all right, all right, all right! I forgive you! Oh, forgive me! It's over now and I understand! And everything's all right!"

She did not know how many times he sang or bowed an encore, nor how the big scene went; as far as she was concerned, the calls at the end of the act might have blended with that first deluge. Until at length she noticed that, all the ensembles being over, everybody but the leading woman and the heavy lead—who remained bowing and bowing as the curtain rose and fell—was bolting from the stage for the dressing-rooms.

Barbara ran to the head of the stairs to catch Tony's eye with consolation as he

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came up. As soon as he saw her he would know that she had chosen to stay and all was well.

Bounding up the steps, he was caught in a swarm of supers, and as he made his way amongst them there came through the redoubled violence of applause the voice of the assistant stage-manager calling Tony's name. Instantly the shout for him seemed to come from everywhere.

For the audience was insisting that Tony come forward alone, like a full-fledged star, to take his call. The stage-hands grinned, and the pausing, peering, crowding company stood a-tiptoe and applauded in the entrances, jibing at him as he passed, "Hustle up, king of the carnival!" or "There's a hot time in the old town to-day!" The heavy lead said, well, of course, he didn't pretend to be a song-and-dance artist himself! And the heavy villain said, of course, if he'd known that he was engaged to support a *star!* The deer parks and the deserts, the steamboats and the camels were neglected and unthought of; the managers were wondering how much they would have to raise Regnault's salary to keep him; the critics were already planning their tale of the man who, at a Thanksgiving matinée doomed to pass into a legend, had leaped into fame and fortune merely by walking about a stage and singing a song, when that friendly English boy screeched out to Barbara as he passed her, "Well, how about it? What price our Tony now?" . . . Then, and not till then, did Barbara wonder with what countenance she was to declare her change of heart! She had quarrelled with Tony in the dead and gone hour ago of his obscurity. Was she to throw herself into his arms at his success?

Through the medley, out past the curtain, before the audience went Tony. What would the first stare of his surprise as he saw her say to her when he came back? How would he take it? What could she say to him? Perhaps he would see her as he came off. Would his amazement beam with consolation?—or frown with rage and scorn? She could only wait, while still she felt that crazy house leaning to him, flushed and breathless, warm with the warmth he had lighted in its imagination, stirred with the thousand beating fancies of the link that he had woven between itself and joy.

It was as if it called out to him with a single voice, to him who had only lightly moved and sung a song. Not Hamlet nor Othello will ever hear quite that wordless cry. If it had had words it might have said: For them that cleanse and heal us, profundity and silence and thanks beyond our sound.

But, to the custodian of delight, to him who can make us forget our age and our weight and our business, to him who—disentangling us from our offices and our marketing, our servant problem and our suburban time-tables—can take us with him on the pagan and the lyric flight of charm, to the creature who comes before us with—simply!—happiness in his hands, we can only cry out, "Give it to us!"

That is what we mean by all this uproar. "Give it to us. We need it so badly. The dryness in our hearts is just as thirsty as if we were all beautiful and young. That fugitive and aerial thing, scattering light and mystery, perfume and freshness, that passes and yet haunts us in a tune, we desire it as keenly as ever some Mercutio did or Columbine, and for a little minute we are quickened with it now! Pour into us all that rapture, all that swiftness, all that glad and winged passion; that instinct for the liberty, the impulses, the motion of life, the color and wildness and sweetness of life, and, before all, that deep, deep agreement, that harmony with life itself! Do not give it to us once, as the other and remoter artists do, give it again and again and again; give it as if you could never be empty and never be weary; fashion it for us, here and now, out of your body and spirit; bring it up from the strength of your heart; weave with the last, last pulse of your vitality the spell that frees us, and—pouring your soul into ours—make us live! "Oh, come back, you British soldier, come you back to Mandalay!"

He did see her as he came off. But where was his surprise? He favored her with a broad wink and waved his hand. She took the truth squarely, fair and true between the eyes. He was not surprised to see her because he had forgotten that she meant to go! The scene that had won back her heart had taken all of his. His

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wife, for all he knew, had left him. And he had forgotten it in a song.

"Well, it's been a Thanksgiving matinée for us all right!"

Thus innocently spoke the husband, sitting in his dressing-room after the performance, as he rubbed the last traces of make-up from his face. "And now for our dinner-party!"

She was standing, silent, by the make-up shelf. And suddenly he leaned over, drooping his head upon her arm and burrowing his face into her sleeve. "To-night all over again! And a run of hundreds of nights! Oh, Tony's all in, Barbe!" he told her. And still she did not break her silence.

He drew back, lifting his eyes to hers, and very slowly a deep flush began to rise and darken over his face. He put out one hand and took hers. "Darling!" he cried. "To think I should have forgotten that we were divorced!"

"Oh, Barbara"—he touched again, so anxiously, her deep, impassive wound—"it wasn't I—oh, never I!—who forgot. It was just that other fellow—that fellow on the road to Mandalay!"

She lifted her sombre eyes, flashing for a moment with the old, unchastened Barbara who had never been called upon to lend her husband to the world. Then, as their looks rested steadily, each on each, there came to her, like the voice of that revealing day, the deep, deep conviction that there were a great many things which didn't matter—especially when there were so many that did. "Tony," she said, "I saw the scene. I guess I—know about it." He gave an exultant, wondering little laugh. And she dropped beside him and hid her face upon his breast.

For what did she intend to do with an actor if she didn't mean to lend him to the world? Could he ever have given that world its beautiful, desired Thanksgiving if he had kept back a little piece of himself to worry about his own? If, in his turn, he hadn't been willing to lend, for a while, his life to—no, not to the world, but to—that other fellow? Wasn't that what he was—for? It had not been done for nothing. It was true that he was "all in." And since there was a cost to be reckoned with, did she wish not to pay any share in the reckoning?

He felt her native seriousness stirring in his arms, and she lifted herself a little from him, before she said, "Tony, I was wrong. I'm glad it was me that was wrong. It makes me feel like praying to think of going out with you into Broadway, and the dusk, and the cold, and the lights—after—everything!—and being alone with you, in the crowd!—when I might have gone alone, by myself! To think of our having our dinner together, at a little table with shaded candles, in a corner!—when I meant it to be—all off—at dinner-time! Tony, I do thank God I saw the scene, even if you didn't get me a seat! I was just carried away by it at first. But I know, all the same—oh, I'm enough of an actress for that!—what a *pull* it must have been beforehand. And what's the use of trying to pull another way? I thank goodness I married an actor that can *act!*—even if he can't remember to be miserable!"

The relief and the tenderness of his heart wrung it with a sweetness that was like pain. He held her off by the shoulders, scanning her face with a touch of that laughter which was, after all, the very beating of his blood. "You don't happen to know," he asked her, "of anything for which *I* could suitably give thanks? You don't think that perhaps it's just as well for me that I married somebody who wasn't—an outsider? . . . And now, really, dinner!" he insisted.

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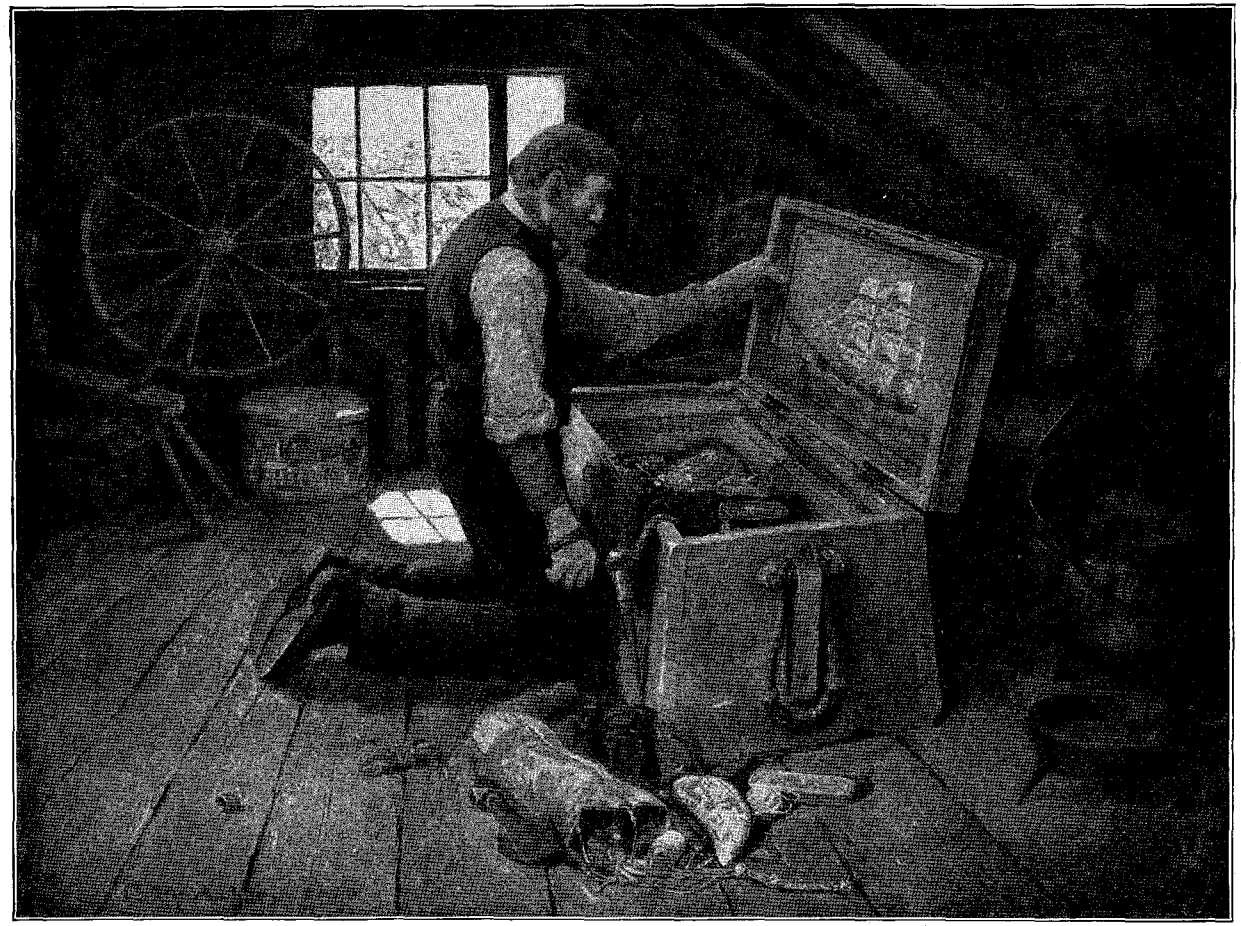

Drawn by Clifford W. Ashley.

The Old Clipper.

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COLLEGE LIFE

A WORD TO FATHERS WHO HAVE NOT BEEN TO COLLEGE, BUT WHOSE SONS WANT TO GO.

By Paul van Dyke

AT the North Pole Peary raised an American flag given him by his wife, which he had carried "wrapped around his body on every one of his expeditions north," and, next, the colors of the Delta Epsilon Fraternity, "in which," he writes, "I was initiated as a member while an undergraduate student at Bowdoin College." In the hour when, at the age of fifty-three, he realized the dream of his youth, followed along the paths where scores of his predecessors had died of cold, exhaustion, and hunger, three feelings stirred within him—love of his country, affection for his family, and grateful memories of his college life.

The phrase "college life" is an Americanism and it has no equivalent in any other language but English. It describes, to those who use it with understanding and sympathy, an experience out of which grows a deep sentiment made up of pleasure, friendship, affection, loyalty, and pride. It seems to them "a tender influence, a peculiar grace," that reaches out across miles and years, drawing them back to their Alma Mater, and the comradeship of their classmates. To most graduates their college life seems their golden age; through the mist of years the campus becomes an island of Utopia whose very tediums grow bright in the retrospect, the sting of whose sins and failures was always lessened by the power of the ideals and hopes that filled its air. No campus ever was a Utopia, and the most golden age of memory has doubtless been much alloyed with baser metal, but if there is not something very bright and beautiful in American college life it is hard to account for the feeling in thousands of gray-haired men that long ago in their youth, besides the education they got or failed to get, they gained around the knees of Alma Mater lasting joy, strength, and inspiration that was not entirely contained in the books they read and cannot be exactly measured by the knowledge they acquired.

The reputation of college life is now threatened by three misunderstandings.

The first of these misunderstandings is the idea that college life has, as one of its peculiar and essential elements, a large amount of extremely foolish and even vicious excitements.

Of course it is impossible that hundreds of young men, from eighteen to twenty-three, should be gathered together without having a great many foolish, and some bad, things happen among them. Any one with a taste for cynical reflection can find food for it in the spectacle of college athletics, but he makes a great mistake if he thinks of those exaggerations and undue excitements as in any sense a peculiarly college matter. The wild orgy of applause over a foot-ball game is not collegiate. It is American: the display of a racial characteristic in one of the least harmful of its manifestations. Organized cheering and the snake dance pale before the demonstrations of a convention where the leaders of politics gather together to take counsel for a change in our rulers. After reading silly articles in leading newspapers about some college athletic hero, you would be astonished, should you meet him, to find him a very quiet-spoken, hard-headed young gentleman, passionately devoted to his college and willing to make any sacrifice for her sake, but with a humorous appreciation of the idiotic side of the hysterical applause he had received. This common-sense of the campus is swimming hard against the tide of exaggeration which is due to our over-strenuous American temperament. It has done so much already that the country could congratulate itself if the great game of politics was con-

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ducted with as much fairness, courtesy, and good sense as the leading colleges now show in their athletic contests.

As far as vicious excitement is concerned, it must be pointed out at the beginning that, in one particular, many of our colleges have put their worst foot foremost. The class reunions, which have become so prominent a feature of their commencements, bring back hundreds of graduates. A few intoxicated persons circulating in an atmosphere of general hilarity, where grown men become boys again and let themselves loose for any sort of wild fun, may easily give a false impression about the entire mass of harmless revellers. However great or small the number of those who are drunk on these occasions may be, any one who knows will tell you that such scenes are not characteristic of campus life. It is safe to say that at commencement time the cases of drunkenness around the campus exceed those of all the rest of the days of many years put together.

Young men do go wrong in college. Young men living at home under their parents' eyes go wrong. It is impossible to find any place where a young man may not go wrong. But he has to break through greater safeguards on the campus than in the average city, town, or village. The "tough crowd" is there in the minority. The campus model is a straight, clear-eyed, clean-cut young man who has won the respect of his fellows by self-respect. Get together the officers of the senior classes of fifty American colleges, and I venture the assertion that a single glance at their faces will show that nine-tenths of them are of this type. Here, for instance, is a college of fourteen hundred undergraduates who come from forty-five States, and from about five hundred cities, towns, and villages. Is there one of the places they come from without evil influences? From these places, have not, on the whole, a good class of boys gone to college? Have the lazy, worthless, and vicious boys, the precociously evil, the hangers around drinking-places, gone? Many have not cared to go or felt unable to go, who were the best boys of the community; but have the worst, as a class, been willing or able to do the necessary study to enter college?

The second misunderstanding is that college life is luxurious and aristocratic, apt to unfit a man for the hurly-burly of the world and close contact with the generality of his fellows.

It is a little strange that this charge should be brought, as it has been, with new vigor just now. There never was a time when a man who showed a lack of sympathy with the general run of his fellowmen or was afflicted with an aristocratic temper or a proud bearing, would be less apt to come before the public mind as a candidate for the presidency than the present. But the ten men whose names have been most in the public prints as possibilities for the presidency are all college men. Bryan, Clark, Harmon, Hughes, La Follette, Marshall, Roosevelt, Taft, Underwood, Wilson—all these have had the experience of college life. It might be objected that since their day college life has grown less simple; and that is true. The average college dormitory of to-day is more comfortable than the one of thirty years ago. But so has all American life grown more comfortable. The increase in the scale and cost of life on the campus has not kept pace, in the last thirty years, with the increase in the scale and cost of living in that sort of American home which represents about the average of the well-to-do. Fortunately, the poor boy who is working his own way is always on the campus. His modest budget lowers the average cost—his example and society help to keep down the scale of living in a way represented by no influence outside the campus. For the idea that men in college life rank according to their wealth is one of the most unblushing falsehoods that ever was offered to that part of the public which prefers sensational statement of a denunciatory kind to real information.

It is easy to get away from the advantages of inherited wealth but it is very hard to get away from its disadvantages. A father recently wrote thus to a New York paper: "My father was poor and I had to work, . . . but I have grown rich at it. . . . What interests me now is, What is going to happen to my boy when he grows up? We read in the papers how this or that rich man's son is firing a locomotive, and we get a picture of the young man in

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overalls, showing how hard he is working, and, in truth, he may be a husky and wholesome youngster; still he has the handicap of wealth. Everybody knows he is a rich man's son . . . and how can he breathe the free, common air, be counted a man for his own sake alone? Why, he simply can't; it is not in the nature of things hat he should." It is difficult, but I believe there is no place in America where the expectation of a big inheritance has as little attention paid to it as on the campus—where it is as little talked about among a boy's associates and influences the attitude toward him as little.

The point of the charge of fostering aristocratic feeling, as it is brought against college life, is the existence of clubs, societies, or fraternities. Here again the fundamental error is frequently made of treating this tendency to form social groups as if it was peculiarly a college matter. Every little country town in America is filled with organizations which are really social. The undergraduates have merely been doing for the last seventy years what their fathers have been doing. And it would be as unreasonable and as futile for the faculty of any large college to forbid all social organizations as for the legislature of New York to pass a law prohibiting them in all towns under ten thousand inhabitants. The result in both cases would be a crop of such clubs, hidden, rebellious, more or less consciously bent on evil-doing. It is not true that these organizations generally exercise an evil tyranny over college life. That college graduates are more or less moulded to type is true. The college ought not to be ashamed of it, but proud of it, if the type is a good one. A recent critic of college life gives, as an instance of social tyranny repressing individuality in one of the oldest eastern universities, the fact that the editors of its magazine would not publish a manifestly exaggerated editorial ridiculing the holding of required daily chapel. The incident is rather a certificate of character than an indictment. So far as the social organization of any college suppresses what the average American means by the "Smart Aleck" spirit, it does good service to the young men living on the campus and to those among whom they are to live after they graduate. No vigorous originality will ever be strangled by such a repression, and, in the proverb of one college, "It is better to go on saying things some other fellow has said, than to say something new that never ought to have been said at all."

There is another direction where, on many campuses, the repressive power of organized public opinion is plainly good. A graduate of an American college spent an evening with half a dozen students of Paris, in the room of one of them. For about an hour they discussed freely their habits, their feelings, and the philosophy of life on which they based them. At last he rose, said good-night, thanked them for their hospitality, and added: "I want to say to you men that if this crowd came into any room on the —— campus and talked as you have been talking about what you do and what you think it right to do, you would be fired out, and you would either have to live entirely by yourselves or leave the campus."

These two misunderstandings, whose origin is outside the campus, cause some students to start wrong in college and grievously disappoint others, but they are far less pernicious in their effects on college life than a third popular delusion.

The idea is quite firmly and widely held that the advantages of college life are a thing entirely apart from what one can learn in college—that a student can get the best out of his college life by not studying very much. This delusion takes its sharpest and commonest form in the opinion that the high-stand man, the distinguished scholar in college, is not apt to do as well in after life as the man who stands lower in his class and escapes all distinction in his studies. It is possible to find parents who suggest to their sons that it is not necessary or even desirable to do too well in academic pursuits, because high-honor men in college never amount to much afterward. Students who anounce this judgment at the family dinner-table with great emphasis and abundant scorn for those who question it, are quite common. This delusion exists; it is difficult to imagine what its origin was; it is certain that it is in the very teeth of the facts. The writer has made recently a little investigation in regard to the high-honor men in certain classes in Harvard, Yale,

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Princeton, Brown, and Amherst, taking as a basis the names included in "Who's Who in America" for 1910–11. It is perfectly true that only a very small part of the successful men are included in that book. It is probably also true that some are included in it who are not really so very successful after all. But for the purposes of this inquiry the seventeen thousand five hundred and forty-six names included in that collection are sufficient. The charge which this popular delusion brings against the high-honor man is that he is inefficient in practical life, that, however much he may have learned out of books, "he is not able to hold down a job in real life." Now, a man who is not able to hold down a job is just the man who does not get into that list. The scholar who knows a lot if he could only teach it, the littérateur who talks of the book he means to write some day, the learned lawyer who lacks clients, the able clergyman whose friends are surprised to find themselves falling asleep over his sermons—these classes, popularly supposed to be recruited chiefly from the high-honor men of our colleges, do not get their names into "Who's Who." It therefore affords a test of the truth of the popular delusion that the high-honor man is inefficient in after life, except that it is unfavorable to the class tested because of the very large number of men, in the best sense successful, who are not included in it.

The following tables show the result of the examination:

In thirteen classes of Harvard College, high-honor men	75
Of whom in 1904 there had died	16
Leaving alive in 1911 not over	59
Of these there were in "Who's Who"	27
These classes contained Senior-year students	2,229

In twenty classes of Yale College, high-honor men	102
Of whom in 1910 there had died	22
Leaving alive in 1911 not over	80
Of these there were in "Who's Who"	31
These classes contained Senior-year students	2,132

In twenty classes of Princeton College, high-honor men	100
Of whom in 1910 there had died	24
Leaving alive in 1911 not over	76
Of these there were in "Who's Who"	29
These classes contained Senior-year students	1,687

In seventeen classes of Amherst College, high-honor men	106
Of whom in 1910 there had died	26
Leaving alive in 1911 not over	80
Of these there were in "Who's Who"	25
These classes contained Senior-year students	1,153

In fifteen classes of Brown College, high-honor men	60
Of whom in 1904 there had died	7
Leaving alive in 1911 not over	53
Of these there were in "Who's Who"	19
These classes contained Senior-year students	778

Seventy-nine of these three hundred and forty-eight living high-honor men of eighty-four classes of five colleges had not reached in 1911 the average age of those included in "Who's Who." Others not noted were dead. (The general catalogues used for two colleges were six years old.) With these deductions the one hundred and thirty-one men whose names are included in "Who's Who" represent one in two of these high-honor men.

The investigation was extended to the second rank of honor men for thirteen classes of Harvard and twenty classes each for Yale and Princeton. Not over two hundred and eighty-seven of these second-honor men were alive in 1911. Sixty-nine of these were in "Who's Who," or about one in four. In these three colleges not over five hundred and two living honor men of the first and second rank, of whom one hundred and twenty-nine had not reached the average age, furnished one hundred and fifty-six names in "Who's Who," or about one in three. The two hundred and fifteen men of the first honor ranking, of whom fifty-four had not reached the average age, furnished eighty-seven of these names in "Who's Who." The two hundred and eighty-seven men of the second rank, of whom seventy-five had not reached the average age, furnished sixty-nine of these names in "Who's Who." A more striking demonstration by the test of fact of the falsehood of the popular delusion about the inefficiency of the "high-stand college man in real life" would be hard to imagine.

But precisely this delusion, whose seeds are brought from outside the campus, is the worst of the parasitic growths which those who believe in the beauty and usefulness of American college life are con-

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stantly obliged to fight. They might exterminate it if the home would always support them.

A young man ought to gain a good deal from his college besides what he learns there out of books. But if your boy is getting ready for college with the idea of learning as little out of books as possible, or is manifestly staying in college with the least amount of intellectual exertion compatible with barely passing examinations, he is talking nonsense to you about his appreciation of the advantages of college life. Do not encourage his misunderstanding of what college life means. Combat it in every way within your power. If, after a year or two in college, he makes too evident his obstinate determination to achieve no scholastic results at all equal to his mental abilities, it is a grave question whether you are not wasting your money, with no gain to him, by keeping him in an atmosphere whose essential character he is incapable of understanding.

College life is a very bright and beautiful thing. The ideal of it is one of the peculiar and one of the finest products of America's social conditions. A boy brought to a high state of intellectual capacity by a dozen of the most brilliant tutors would miss something very valuable if he missed college life. But its charm and essential condition is common work, its friendship breathes the air of love of truth, it is filled with generous, not selfish, sentiment, its pleasures are inextricably mingled with the pleasures of the mind.

Don't expect your boy to be a self-conscious prig and to talk too much about his work and his higher feelings, but if he makes evident that he is ignoring all the finest elements of college life, don't let him fool you. He does not understand the real thing and he is not getting what he ought to get.

THE CITY AND CIVILIZATION

By Brand Whitlock

IN concluding his fascinating history of Rome, and as though to close with a brilliant picture of the greatness of the empire under Augustus, Signor Ferrero describes the fair towns and the splendid cities that had sprung up under the *pax Romana;* "the grandeur of the empire was to be symbolized," he says, "by the wonderful magnificence of its great cities and by the yet greater magnificence of Rome, upon which the emperor lavished adornments not only to please the inhabitants, but also to dazzle the eyes of subject nations, and to command their respect," and he goes on to show how "the spirit of country life, the simplicity, the thrift, and the old-fashioned austerity which Virgil had sung in his Georgics was doomed to vanish," and, in turn, the vitality of the country was to be sapped by the towns, which absorbed wealth, intellect, and energy for conversion to vice and luxury. Fifty years later he finds Pliny lamenting the fact that his maid-servants had silver mirrors, and that an excessive quantity of wine was consumed in the town taverns.

The picture, like many another in which the great modern historian has realized so vividly for us the Rome of that day, is as familiar as the laments which the poets then uttered, for the poets have been deploring the urban and extolling the rural condition ever since, and the tradition of the moral superiority of clodhoppers has been handed down, in a sort of apostolical succession, from Theocritus and Virgil and Horace, to Bacon, who regarded the country as God's garden; to Cowley, who went so far as to make Cain the father of all municipalities; to Cowper, who fixed the tradition in his line,

> "God made the country, and man made the town,"

and helped to raise a superstition in America to the dignity of a political prin-

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ciple. For the preachers, the publicists, and the politicians have imitated the poets in these their pious preferences, and whenever the complex social problems of the time become too difficult, they extricate themselves from their perplexities by gliding down to those familiar generalities in which the youth of the land are advised to stay on the farms. It is easy, perhaps, to account for the attitude of the poet. It is the effect of his idealism. It is quite natural for him to love the vague, the remote, and the unattainable, and while he may not be willing to go to such extremes as Byron, who wished to dwell in the desert, he does long, in his garrets or on those city pavements where he dreams his dreams,

"for some boundless contiguity of shade."

To him the ideal so easily becomes real that he beholds the dwellers in the woods and fields of his time as beautiful and innocent as Daphnis and Chloe, as Corydon and Thyrsis, and with the Eclogues of Virgil and the Idylls of Theocritus he would amend the Revised Statutes and restore the Golden Age to Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois.

The prepossession in favor of this myth on the part of the preachers can better be ascribed to their love of the pagan classics than to their love of the country, since all of them, or all of them who can so do, quickly leave the country and hie to the city like their brother humans, despite a professional distrust of urban life as suggesting the abominations of Nineveh and of Babylon. It may be in part the natural result of that idealism with which the spiritual nature of their calling endows them, but I wonder at times if it is not also to be attributed to the fact that the biblical ideal is a rural ideal, and that accordingly they are prone to think in agrarian sequences. The figures, the similes, the illustrations, the references in the sacred text relate to an agricultural or pastoral existence; the vision of shepherds tending their peaceful flocks, of patriarchs in their tents, surrounded by their grazing herds, of sowers going forth to sow, and reaping and gleaning and gathering into barns—these are ever before them. The rewards in the scriptures are all stated in terms of a rural existence—sheaves, increased flocks, abundant harvests. The whole of the sacred literature fairly glows with the beautiful scenes of a placid life, remote from the noise and confusion of the towns. This, too, is true of the hymnology of the church. There are shining rivers and peaceful valleys through which they wind; the trees and shade of the further shore, suggestive of refreshment and of rest, of surcease from sorrow and of relief from problems and from cares. There are no storms more severe than those that trouble the surface of rolling Jordan to fright one from the shore; there are to be gatherings at the river, and the hope of man is to be found in Canaan, a happy land, flowing with milk and honey. There are few, if any, hymns that deal in terms with the communal life, or if now and then there be some figure of Zion as a city, it is abandoned instantly for the green hills that surround it. Not long ago the men of a city church met one Sunday evening to study some of the problems of their city, and I recall with what amusement—and despair—I heard them open their exercises with this song:

"There's a church in the valley by the wildwood,
No lovelier place in the dale;
No spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the vale.

It was a serious task that these men proposed to undertake, and I could not resist the thought that they could much better have prepared their spirits for it, if that was to be done by song—I say it at the risk of weakening an argument of which I am not, after all, so very sure—had their voices swelled some such magnificent chorus as

"Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott."

But this agrarian outlook has not been the exclusive prerogative either of the poetic or of the evangelical mind. The politicians own to the same preference, though one does not hear them avowing it in the cloak-rooms of our legislative chambers. One might ascribe it to the well-known ideality of their natures, if they did not reserve their expression of the thought so exclusively for the stump in their biennial efforts to charm the rural vote into their respective columns, or for those eloquent periods they are so gladly

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given leave to print in the *Congressional Record*, in which they hold up the country voter as the bone and sinew of the land and the bulwark of the republic. Perhaps, however, they derived the notion, not so much from the poets or the preachers as from the fathers of the constitution, for the founders of our nation held the same view. It was but natural that they should do so, since they were an agricultural folk themselves, but the result has been so unfortunate as to hamper our cities in their development. It is not any part of the plan of this paper—if it has a plan—to discuss the constitutional basis of the modern city in America; it must suffice now to observe that its position, so exactly the reverse of the city in Europe, is due to the fact that, having been unknown and unimagined, it was left out of our constitutional system altogether. Perhaps I should not say wholly unimagined, either, since Thomas Jefferson was not without that rare quality of mind and soul which enabled him so far to imagine the city as to express the wish that the people of the United States might continue to be what they were in the beginning, an agricultural people, and to avow the hope that they might never become an industrial people. He had his own misgivings as to cities, and said they were sores on the body politic, though his tastes were urban in many respects, for after his residence in Paris, Patrick Henry could reproach him with having lost his liking for "native victuals." Perhaps it was his prescience of the difficulties into which modern industrialism would lead the nation, even more than his professed distrust of the artisan class, that caused this shrinking in his prophetic soul.

It is precisely this new problem of industrialism that complicates the problem of the city in our time; or perhaps I should say the new terms in which an old problem states itself, since the great problem of the ages is how the hard work of the world is to be got done, and, what is of vastly greater concern, who is to do it. Cæsar, excellent politician that he was, tried by every means, and successfully, to attract to himself the devotion of the industrial class in the *municipia* of the Roman empire, and the development of a free industrial class was the chief feature of the centres of industry in that day, as it has been ever since, from the trade guilds of the Middle Ages to the trades unions of our time. This special complication, however, was not present in the beginning of our own government. It was the day of the triumph of individualism, and the fathers, legislating for an agricultural community, dwelling under a purely individualistic system, met and conquered their problems in such a splendid way that, for its time, their system approached, if it did not quite attain, perfection. Our early democracy, too, was complacent, easily satisfied with the mere form, and after the Civil War had absorbed our energies and exhausted our strength, as is shown by Mr. Walter E. Weyl in his thoughtful volume on "The New Democracy," the intensely individualistic work of developing and exploiting the physical empire of our continent claimed us. Meanwhile Europe was learning modern democracy, it was rapidly becoming, as a brilliant clergyman said the other day, the "new old world," and the old new world was and is paltering and hesitating over municipal problems which Europe solved a generation ago.

It is this ancient superstition of the superiority of the rural over the urban character that has made it possible, in a nation in which, according to America's poet and prophet of democracy, the great city stands only "where outside authority enters always after the precedence of inside authority," for the cities to be governed by the State, *i. e.*, by rural majorities in the State legislatures.

Mr. James Bryce's quotable phrase about the government of our cities as the conspicuous failure of the American commonwealth was a fine thing for editors who needed now and then, between campaigns, to write something about municipal government. Mr. Bryce, I venture to say, was not wholly right in this, but he has been much quoted, and more often misquoted; many of our publicists indeed seem to have read him only sufficiently to misquote him, for with more relish than would be expected of those who profess to love their country so, they have almost unanimously referred to him as authority for saying that it is democracy

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that has failed in the city. Of course it is not democracy that has failed, but autocracy, the tyranny of the rural legislator, the political boss, and the privileged monopolist of public utilities, and had they but turned the page, had they but read on, they would have learned that Mr. Bryce saw all this or most of it. At any rate he named as one cause of the failure the rule of cities by the State, and with this he associated another cause, viz., the evils of our irresponsible party system. If he did not detect, or, at least, if he did not specify, a third cause in economic conditions, it may have been because he divined the difficulty we would have in learning this primary lesson, and since it has taken us a quarter of a century to do so, and as we have not yet applied it—however hopeful the signs may be—he seems to have been justified in this restraint. He has been confirmed by M. Ostrogorski, that able Russian who came over here not long ago and wrote about us, and saw many things in us we had not seen ourselves, because, perhaps, to borrow an expression from the painters, he beheld with a fresher eye.

The young DeTocqueville had said long since that "local assemblies constitute the strength of free nations," that "town meetings are to liberty what primary schools are to science"; and that "a nation may establish a system of free government, but without the spirit of municipal institutions it cannot have the spirit of liberty." In a word, as Mr. Frederic C. Howe has said in his excellent book, "the city is the hope of democracy." The last census shows that about forty-six per cent of our population is urban, the urban increase in the preceding ten years having been thirty-four per cent as against an increase of eleven per cent in the rural population. If democracy is to be justified it must assuredly be justified first in that jurisdiction which is most compact, in that one where the interests vitally affecting the detail of daily life are ever before the citizen, in that one whose government is nearest at hand. The citizen may feel an interest in the amount of indirect tax the tariff compels him to pay in his capacity of ultimate consumer, but what a cold, dispassionate academic interest it will be compared with that warm, personal concern he shows when his street-car fare is under consideration! He may be impressed by a debate in Congress, but interfere by ordinance with the sign he puts out on the sidewalk to advertise the business of his little shop, and see which claims his more vivid attention.

This denial of democracy through constant legislative interference has helped to pile up the tragedy which everywhere and in all times has marked the decadence seemingly inseparable from excessive urbanism. Little need is there to speak of the evil types produced by city life, whether in its higher circles or in the purlieus of the slum and tenderloin. These have been abundantly represented on the stage and in the fiction of every land. The daily newspapers reveal the squalid and saddening phase of city life; it is all too well known, and too constantly noted by the thoughtful and observing; the poets and the preachers have been quite accurate in their descriptions of it, and wholly and nobly right minded in their abhorence of it.

But the literature of the last quarter of the nineteenth century has done much to shatter the old illusion of bucolic virtue. The narrow ignorance of the Russian peasantry was made real in the novels of Tourgenieff and of Tolstoy, and in the terrible types Maxim Gorky has depicted on his depressing page. The studies of Flaubert and of de Maupassant, of Balzac and of Zola, of René Bazin and other Frenchmen of the later day, revealed in France types no less degraded. The Scottish peasantry had been idealized in the novels of most of the Scottish writers of the modern school, until the late George Douglas somewhat corrected their deviations from the norm, and Mr. George Moore has shown us somewhat of the Irish peasant, as has the late John Synge, even if he did make a poetry of their speech which has not gone unresented by a people thought to be somewhat of the poetic temperament. The revelations of the ironic spirit through Mr. Thomas Hardy, in their unequalled presentations of the country folk of England, have been no more reassuring, while Mr. Arnold Bennett, with a credibility that is inherent in the very stuff of his

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serious work, has shown the narrow provincialism of the northern counties of that island. All this may be said, too, of the Spanish peasants in the novels of Galdos and of Valdez, while Björnson and Ibsen have found the Scandinavian peasants and provincials of the same narrow, bigoted, illiberal, and superstitious sort.

If there has been no such study of the rural population in our own land, it may be because of the fact that our writers, when they have not sentimentalized the farmer and his life quite as extravagantly as have the politicians, have chosen to treat them humorously, unless, indeed, it be that they have felt that the official records have spared them the pains. To any one who knows the rural politics of our States the revelations of the last year were not so surprising as they seem to have been to those romanticists who write the startling headlines in the daily press. In Adams County, Ohio, it was shown that two-thirds of the bone and sinew of the land had been regularly selling their votes to the highest bidder, and that the bidders did not have to bid very high either, the price of votes ranging from two dollars to ten dollars, and so many of the guilty ones were disfranchised that in some precincts there were not enough duly qualified electors remaining to man the polls officially for election day. And Adams County knew few of the corrupting influences of urban civilization; it could not have been the corporations, for Adams County was traversed by but one railway, and that scrupulously ran sixteen miles from the county-seat; it was not to be ascribed to the ignorant foreign vote, for there were few if any foreigners in Adams County, the people being of the high, pure American strain; nor could it have been the saloon, for Adams County had been dry for ten years. Here, indeed, was a county ideally rural, where the agricultural and pastoral life were lived in all their sylvan simplicity; one would have said that here, of all places, untouched and uncontaminated by city people and their evil customs, the golden age should have been restored, and that the population of American sovereigns should have developed such Arcadian loveliness of character that the whole State might have been regenerated and redeemed.

And, lest Adams County be thought an exception, revelations about the same time were made of similar political morals in Putnam County, New York, and these were succeeded immediately by exposures quite as distressing in Vermilion County, Illinois. Tammany at its worst could not approach the degradation that was revealed in these rural communities, for while it has been estimated that the purchasable vote in New York is but five per cent of the total electorate, it was shown to be sixty-six and two-thirds per cent in the Ohio instance, while according to the *New York Evening Post* the venality in Putnam County was practically unanimous.

The mere barter and sale of the suffrage does not constitute, of course, all of the corruption in cities, even in New York, and it may be said for the malefactors of small wealth in Adams and Putnam and Vermilion Counties, as for those thousands of other counties in these States exactly like them, that they did not dispose of their suffrages for passes, or for social invitations, or for the smiles and favors of the wicked rich, or for protection, either at the hands of policemen or of the collectors of the customs, or for legal privileges; they seem to have contented themselves with crude and naïve and elemental expressions of the spirit of graft, but, so far as the opportunity was afforded, they seem to have embraced it eagerly and entirely.

But neither the testimony of the criminal records of rural counties nor the evidence adduced by the conscientious novelists of the school of modern realism is needed to prove that the morals of rural communities are no better than those of the urban condition. Any one who has had experience of the atmosphere of the average American State Legislature will readily enough depose that the moral sense of the country member is no better than that of his colleague from the city. The typical exposures in investigations, like those which recently have been made with reference to the election of a distinguished senator from Illinois, have involved the country member, and shown him to be as weak as his brother from the

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city. And he did not learn all the evil he seems to know at the capital of his State. His training was acquired in the school of country politics, in which there is quite as much corruption as there is in the city. Indeed, if the muckrakers were to report to their magazines what they know on this subject, I am sure they would reveal conditions that are worse than those urban States they have so minutely examined. For there the political machine flourishes, with the court-house for its citadel instead of the city hall, and if the corruption is on a scale less prodigious, it will be found quite as wretched and despicable. These instances, to be sure, occur in the small towns where our county seats are placed, and if, in their moral rottenness, they appal, they seem to justify that unknown cynic who on hearing the old adage as to the creation of country and of city added: "Yes, and the devil made the small town."

In one of those charming letters she knew so well how to write, Jane Welsh Carlyle said in 1836, while on a visit to Templand:

"Consider all this, dearest of friends, and imagine much more than I could tell you of the same sort; and infer from it, if you be wise, that the thought you are apt to dwell on too exclusively, that 'God made the country, and man the town,' is to be taken with large reservations—is indeed to be '*strongly doubted.*' You may depend upon it, sir, man, and even the devil, have had a very considerable hand in making the country also."

The greatest of the painters, if they are wise, go to nature for inspiration as did the brethren of Barbizon, but when they return the peasants of Millet—who were not so highly romanticized as those of Israëls—give evidences of little of the moral superiority which the poets and the politicians like to claim for the peasants. Perhaps they confuse nature with man in nature. A savage forest is beautiful, but the savage man roaming it is not; he may be picturesque, but only because he is a part of the picture. It is true that God made the country, but the rustic moralist in his effort to teach man how to die, overlooking the important preliminary that man must, too, learn how to live, seems to have involved himself in a confusion somewhat too complimentary to himself; he has too readily assimilated himself to the landscape, for, while God no doubt did make the country, and man the town, God made the men in both of them, and he made them, after all, pretty much alike. "The first thing you have to learn here below," wrote Mr. William Dean Howells, "is that in essentials you are just like every one else, and that you are different from others only in what is not so much worth while. If you have anything in common with your fellow-creatures, it is something that God gave you; if you have anything that seems quite your own, it is from your silly self, and is a sort of perversion of what came to you from the Creator who made you out of himself, and had nothing else to make any one out of."

And this great and beautiful truth we may learn from those realistic novelists whom Mr. Howells has so ably defended, whenever they seemed to need defence. For on reading of the peasants of the Russian and the French and the Spanish and the English novelists, one finds that their characters are all essentially the same, they are all touched by vices and by virtues so familiar that he soon recognizes his own neighbors in them, whether they be of town or country, and then he recognizes himself in them, too, as he is apt to do in any human combination that includes failures, and follies, and mistakes, and sins. He may find some glories to console him, but at any rate he gains presently an inspiring revelation of the kinship of all men, and finds indeed of one blood all nations of the earth. It is a truth that has been rather persistently ignored in the earth, and rather persistently ignored in the cities of the earth; if it had not been it is conceivable that the cities would more clearly have exemplified the beauties and blessings of democracy than they have.

The Rome that Signor Ferrero recreates before our eyes might almost as well be a modern American city, where one could easily identify the prototypes of Cæsar and of Pompey, who governed that Rome with a political machine for which Crassus the millionaire provided the campaign funds, in return for the privilege of profiting by monopolies of public util-

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ities, while Clodius supplied the votes by organizing the poor and the vicious in the slums, which then, as now, were the inevitable antitheses to the palaces in which Crassus and his respectable circle lived and moved. It is not encouraging, even to the most desperate optimist, to find the life of the cities of that day so much like the life of the cities of our own, even though our historian avers that to this "moral degeneration or civilization" is chiefly to be attributed the unity and prosperity of the empire during the next two centuries. "For," he says, "Rome was able for three centuries to unite East and West to herself and to one another, because she was able to revive the brilliance of city life among the civilized people of the East and to give the barbarians of Europe and Asia a taste for that life," and finally, "in the period of greatest prosperity it was this universal tendency to refinement, comfort, and corruption as evidenced in town life which gave coherence to the empire."

And yet this universal tendency was but the expression of that social impulse which has led mankind to build the city and to attack the formidable problem of communal life, and if in the universal struggle to ameliorate human existence, in the effort for security and ease, in the gradual elevation and refinement of taste, luxury with its enervation and decadence appeared, they came only as the inseparable concomitants of the development. For of course it has not been an innate predilection for evil that has led man to build his cities; it has been his effort to be civil. "Civilization," the etymologists tell us, means the city, or started from the same thing in the beginning, if it does not come to the same thing in the end, and the sociographers—by which term the sociologists may as well be called, since they do so much of their reforming with their pens—must come to discern in the history of the city the main stream of civilization on our planet.

It is in the idea, first, of defence, of mutual protection, that the key to the city is delivered to our thought. As the tribe precedes the nation, so the camp precedes the city. It requires no very large imaginative vision to behold the tribe roving about on its hunting or its warring expeditions descending some stream and picking out a pleasant spot by the river's brim, where it might pitch its camp. Then by a simple evolution comes the fortified place, and as the comfort and rest of a permanent abode appeal more and more, industry and agriculture are undertaken, thence exchange, trade, and the crude beginning of commerce. The market-place follows the fort; the trading-post succeeds the stockade; Fort Duquesne becomes Pittsburg; Fort Dearborn, Chicago; Fort Pontchartrain, Detroit; Fort Washington, Cincinnati; Fort Industry, Toledo.

According to that universal law which impels us to exaggerate the importance and desirability of the past, to hark back to the "old-fashioned" days, to idealize that which is dead and gone, man, it is true, has ever had a poetic, sentimental ideal of a perfected human character living in pastoral simplicity, but, with some dim notion of his social need, and, it may be, some prescience of social destiny, his practical ideal has been the city. Like Jude in Mr. Thomas Hardy's great novel, he has been beckoned ever by that mysterious glow of light in the evening horizon that marked the place of the distant town. From the plain of Shinar to the Isle of Patmos, the golden city has been the heaven of his dream.

The Greek love of beauty was born of that spirit which not only peopled groves and mountains with the creatures of poetic fancy, but at the same time fostered urban life, and in the nation's mighty towns democracy wrought her first and most imperishable expression. Athens, according to the universal human impulse, built first for protection and defence, had her shames, but her compensating gifts to mankind were the glories of the Periclean age, an art and a philosophy which still endure, the one the beautiful vague despair, the other the tender consolation of humanity.

Long before the Rome of the Emperors, her returning conquerors had borne home with them the spoils of the opulent cities of the East. Cæsar and Anthony, enthralled by the charms of Cleopatra, were at the same time and perhaps no less fascinated by the splendors, the refinements, and the culture of Alexandria.

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City communities sprang up wherever the legions camped, and were encouraged in their independence and civic patriotism until in the third and fourth centuries this policy was superseded, and the emperors used them as instruments of the imperial power. Then civic spirit and municipal enterprise decayed within them, and by the end of the first century of the empire popular control had been completely subverted. Two centuries later local government was a mere form, and when civilization began to flower again after the fall of the Roman empire, it was in the cities of mediæval Italy, which were a restoration rather than a development of the flourishing and independent municipalities of the age of Augustus. Florence gave rise to a popular conscience in Tuscany, Milan overthrew the tyranny of the feudal lords and gave protection to the peasants on the plains of Lombardy; Venice spread her purple sails on the Adriatic, and in these free cities the spirit of democracy produced the wonders and the beauties of the Renaissance. When Cæsar was leading his soldiers northward to the conquest of Gaul, the German barbarian, emerging from his black and gloomy forests, was already building his *burg*, and laying the beginning of a civilization that was to rear Hamburg and Lübeck, and to form that league of Hansa towns which in the days of German disunion was to uphold the honor of her commerce. Thence, too, sprang Nuremberg and Munich and Dresden, with their various excellencies in the arts, and Frankfort and Düsseldorf, and finally Berlin rising to her great occasion as capital of the newly welded empire. In Gaul, the same impulse had long been stirring, and there were to be found the germs of the communes, in one of which a few years later—as years run in the long sweep of history — the long-haired Merovingian kings, as Carlyle's eye saw them for us, were wending their way in their clumsy bullock-carts along the streets that in later centuries were to witness the parade of the fashion and the beauty and the wit of the modern world.

In England, too, the work of civilization was begun with the building of the city. London, in existence before Cæsar went to Britain, was destined to preserve unbroken the continuity of her history under Roman and Saxon and Norman dominion, to preserve her leadership among the cities of the earth, and, against king and peasant, despite the frequent suppression of her charters in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and the arbitrary proceedings of Charles II and his ministers against her liberties, to remain free, and to preserve to this day her privileges, so that when the latest of the British kings goes to his crowning, he is halted, if but by a silken cord, at Temple Bar, the entrance to the Strand where once stood the gate to the old city of London.

The imperative needs of communal life of course demanded freedom, the liberty to develop, and as this necessity was always resisted by autocracy—by an overlord of some kind, the king, the noble, or the bishop—so also was it resented by the country folk. The great municipal movement in Europe in the twelfth century was everywhere opposed by the peasants. They could not comprehend it, could not be affected by the generous enthusiasms, nor be so quickly stirred by the inspiring vision which men in the mass caught from time to time. They were scattered abroad, without social contact, and could not comprehend the communal ideal. Paris had not only to conquer the old order, whose reign of terror had endured four hundred years, but she had to encounter the stubborn and fanatical resistance of the peasants of Vendée to the liberal ideas of the Revolution. The English country folk were always inimical to progress in their land, just as the American farmers, in their legislatures have so often, though unconsciously, helped the plutocracies that are responsible for so much of the corruption and misgovernment in the cities of our own.

Thus the cities have ever been in advance. In them the great battles of liberty on the intellectual and political, the social and industrial field have been fought. In them the fierce mobs have poured forth, and flung up the barricade to shelter liberty. In them man has built his palaces of art, his colleges of learning, his universities where the truth is sought, libraries stored with the product of his mind, and factories and shops and mills where his industry, amidst so much

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confusion and so much suffering, slowly takes form and finds expression.

Strange, is it not, that the workings of an impulse so universal, a thing mankind has been doing over and over again from the very beginning, in every land and age, should so persistently be called artificial? As well call the bee-hive or the beaver's dam an artificiality as the city. It is the most natural thing in the world, an elemental form of human association, like the family or the tribe, built in obedience to some divine, if obscure, instinct. It is the expression of man's determination to free himself from the slavery of an obdurate isolation, and from the thraldom of primitive fears, the symbol of his Titanic effort to conquer nature, to rise above the merely physical, and to release the spirit to higher flights. In short, it is the vast strain, the irresistible urge of democracy to render life more equal, more secure, more precious, in obedience to an instinct that grows less and less obscure, as, amid the perplexities of life, reason and the good-will of man discern a better purpose, a better order, and a better way.

All attempts to thwart or throttle the instinct are in vain. It is not to be swept back by bucolic verse or hortatory eloquence, or arrested by foolish legislation. That, as Emerson said, is a rope of sand, which perishes in the twisting. Our plain course, rather, is to trust this instinct, to follow this spirit, for it is the spirit of liberty, and the processes of liberty are aseptic and heal their own wounds. This spirit must ere long develop, if it can have room in which to play, what may be called the *city sense*. It is something vague and dim, unrealized as yet, a something difficult to describe, perhaps impossible to define. It has nothing to do with those superior airs, those lofty affectations, and that certain condescension which urban sophistication breeds in little men; all this has been estimated at its true value by the ruralist, and, for it, he has taken a supreme and ironic revenge by that relentless, rigid rule in which he has held the city. It is something more than civicism, or the sense of solidarity, or mass consciousness; it is the expression of the common hopes and the social ardors of mankind; it somehow comprehends and restores all those emotions that are dampened by stoic indifference and the hard selfishness of unrestrained individualism, and reassures those aspirations that are denied by the provincial spirit. If this individualism has caused the rustic to distrust his city cousin, it has had the far more sinister effect of causing the urbanite to hate his brother, so that in Mr. A. E. Housman's terrible and beautiful poems the Shropshire Lad exiled to London streets can see

> "In many an eye that measures me
> The mortal sickness of a mind
> Too unhappy to be kind.
> Undone with misery, all they can
> Is to hate their fellow man;
> And till they drop they needs must still
> Look at you and wish you ill."

This city sense, unknown in the country district, has scarcely as yet been apprehended by city folk themselves, nor can it be so long as our cities are considered merely as places in which to make a living, but not to live. But when at last it is caught, there will develop an *esprit de corps* that will build cities not only for dignity and beauty, but for the grace and art of common life. There will be a comradeship in labor and a unity of ideal, discovering to mankind the fact that in the cities, after all, there are human beings, no less real, no less honest, no less virtuous, because they lack homespun and gingham.

This sense is already beginning to find a rudimentary expression in the tendency to replan cities, or to plan cities, since they were never planned in the first place, but merely grew, haggard, unkempt, and ugly, as industrial accidents. We are hearing much of the city beautiful in these days; hardly a city or a town that has not its commission and its plan for a unified treatment of its parks, for a civic centre of some sort—in a word, its dream. These are the expressions of that divine craving in mankind for harmony, for beauty, for order, which is the democratic spirit. This, of course, is no new impulse; after the great London fire in 1666, Sir Christopher Wren drew plans for building the city anew, and had the model city he imagined been erected, civilization might have been a lovelier thing than it has been. L'Enfant planned an ideal Washington—amid the jeers of all philis-

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tinism, echoing in the halls of Congress even in our own day—but there is now the hope that his dream will be realized; indeed, it is being realized as the result of the intelligence and appreciation which in these matters marked the administrations of Colonel Roosevelt and President Taft.

But ere long there is to be not only a new architecture, but a new poetry of the city. Poets will continue, no doubt, to the end of time, to imitate Virgil's

> "O ubi campi,
> Spercheiosque, et virginibus bacchata Lacænis
> Taygeta! O, qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
> Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra!"

as Virgil was imitating Theocritus, and between them they seem to have got the emotion expressed well enough, but already there are some who, like Mr. Austin Dobson, have discovered

> "an urban Muse . . . bound
> By some strange law to paven ground,"

and are being led by her on delightful adventures through the city. There is in Mr. Dobson's graceful verse a quality of mild apology, as if after all the city were no place for poets; this quality was not in the London Voluntaries of the virile Henley, and the poetry I am trying to intimate would be virile; partake, perhaps, even of the robustness of Walt Whitman, who discovered the city in his poetry long ago and straightway sounded his barbaric yawp over its house-tops. Some of our younger poets, among them Mr. Charles Hanson Towne, whose various performances Mr. Louis Untermeyer has been appraising in a series of little essays in the *Chicago Evening Post*, have confessed an urbane Muse, though the only one who has written exactly in the mood I have tried to indicate is Mr. James Oppenheim, and he has done it not in his verse alone, but in his prose as well. He has the city sense, so far as one may possess it when it is unknown and unacknowledged all about him; he understands the city's soul, and, more than all else, he loves the people in the city, as a poet should. In a recent novel he has written a description of our metropolis, or of our New York, as one may possessively say it, since those outside it seem to work so hard to support it, which in its effect of imagination and of beauty is a poem that reveals this city sense as yet so dim in us, the sense that through the ages has been groping its way upward through the people in the cities of the world.

And then, too, there are to be paintings of the city, not alone those Venetian scenes with which the painters have filled the world, nor even those rare and charming etchings and beautiful nocturnes which were the product of the mighty and unique genius of Whistler, but paintings that will reveal the human quality and, as it were, the soul and spirit of our towns. Of these there have been few as yet, or comparatively few, though as I write I recall a modest canvas from the brush of Mr. Jonas Lie, a view of lower Broadway caught in purple mists which somehow suggests the mystery and the beauty that are to be found in cities, even in our own cities, if one but have the eyes to see it, as, for instance, Mr. VanGorder has seen it in Paris streets, and some day it is to be hoped will see it in the streets of his own town. Somewhat more imaginative, somewhat more suggestive, is the series of canvases which Mr. Birge Harrison has painted, with a vision of the city as it is and as it is to be.

But it is not enough that there be poems about the city, or that an artist here and there should boldly set up his easel in the crowded street; it is not enough that one should make a sonnet of some urban mood, or that the other should behold a new beauty. There is to be a poetry, an art, that is of the city, subjective in its expression of the meaning and the purpose of communal life. Civilization may well provide better housing for the people, and by means of purified-water supplies, light, and transportation serve the public utility, health, and convenience; it may extend and harmonize parks and breathing-spots, widen boulevards, plant trees and flowers, and make playgrounds, swimming-pools, and skating-ponds for the children, and thus introduce into urban life something of the wholesomeness and charm of rural life. It may plan and arrange its cities so that they will please the æsthetic eye and, with music-halls and art-galleries,

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refine and ennoble taste; it may build its roads far out on the countryside, and by its myriad conveniences and inventions, the marvels of its genius, alleviate the rigors of rural existence and bring country and city more closely together; all these it may do and is doing. But this is not all. For this city sense, this urge of democracy is but the spirit of goodwill in humanity, working now, however blindly, however unconsciously, with whatever bungling and mistake to improve the lot of man, and this spirit must contrive cities that shall be not only clean, beautiful, and symmetrical in their physical proportions, but cities, in a word, which by a stupendous and supreme summing up of all the sciences and all the arts shall express the ideals of the people and work wonderful ameliorations in the human soul. This will not be accomplished by the triumph of one class over another, or by any *bouleversement* in which the processes of despotism will be reversed. It will not come out of the clash of parties, or by new formulæ, new dogma, or new orthodoxies; these would but replace the old that are no different from them in spirit, or from the brute force on which they rely; they would fail as the others have failed. It will not descend upon the cities from any feudal lord or industrial baron of our time, whether in the hall of legislature or in the counting-house, however gracious and benevolent he may be. It must come up from the people themselves through patient study and careful experiment in the spirit of humility and tolerance and be the expression of their own best longings and aspirations.

For such a freedom the cities themselves must be made free, for the great advancements, the great progressions in the world and in the life of the race have been made where the cities were free. The cities indeed are microcosms. In them the cleavages that divide society are easily beheld, the problems that weary mankind are somehow reduced to simpler factors. Privilege can be seen, almost with the eye; its various despots may be identified, as though they rolled in chariots through the streets, and its victims as they run, begging, after. The cities are the centres of the nation's thought, the citadels of its liberties, and as they were once and originally the trading-posts and the stockades whence the hardy pioneers began their conquest of the physical domain of the continent, so are they now the outposts whence mankind is to set forth on a new conquest of the spiritual world, in which the law of social relations is to be discovered and applied. Already we apprehend a new truth, that in the inspiring tendency of the neo-democratic spirit there is to be realized not only an æsthetic, but an ethic beauty, and the time is foreshadowed when our cities will be beautiful in their morals, in their spirit, and in the common lot and in the individuality, the personality of their citizens. But that time will come only when they are made free of feudal rulers. And, thence, from the city into the State, from the State into the nation, is it, in this old and moody and nervous age, too much to hope?—from the nation into the world? It is the dream of America, at any rate, the goal of democracy and the purpose of civilization.

HUMORESQUE

By Antoinette De Coursey Patterson

Two roses, red and white, grew side by side—
Love kissed them—from the one the color died;
The other flamed into a scarlet hue—
Together, white and red, two roses grew.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

TIMES have changed since, in an expansive moment, the patriotic Sir Walter put his question about the "man with soul so dead . . . whose heart hath ne'er within him burned." Nowadays when we return from our national pastime of racing from foreign strand to foreign strand our hearts burn with emotion less exalted, and, as we shuffle uneasily down the gang-plank, we give utterance only to a yearning, hopeless prayer for a lenient customs inspector. Vain desire! Down upon us swoop the minions of the deputy collector. They strew the pier far and wide with our belongings; nose out our foreign purchases to the last hat-pin; sniff at our schedules of valuation; and with rapid remorseless pencils figure out customs bills in excess of all that we spent abroad.

Welcome Home!

They are polite about it, are the customs inspectors. The corners of their mouths do not twitch as we assure them of the ridiculous bargain prices we paid; they are patient under our protestations, but they do not cut a penny off the total. It is not a personal matter, they give us to understand; they are merely cogs in the wheel-work of the Treasury Department. Their duty is to assay and compute, machine-like, without animus or favor. If we disagree with the verdict, we may appeal to the next higher cog-wheel. In comparison with this aloof dignity we come off badly. We argue, plead, beseech, storm, rave, imprecate, threaten to carry the case through all the courts in the country; but in the end we think of the cost, of the delays, of the unending red-tape of legal process; we want our baggage, we want to get home; we take out our pocket-books and pay the bill.

Then follows the bitterness of packing up again! How lustreless, how vain, how superfluous all our treasures look! Why in the world did we burden ourselves with that enormous samovar? And those English blankets; by what sophistry were we persuaded that it is economical to buy such things abroad? Is it really obligatory on us to give a present to every chance acquaintance? Could we not have got along with fewer than a dozen neckties, brooches, handkerchiefs, scarfs, thimbles, souvenir-spoons, souvenir hat-pins, souvenir paper-weights? Where in our modest establishments can we possibly find room for all these reams of photographs, these innumerable plaster casts? As we jam back article after article into the trunks our gloom darkens to misanthropy. Even the American expressman and the American cab-driver can add hardly a drop of bitterness to our full draught of wormwood, nor has any thrill of pleasure voltage enough to pierce the thick insulation of our disgust. We walk out into our native land and all that we had looked forward to we find savorless: American sky-scrapers appear merely big, not soaring; American soda-water is insipid; the accents of American speech, so often yearned for on the Corso or the Rue de Rivoli, strike harsh and unmusical upon our ears. The glory and the dream of home-coming is departed.

Nor does the bitterness quickly wear off. We reiterate our grievances till all our friends are weary of them. We write grumbling letters to the newspapers. We agitate for a tariff reform that never comes. At last indignant memory goads us to such a point that we are ready to question what has been axiomatic to more than a generation of good Americans. Startled, as by a heresy, we venture the question, "Does it pay to go to Europe?" What is the use of all our knowledge laboriously gathered and correlated? What advantage is it to know the one best antique shop in Antwerp, to know that in Rome we can buy almost for nothing lace-work dresses to which with a few touches any ordinary Parisian dressmaker can give the style and "chic" of veritable creations? Our Baedeckers are interleaved with a hundred fine points of shopping worked out by real experience. We know where authentic old brass candelabra are to be had in Toledo, enamels in Moscow, beaten-silver jewelry

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in Christiansand. We know the grades of London broadcloths, Milanese silks, Dublin linens. We have learned to hold our own in bargaining with Neapolitans, Greeks, Armenians. We can distinguish real coral, real mosaics, honest carved wood from the trash designed for tourists. We can pack miscellaneous knobby objects with the adroitness of shipping-clerks; but what does all this profit us if after passing unscathed a dozen foreign frontiers we are mulcted at our own door-step? Does it pay to go abroad? After making allowance for time, bother, travelling expenses, and, last and bitterest of all, for the customs charges at the end of the trip, cannot we perhaps shop to better advantage in America? Slowly, hampered by a long habit of thought, we are beginning to guess the true answer to this question. American prices may be high, but at least they are final; bargains are rare, but they remain bargains, and are not metamorphosed into extravagances by confiscatory revenue officers. Already our foreign trips are becoming less frequent. Before long, unless some drastic change in customs law takes place, we shall be forced to stay at home for all our vacations, leaving Europe to those dull people who read histories on shipboard; whom we run across now and again in foreign cities, guide-book in hand, staring dumbly at cathedrals or hurrying into some dreary museum; who, when they are asked to make a declaration of everything acquired abroad, can think of nothing to put down but: A new appreciation of Rembrandt; some beginnings of an understanding of the progression of the centuries; memories of Chartres, Amiens, Burgos; a sense of kinship with the burghers who raised the Guild-halls of Bruges and Ghent; an introduction to Velasquez at the Prado . . . acquisitions so patently valueless that even the harpies of the custom-house can only gasp and let them pass free and unquestioned.

MAKE smooth the path of knowledge, is the cry to-day; enter arithmetic with a hop, skip, and a jump; with a "Ha-ha, two and two are four, children. How droll that is!" The existence of so dull a thing as study is concealed as though it were some disgraceful family skeleton; pellets of wisdom are sugar-coated and buried in sweets.

Froebelizing Our Morals

"Come, little children," calls the teacher. "Let us play a game together."

There are no letters to acquire, no spelling to harass, no dates to annoy, no memorizing save what rhythm and repetition slowly and subconsciously pound into one's head. Led gently on from game to game, "electing" the agreeable and easy, we turn our backs upon the "stiff" and difficult.

We cry out against a world that permits a boy to deliver papers in the early morning, or run errands after school. "I had so little pleasure," we cry. "My children shall be happy; they shall lie late in bed; they shall know no home duties; they shall run carefree out of school, for care comes all too soon."

Care; yes, and cowardice comes to meet it.

Are these kindergarten methods, carried on through college life, developing character? We have learned the danger of coddling bodies; we no longer muffle our throats and cap our ears; we know the virtue of battling with the winds and breathing deep the out-of-doors. But are we not coddling moral fibre? Will it fatten on sweets, and grow vigorous on non-resistance, and will heroism spring from dalliance? Can we not see already a growing fear of pain, a shrinking from perplexity, a moral "wopsiness," in fact, that should give us pause?

Perhaps because the years have broken down old restraints and brought more freedom, the danger seems to come more closely home to women. Fifty years ago you might search New England through and find only among the outcast and forlorn intemperate women. To-day, scattered through all our little villages, are the wrecks of souls; too weak to meet the hardships Fate has brought; finding forgetfulness in drugs and alcohol. And they are ladies—women of education, of charm—whose training and surroundings have left them too weak to meet sorrow, disillusionment, and pain.

Shall we continue to uphold that "electivism" which Dr. Münsterberg says was "meant to bring the blessings of freedom, but principally brings the destruction of self-discipline?" Or shall we once more teach our children to work and not play for knowledge, believing that, after all, the "true success is to labor," and that the best gift we can give them is courage?

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On Crossing the Street

YESTER-YEAR I was madly hopping this way and that—daily, in my own person, solving the congested traffic problem of "N' Yawk"; this summer Fate has led me to the placid streets of Green Meadow; the motorman slows down anxiously to learn when, where, how, and if I intend to cross the street; the chauffeur crawls beneath the elms, honking loudly as he chaufs; and the newly installed traffic squad stands in superb isolation in the geographic centre of the town, his arms proudly crossed upon his stalwart breast, his thoughts engrossed with "movies" or trout-fishing, or whatever else enlivens his day when his placid duties cease.

Consequently I think: which is neither *comme-il-faut* nor safe in New York. I see what, in nearer perspective, I had no time to connote before—the character-revealing nature of street-crossing.

A supinely clings to the electric-light standard or the mail-box until plucked by the police and piloted across amid the tense suspension of traffic—a clinging vine and not always a feminine vine at that.

B plunges into the vortex without a glance to right or left, followed by the shrieks of women, the not-to-be-reported language of chauffeurs, the execrations of the lord of the crossing—a very Theodore come to Broadway.

C pursues the well-known method of the hen, scuttling fearfully, squeaking painfully almost to the farther curb, only to dash back under the hoofs of rearing horses and the burstless tire of the Unco Rich—a Whiffler; a Would But Dare Not; an Almost Thou Persuadest Me.

D creeps timidly to the centre of the street; there loses nerve completely and can neither advance nor retreat; turned into stone by the Medusa-head of traffic, a very twin of the roofer I once saw lurking white and shaking behind a chimney until a dry-goods clerk climbed the ladder and led him gently down. Aspirations enough to lead one into trouble but no strong heart to pluck success.

There are at every crossing whole troops of the submissive, hanging breathless on the toot of a whistle, the wave of a hand; underdogs, these; slaves of convention and of circumstance; found behind every counter, on every board, in every walk of life.

But now and then, to one who watches, comes the rare soul of balance and *aplomb*, who strolls leisurely across; horses plunge behind him, automobiles shoot before, but our wizard of the crossing moves unhindered and unhindering—the right man in the right place, the leader of men.

And *I*—I walk serenely across the very centre of Green Meadows, and meditate undisturbed.

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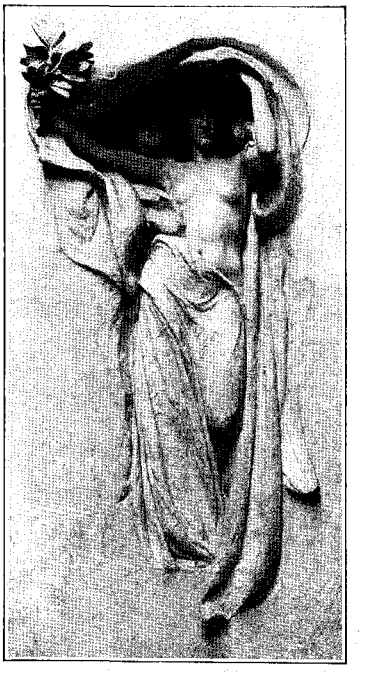
THE FIELD OF ART

SOME OF DANIEL C. FRENCH'S LATER WORK

MUCH of the monumental work executed by Mr. Daniel C. French in later years has been somewhat along the lines of his great Milmore memorial, funerary, and memorial monuments, but frequently more intimate in appeal, simpler apparently—though not really so; striving to convey more in fewer words, as it were; suggestion instead of story-telling; a single figure motionless instead of a group in action. It is difficult not to think that this is the way in which the higher art proceeds; that it is truly finer to develop the artist's message, of longing, or hope, or sorrow, in the heart of the spectator than to spell it out, palpably and objectively, before his eyes in pigments or in stone. This would seem to be peculiarly the inspiration which should animate the sculptor, limited as he is to his perfectly solid and ponderable materials, to his necessity, apparently, of positive definition. It is not a form of art for those dull of eye and slow of comprehension, but it is so much the better; there is no surer way to degrade art than to work *downward* to the level of the meanest comprehension, as Tolstoi seems to preach in his incorrect limiting of art, as generally conceived, "as making pleasure its sole object," and thence drawing his conclusion: "Since the art of to-day is not accessible to all, it is then evident either that art has not the importance we attribute to it or, that which we to-day call art is not the true art." On the other hand, the beautiful theory of communicating the incommunicable, held by Rodin and other practitioners, may fall into mere incoherence and even grotesqueness in the attempt to carry it out—as has been demonstrated.



The Melvin Memorial, by Daniel C. French.

It may be said that in none of his works has Mr. French more nearly attained this high ideal than in his Melvin memorial in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Concord, Mass., and in that erected to the memory of Marshall Field in Graceland Cemetery, Chicago. In each case, in the simplest architectural setting he has placed a single figure: a floating, winged, mourning Victory, lifting her veil, and a seated Memory. The Massachusetts monument had the somewhat more tragic inspiration of the two: three brothers went to the war in the days of the great rebellion and only one returned; in later life the survivor resolved to erect a memorial for the others in the burying place though they lay somewhere in undistinguished graves in Southern battle-fields. In a shady place in this enclosure facing an open space at the intersection of several driveways three tablets of slate are let into the pavement, each bearing a musket and wreaths in bronze, inlaid, with the inscriptions, and over them rises this beautiful, grieved figure with her spray of the heroes' laurel. In the Marshall Field memorial, the heavily draped figure of Memory, her head drooping on her hand, sits on a low pedestal on the edge of a long lawn, the lot being a hundred feet wide and eighty-eight deep, behind her a broken wall of greenery, and before her the long lines and just proportions of Mr. Henry Bacon's simple architectural setting and a still little pool in the centre edged with sea-shell granite from Maine. The figure is in bronze, very quiet—as is just; the ornaments on the pedestal are also in bronze. The throne or seat

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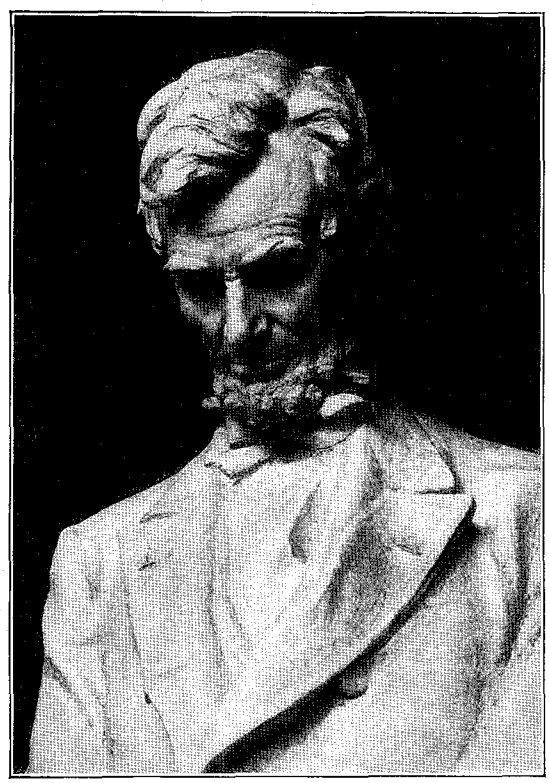

Head of the Lincoln statue, in Lincoln, Neb.
Daniel C. French, sculptor

is of a dark red stone like porphyry; the granite of the pedestal is a very dark gray stone with a "rubbed" surface. On the uprights of this low throne are panels in low relief, male figures of Equity and Integrity. The full-size model of this statue was completed in the spring of 1910, just before Mr. French sailed for Italy, and the monument was placed in position in October, 1911.

A third of these typical single figures is that in a private plot in Forest Hills Cemetery, Boston, Mass.: a standing, draped, winged figure looking upward, in deep thought but not doubting, and touching the palms of her hands lightly together in front of her unconsciously—a curiously happy conception. It has been called the "Angel of Peace," but Peacefulness is probably more nearly the sculptor's meaning.

A different, but perhaps even rarer, inspiration was required for the tablet in high relief placed in the Memorial Chapel of Wellesley College, in memory of Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, and unveiled in the summer of 1909. The orator of this ceremony was Mr. Edwin Hale Abbot, the donor of the memorial, professor of history and president of the college. "Mrs. Palmer," he said, "was feminine to the core, sensitive, sympathetic, keen in the enjoyment of beauty, always a companion, unbound by traditions of the past, seeking on every side opportunities of larger interest for her sex." In the taller figure of this group the sculptor has gone far in the direction of realizing the first phrase of this description, which, quite probably, he thought included all the others. Drooping her head like a mother over the young girl who has just lit her lamp from the altar of knowledge, this truly feminine preceptor sends her forth into the world, not without apprehension, but hopefully, full of love and of longing. In the type presented of the young girl student we have something so discriminating and intelligent, so different from the conventional, that all the practical, explanatory qualities of a memorial record like this are furnished and, at the same time, the beauty and pathos of the other figure enhanced. On the front of the pedestal of this work is a portrait medallion of Mrs. Palmer, and beneath it an inscription: "Here rest the ashes of Alice Freeman Palmer in the heart of the college she loved." In the winter exhibition of the National Academy of Design, in 1911, a replica of this monument was given one of the posts of honor at the end of the long gallery devoted to sculpture.

The more purely historical statue of Governor Oglethorpe, in Chippewa Square, Savannah, Ga., was cast in the same bronze foundry, and at the same time, as the Memory, and the pedestal and surroundings were also designed by Mr. Henry Bacon, Mr. French's collaborator in all these monumental pieces. The site selected is in the centre of the square. In honor of the founder of the colony of Georgia, the loyal citizens made a two days' celebration, civic and military, of the formal unveiling. Here it was no longer a question of the intimate—the appeal is made quite frankly to the picturesque historical record, but epitomizing and suggestive rather than too literal. The tall figure of the governor stands upright on

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the slender upright pedestal, in laced hat, breastplate, and long boots, sword in hand, alert, ready for council or action. This alertness is emphasized by a neat little touch, the transfer of the glove of the sword-hand to the other. For the portrait, Mr. French had two prints apparently from contemporary paintings and a portrait which is introduced into one of Hogarth's paintings. At the corners of the square base of Knoxville marble are four lions, also very upright, guarding each a shield bearing the arms of the State of Georgia, the colony of Georgia, the city of Savannah, and of Governor Oglethorpe. Notwithstanding its decoration, this base and pedestal are skilfully contrived to subordinate themselves to the statue, which in size and ponderableness, partly thanks to its darker material, seems to be very justly balanced and sustained.

"Memory."

Detail of Marshall Field Monument, Graceland Cemetery, Chicago. Daniel C. French, sculptor. Henry Bacon, architect. Figure bronze. Seat of granite.

Since the autumn of 1910 Mr. French has had on his hands the problem of a seated statue of Ralph Waldo Emerson, to be placed in the Concord Public Library, at Concord, Mass. In the spring of 1879 he executed a bust from sittings at Emerson's house in Concord, but he will make the statue much younger than the sage was at that time—about forty-five. He has also the aid of some beautiful daguerreotypes taken at this period. The statue will probably be in marble, and the funds for it were raised by popular subscription. He is also at work on an heroic equestrian statue of the late General William Franklin Draper, to be erected in what is now known as Congregational Park, Milford, Mass., the monument being the gift to the town of Mrs. Susan Preston Draper, the widow, who selected the sculptor. This will be unveiled with appropriate ceremonies in September, 1912. For the somewhat famous Cleveland, Ohio, Federal Building—one of the very first to be erected in a practical demonstration on a large scale of the possibility of creating a "municipal group" in a "City Beautiful"—Mr. French fur-

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nished the two monumental groups of Commerce and Jurisprudence on the exterior; and for the two façades of the second building, the Cuyahoga Court House, he is one of the five sculptors who have been commissioned to supply no less than fourteen statues. The other artists are Herbert Adams, Karl Bitter, Herman Matzen, and Isidore Konti. Mr. French's two figures are King Edward I and John Hampden.

In the spring of 1910 he commenced work on his model of the heroic standing statue of Lincoln, to be erected in Lincoln, Neb., on the State House grounds, and which was completed early in 1912. A replica of this statue was exhibited for the first time publicly in the gallery of the Century Club, in New York, in April of this year. The great president stands with clasped hands and bowed head, in his "Garden of Gethsemane," perhaps, as he once wrote, in one of his darkest hours. The familiar countenance, seen necessarily in a half light, is thoughtful and troubled; the very grip of the hands shows mental stress; the weight of the body is thrown on the right leg, but the other, extended to the left, indicates that the moment for action and speech is imminent. The pedestal is about six feet in height; behind the figure rises a great block of dark polished granite bearing the Gettysburg speech in bronze letters let into the stone.

General Oglèthorpe, Savannah, Ga.
Daniel C. French, sculptor.

Mr. French's fine, heroic, mounted Washington, the horse by Edward C. Potter, still lifts the point of his sword in salute in the Place d'Iéna, Paris—with the exception of Paul Bartlett's equestrian statue of LaFayette in the court of the Tuileries, the only large and important public monument by an American sculptor in that capital. Visitors to the Chicago Exposition of 1893, who have forgotten most of their impressions of that great show, will remember his colossal figure of the Republic which stood at one end of the water basin, facing the Administration Building, and they will be glad to know that she may still be seen, somewhat reduced in size.

Of his more purely architectural work, one of the latest examples is the pediment to be placed over the entrance of the New Hampshire Historical Society's Building in Concord, carved out of one block of Concord granite. On either side of the oval medallion bearing the title and seal of the society are winged kneeling figures typifying ancient and modern history—the former, female and no longer young, pressing a skull to her breast, and endeavoring to decipher a stone tablet held before her; the latter, a nude young man, with his right hand on a globe representing the world, and poring over a scroll of parchment or papyrus in his lap, and with his hand also carried to his breast. Over the central medallion rises a heavy double volute with sprays of oak and of laurel, and, crowning all, the owl, Minerva's bird, in the centre of the anthemion. One of his latest commissions is that for a memorial to the late Andrew H. Green. This is to be placed at the northern end of Central Park, at One Hundred and Tenth Street and Seventh Avenue. The monument will be in the form of a portrait statue, on the summit of a marble column, with handsome electroliers at the sides.

And, as a contrast to all these monumental works, evoking the great emotions, there is his charming little statuette, one of the very few he has done, the lean, wistful, little Vanitas, or Narcissa, enamored of her own reflection in the bowl of water she carries.

The value of all this good work has been recognized by the sculptor's professional brethren. In January, 1911, he was elected honorary president of the National Sculpture Society.

WILLIAM WALTON.

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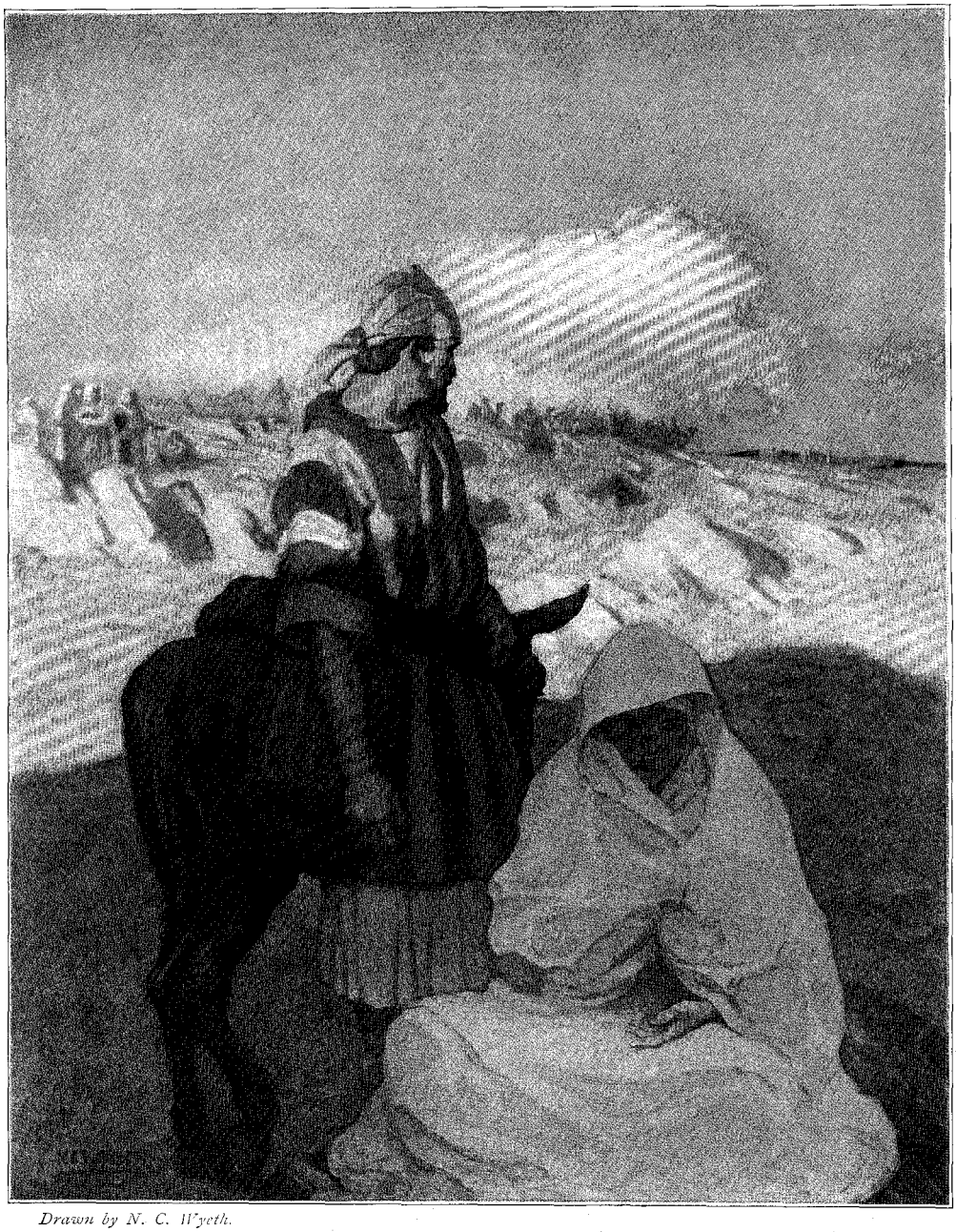

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

BEHIND THEM STREAMED THE MINGLED TRAFFIC OF A ROAD THAT LED TO A GREAT CITY.

—"The Stable of the Inn," page 641.

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